iberty

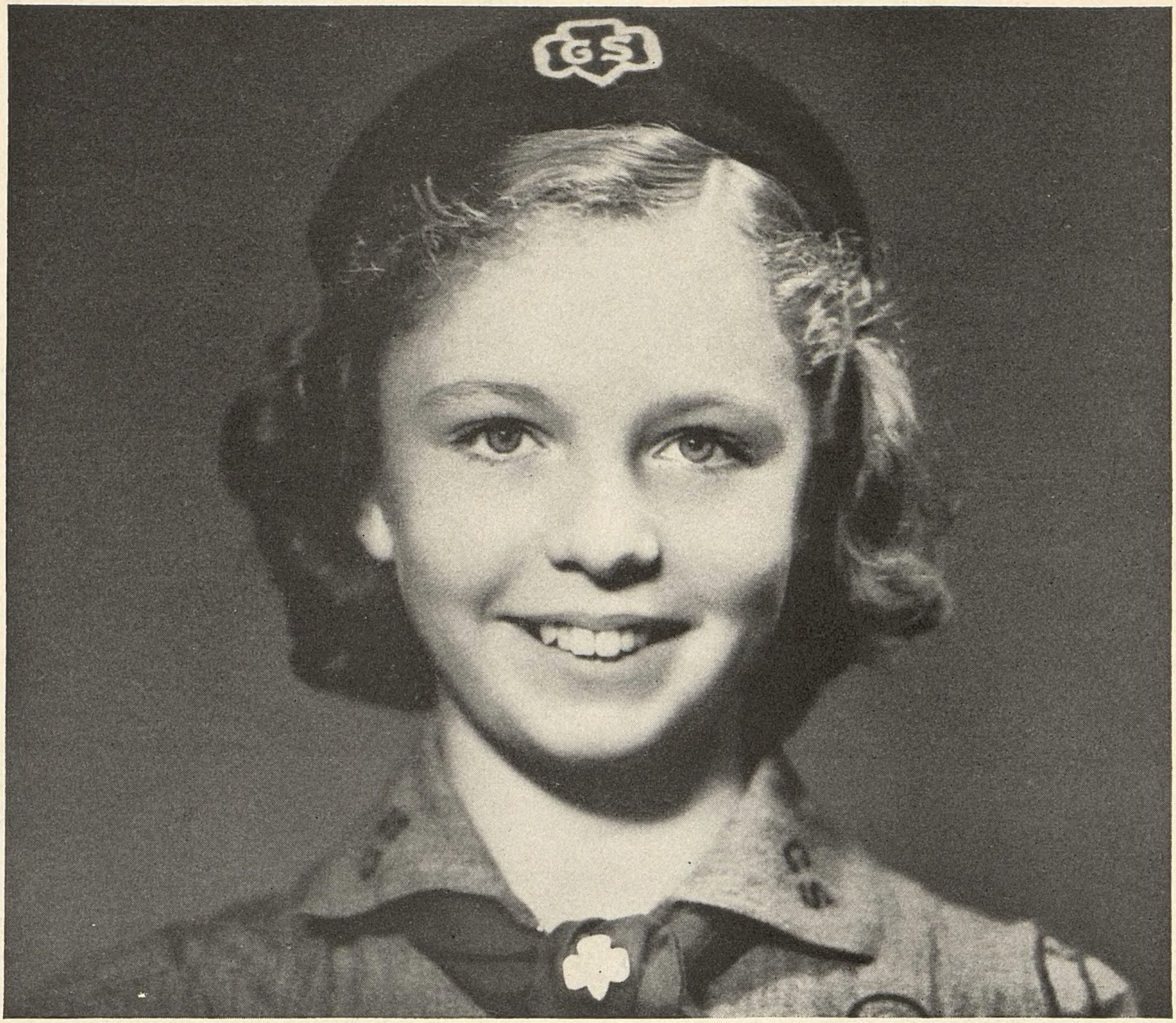
10¢

23, 1942

BUY
UNITED STATES
DEFENSE
SAVINGS BONDS

BBOTT, COSTELLO AND HITLER

The Private Life of PRIVATE JOE LOUIS



Girl Scouts Serve Their Country

1912 - 1942

For thirty years the Girl Scouts have been training girls to be useful in emergencies as well as everyday living.

Today more than half a million girls are serving in both the protective and morale divisions of civilian defense.

In addition to regular Scouting, many older girls are taking intensive emergency training open to qualified Seniors who are more than fifteen years of age.

Thousands of girls who want Girl Scout training still lack leaders and sponsorship. Your local Girl Scout headquarters will be glad to tell you how you can help in this important defense work.

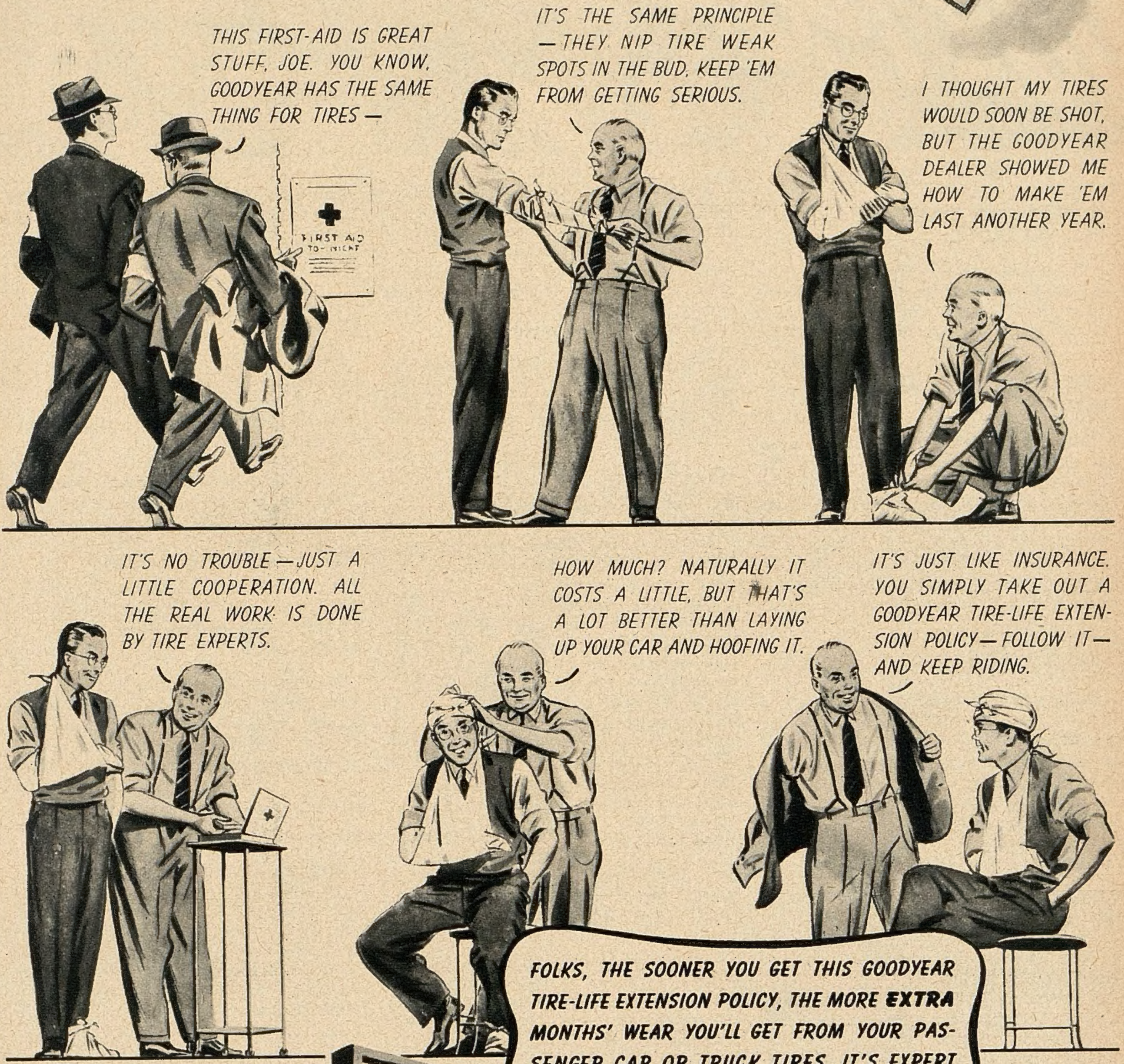
You Can Depend on the Scouts

GIRL SCOUTS, INC. • 155 EAST 44th STREET • NEW YORK CITY

JOE GREEN LEARNS TIRE FIRST-AID

— now his casings will give thousands of miles' extra wear

TIRE-LIFE EXTENSION POLICY

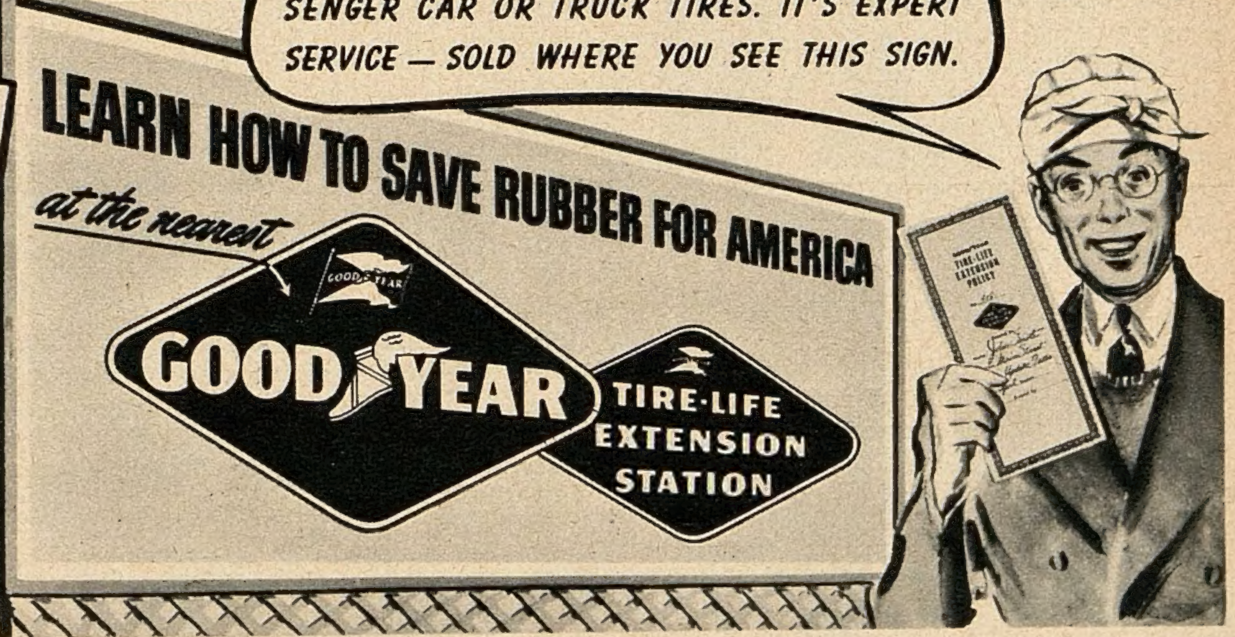

THIS FIRST-AID IS GREAT STUFF, JOE. YOU KNOW, GOODYEAR HAS THE SAME THING FOR TIRES —
FIRST AID TOURNICAT
IT'S THE SAME PRINCIPLE — THEY NIP TIRE WEAK SPOTS IN THE BUD, KEEP 'EM FROM GETTING SERIOUS.
I THOUGHT MY TIRES WOULD SOON BE SHOT, BUT THE GOODYEAR DEALER SHOWED ME HOW TO MAKE 'EM LAST ANOTHER YEAR.
IT'S NO TROUBLE — JUST A LITTLE COOPERATION. ALL THE REAL WORK IS DONE BY TIRE EXPERTS.
HOW MUCH? NATURALLY IT COSTS A LITTLE, BUT THAT'S A LOT BETTER THAN LAYING UP YOUR CAR AND HOOFING IT.
IT'S JUST LIKE INSURANCE. YOU SIMPLY TAKE OUT A GOODYEAR TIRE-LIFE EXTENSION POLICY — FOLLOW IT — AND KEEP RIDING.

3 tips for Certified Tire Buyers

TO GET the longest-wearing tires, get Goodyears — world's first choice for over a quarter-century.

DON'T GET ordinary tubes, get LifeGuards — they insure maximum tire-life and prevent damage after punctures, enabling you to come to a smooth, safe stop.

WHEN RETREADING — Goodyear dealers have facilities available for handling passenger and truck tires by factory methods that give a better, safer job.


FOLKS, THE SOONER YOU GET THIS GOODYEAR TIRE-LIFE EXTENSION POLICY, THE MORE EXTRA MONTHS' WEAR YOU'LL GET FROM YOUR PASSENGER CAR OR TRUCK TIRES. IT'S EXPERT SERVICE — SOLD WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN.
LEARN HOW TO SAVE RUBBER FOR AMERICA
at the nearest
GOODYEAR
GOODYEAR TIRE-LIFE EXTENSION STATION
TIRE-LIFE EXTENSION POLICY

LifeGuard — T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

VOX POP

"Voice of the People"

A NEED WE SHALL TRY TO SUPPLY

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Thank you for your splendid editorial in April 18 Liberty, Let's Stop Passing the Buck. We need many like it and stronger.—*Sallie Chalk.*

NOT A BIT TOO MUCH, DOCTOR

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I am one of those people who never think they have the time to sit down and write a word of timely appreciation. However, I am stirred to action by Very Much Alive, by Margery Sharp, in April 11 Liberty. This is worthy of O. Henry himself. Is it too much to hope that the author can do it again?—*Dr. J. B. Sprague.*

WE'RE ASKING

TEXON, TEX.—How about letting us have a story (true, of course) every week or so on the daring and bravery of some American in the armed forces? This should encourage enlistments and boost morale high as a kite. Anyway, ask the readers what they think of the idea.—*Ray Duncan.*

HOW TO WIN THE WAR, BY MR. GRADY

FOR DISTINGUISHED CUSSIN'

EAST CHICAGO, IND.—What we need is some cussing, not taking the name of the Lord in vain but "By the Great Horn Spoon" style. In war you have to cuss, smoke, drink, and chew tobacco to get somewhere. We are up against the most unprincipled, stop-at-nothing mob of gangsters.—*E. C. Grady.*

GLAD TO ARGUE, GENTLEMEN!

PEORIA, ILL.—Wonder why Liberty irritates sticklers with heading for a department thus: Just *Between* Ourselves. Wanna argue? No!—*W. T. Marrs, M. D.*

FALLS CHURCH, VA.—Grammatically, I may be terribly old-fashioned, but I still think that "between" has no business in a crowd. In Just Between Ourselves I take it that the editor is not speaking to a single reader but to the whole Liberty family, so why not Just Among Ourselves?—*W. D. Groesbeck.*

Webster's International Dictionary says: "Between . . . when used of more than two objects, brings them severally and individually into the relation expressed." "Between ourselves" is listed and defined as a recognized prepositional phrase. —VOX POP EDITOR.

WHAT GOES ON IN THEM THAR HILLS?

BIRDSBORO, PA.—Thank you for publishing my letter with regard to marines versus sailors.

The navy considered this letter the equivalent of sabotage, and a battleship, manned by gobs and their blonde girl friends, came traipsing through the Pennsylvania hills last week. However, the situation was well in hand—the marines had already landed. —*Ruth R. Fix.*

GET TOGETHER, FOLKS. WE'LL BE A HUNDRED SIXTY-SIX THIS JULY, REMEMBER

TAVARES, FLA.—*Re* letters in Liberty (April 18) about a specific name for citizens of the United States, I suggest the initials of United States of North America-n: *i. e.,* Usonan—or Usonian.—*M. E. H.*

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Since there are United States of several countries and the Americas are but three, why not call ourselves Namericans, Samericans, and Centramericans?—*Lorraine Baltzley.*

WATERTOWN, S. D.—People living in the Dominion of Canada are properly called Canadians; those in the United States of Brazil, Brazilians. We are entitled to be called by the distinctive name of our government. If there is to be any change, let it be in the designations of North, South, and Central America. These are misnomers. But we are citizens of the United States of America and we are entitled to say we are Americans.—*Arthur H. Hasche.*

LINES TO A DARK-HAIRED CHARMER

ESSEX, CONN.—
I've read all the ravings at Hitler—
I've followed your fiction as well,
And the quizzes and such, and the "feminine touch."
For a nickel I think they've been swell.
And if ever a thought touched a brain cell
That ten pennies was rather a lot,
I would surely resist, for one thing *can't* be missed—
The doings of Fala the Scot!
—*M. B. C.*

YEAH! AND AFTER THE ALIBI—WHAT?

BREMERTON, WASH.—Does the proposed "One Safety Razor Blade a Week" apply to men in service too? What an alibi one will have if he falls out for a morning formation unshaven!—*Sgt. F. C. Flint.*

THANKS TO A WRITER WHO RECOGNIZED A HERO

WHITTIER, CALIF.—A hero doesn't have to be President or defend a Bataan. He may even raise Rhode Island Red hens.

So You Think You Have Trouble? in April 18 Liberty, will lighten a load of trouble. Thanks to Ernest Daniels for passing on the story of Mr. Hagopian.—*Ralph H. Lawson.*

HERE'S ILIGANT PRAISE, MR. ILIGAN

Liberty
WITH MacARTHUR

SAN JOSE, CALIF.—The cover design of your April 18 issue, by Ralph Iligan, must come from the heart of a real American. It is the most inspiring thing I've seen since the beginning of the present crisis.

Tell Ralph to bring his lunch; you're putting him on steady. —*E. M. Verdier.*

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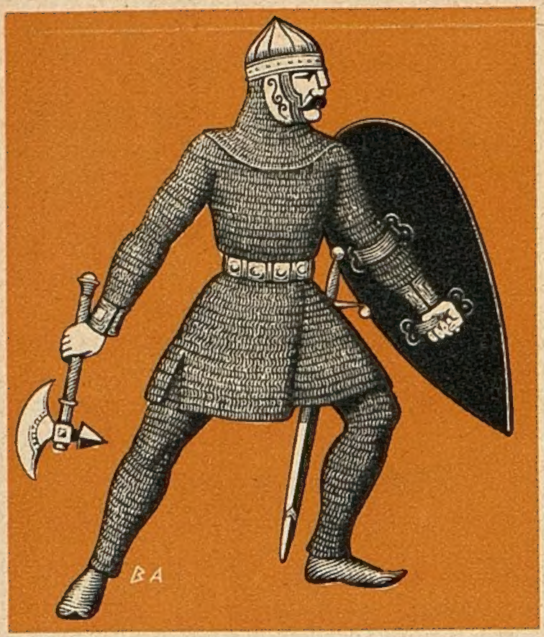
Know your M's



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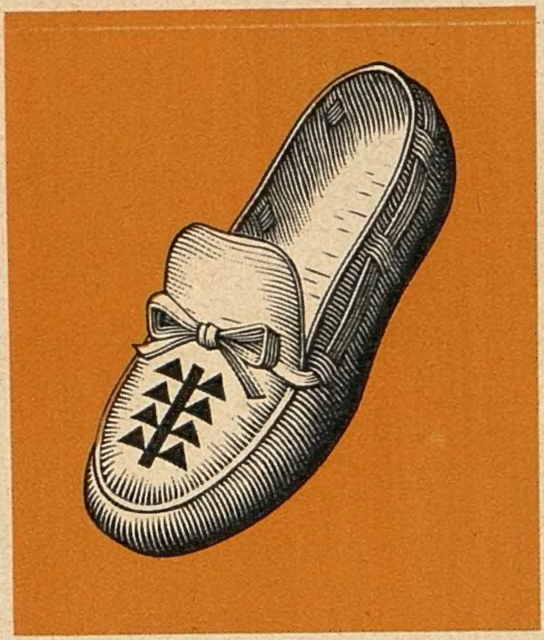

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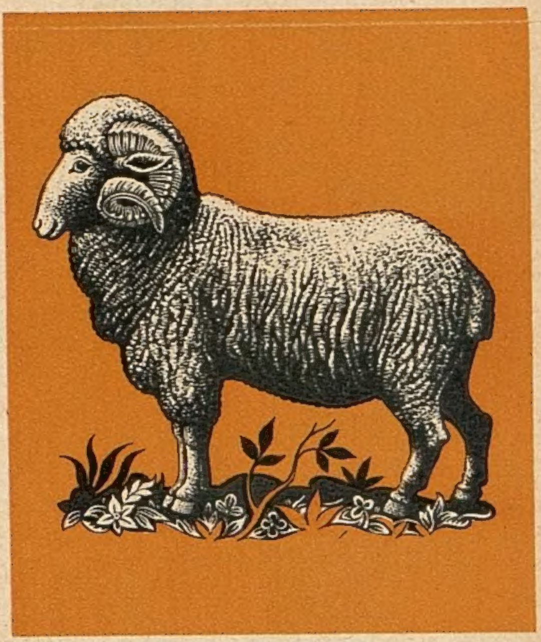

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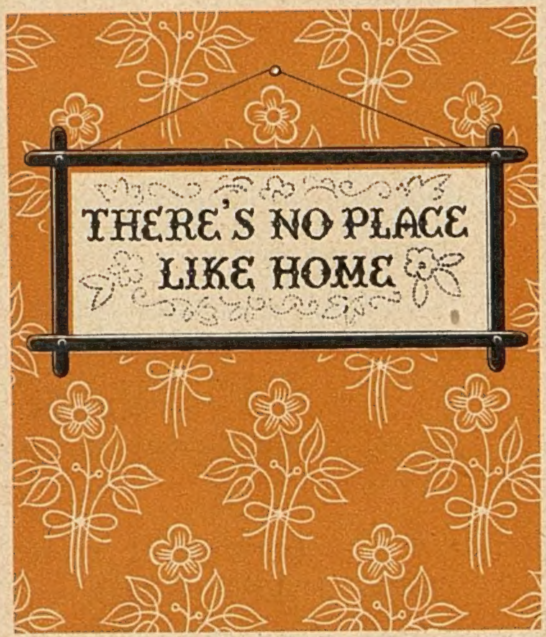

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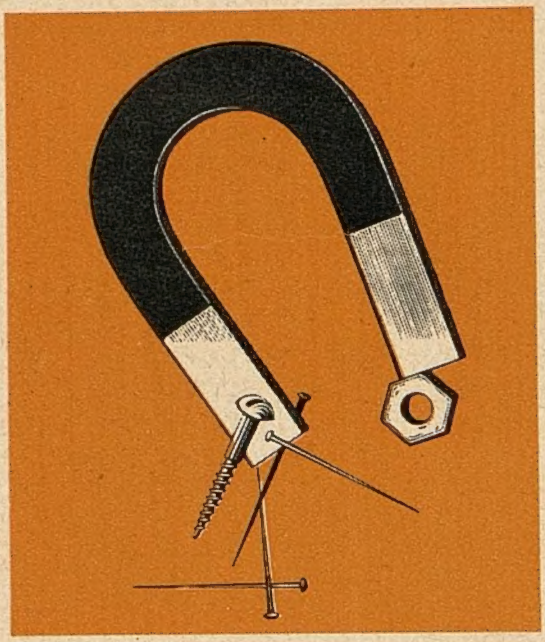

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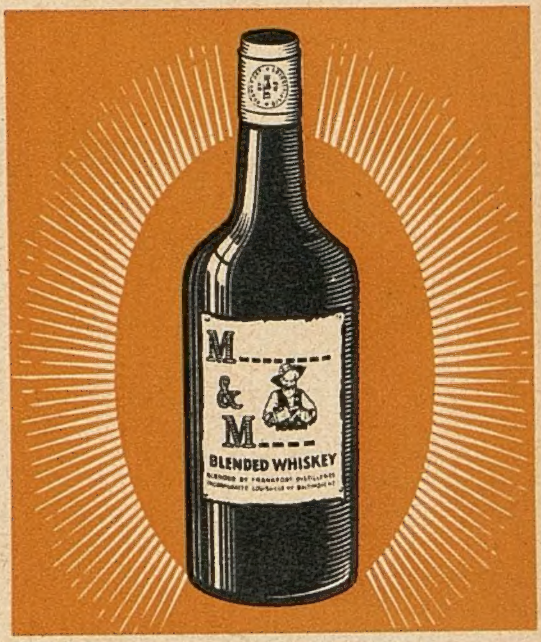

6. This is M________ & M____
The whiskey that's Mild,
Mellow, Moderate-priced.

ANSWERS: 1, *Mail;* 2, *Moccasin;* 3, *Merino;* 4, *Motto;* 5, *Magnet;* 6, *Mattingly & Moore*, the whiskey that's mellower and milder than many much more costly brands.

If you scored all six right, you're a genius; five, terribly bright; four, superior; three, good; two, fair; one, not up to snuff.

Not up to snuff, that is, unless—due to previous experience—the one you got right was *Mattingly & Moore.*

This proves, obviously, that you are a man of great discernment and good, sound sense . . . *for M & M is probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.*

The Best of 'em is

M&M

—Know Mattingly & Moore

Blended Whiskey—86 Proof (also 80 Proof)—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

Are YOU the thoughtful type?

Norman Rockwell

The Deep-set Eyes of a Careful Thinker...the pupils large—the gaze reflective...eyes of the thoughtful type who weighs values shrewdly—sure to bear in mind that "*double-rich*" Cream of Kentucky is made by the "dean" of Kentucky distillers—sure to *buy* accordingly.

Then you'll decide that

Cream of Kentucky

is the "CREAM" of Kentucky's finest Bourbons

IT'S "DOUBLE RICH"
Cream of Kentucky
Straight Bourbon Whiskey

If you're the thoughtful type, who considers carefully before buying, your own good sense will single out Cream of Kentucky. Say "*make mine Cream*" and enjoy the world's largest selling straight Bourbon whiskey.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 Proof. Copr. 1942, Schenley Distillers Corp., NYC

THIS WEEK

May 23, 1942

AMERICA FIGHTS ★ ★ ★ ★
The Penalty of Decency
Editorial ....
How Admiral King Runs the Navy
Drew Pearson and Robert S. Alle
This Man's War
Old Sarge ....
Merry-Go-Leave in Manhattan ......

WORLD AFFAIRS ★ ★ ★ ★
Courage of the Conquered
Morris Markey ....

PEOPLE ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Abbott, Costello, and Hitler
Frederick Van Ryn ....

LIVING ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
What to Do About Your Car
Lowell Brentano and Ralph Graete

PUBLIC OPINION ★ ★ ★ ★
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STORIES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
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Leonard Lee ....
Good-By Now!
Laurie Hillyer ....
Home to Stay—Liberty's Short Short
Frank K. Kelly ....
The Running Fool
Alec Rackowe ....
Island of the Seven Devils—Conclusio
Corey Ford ....

SPORTS ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
The Private Life of Private Joe Louis
Paul Gallico ....

MOVIES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Pictures You Ought to See
Howard Barnes ....

FEMININITY ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
To the Ladies
Princess Alexandra Kropotkin .....

MISCELLANY ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Twenty Questions ....
Crosswords
Liberty's Book Tip
Donald Gordon ....
Just Between Ourselves
The Editors ....

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★ ★ ★ ★

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ON THE COVER—ABBOTT AND COSTELLO
FROM M-G-M'S RIO RITA

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NEXT WEEK

MAY 30, 1942

ARTHUR— D AND HUSBAND

n Australia, Corregidor, and Wash-
n Liberty has assembled the facts
a timely article revealing some hu-
little known things about America's
l hero. The general as a family man,

how the MacArthurs live, come to
in clearer focus than ever before.
ll find it a special and unusual kind
ontribution to the literature of these
ing times.

MMANDOS" AMERICA

Liberty exclusive. Sports Editor **BILL**
NINGHAM writes of what he calls "the
test sports story in the history of
ization." What it is, and what it
ns to America's part in the war, we
agreed to hold a secret until next
k. It is too exciting to be disposed of
ly here. It's *news!*

LYWOOD ACLE MAN

s celebrating his thirtieth anniver-
in pictures. He is, perhaps, the most
lous figure in a world of fabulous
le. **FREDERICK VAN RYN** has made him
subject of what we modestly nomi-
as the best and most joyous and
klesome close-up that ever came out
reenland. Of course it's about Cecil
e Mille.

LOW YOUR HEART

love story for today, with an en-
ting heroine in it, a boy defense

ker, and a surprising denouement
lting from the stolen meeting pic-
d here. **PAUL ERNST** wrote it. . . .
e fine stories by **ANNE HOMER WAR-**
EDWIN RUTT, and others; a penetrat-
piece about the man named Quisling;
ures and features and fun. That's
week!

6NX
It's Supreme!

MAKES YOUR DOUBLE EDGE RAZOR PERFORM MIRACLES!

Here's the amazing new blade the whole country's talking about—the 6NX PROCESS Star Double Edge Blade for double edge razors! You've never used a blade like it because *there never was a blade like it!* 6NX is our own secret process. 6NX has produced a blade so astonishing in its keenness, its durability and super-smooth shaving qualities that it *actually* makes your double edge razor perform miracles!

Join the thousands upon thousands of double edge razor users who have switched to Star Double Edge Blades—the last word in scientific blade making. On sale at dealers everywhere. Stock up while our special introductory offer lasts! . . . *Star Division, American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn, N. Y.*

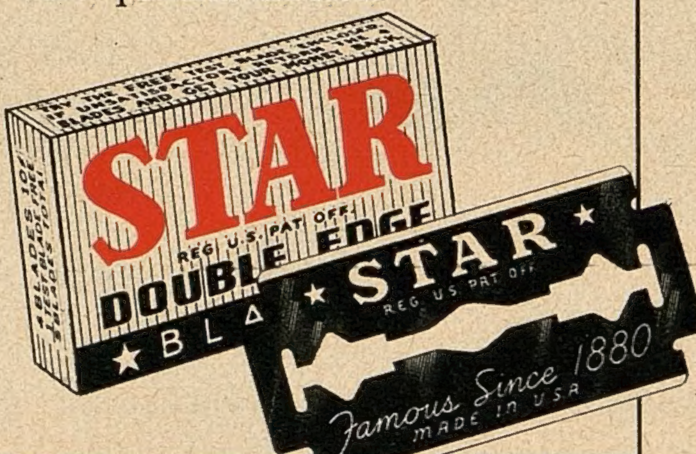
INTRODUCTORY OFFER
1 TEST BLADE FREE
TOTAL 5 FOR 10¢

Money back if free test blade doesn't give you the best shaves you've ever had in your life!

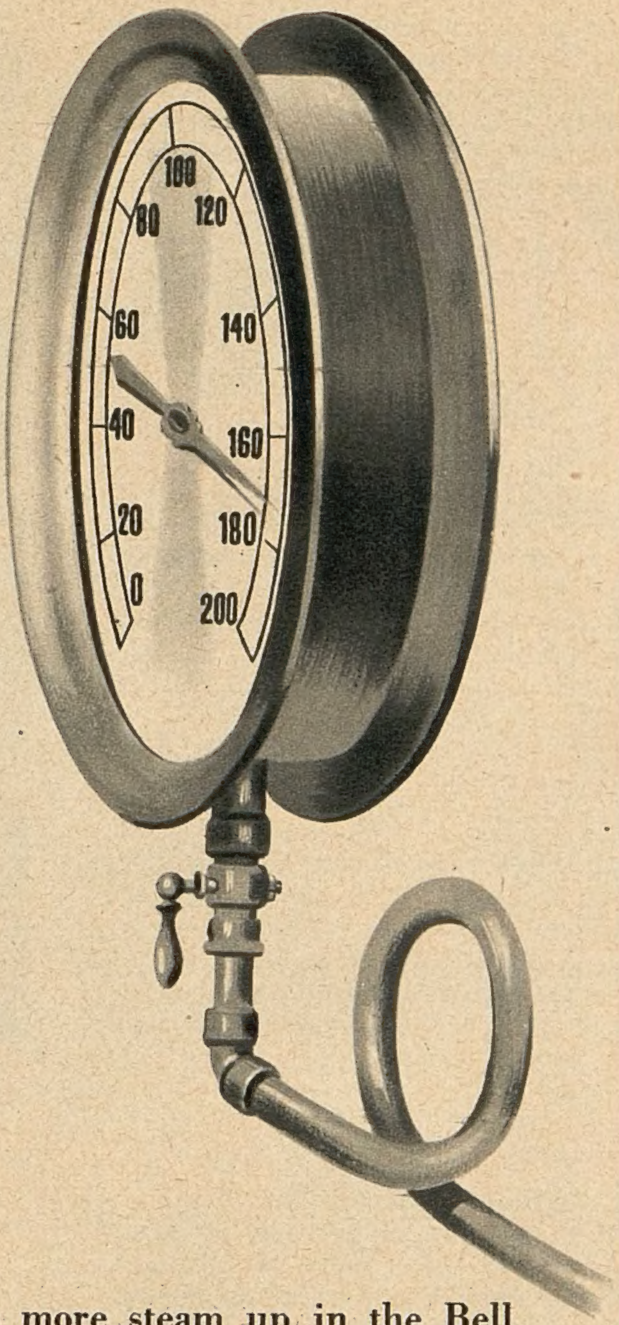
ALSO 15 FOR 25¢
INCLUDES 3 TEST BLADES FREE

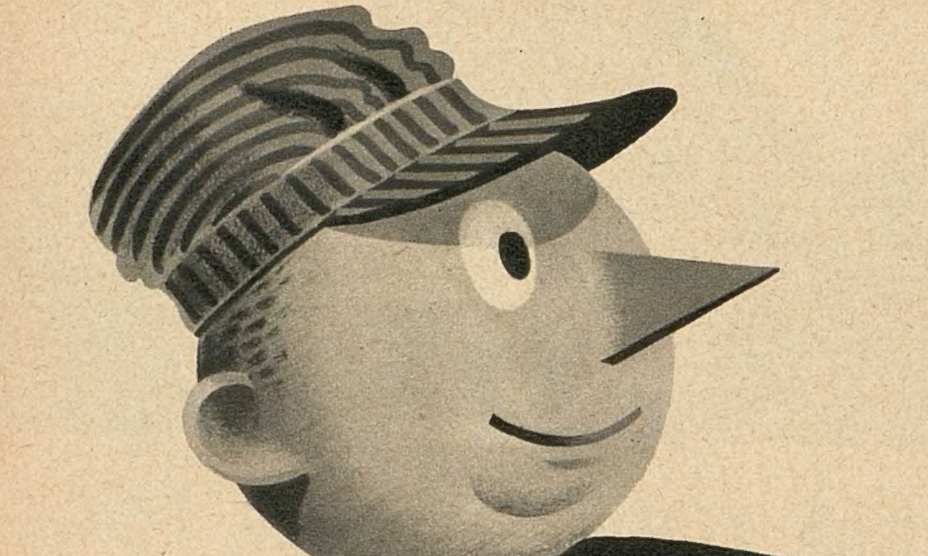
Made by the makers of Star Single Edge Blades

FOR DOUBLE EDGE RAZORS



"Carrying lots of pressure these days..."





"There is more steam up in the Bell System than I ever remember. The wires hum with war and wartime production. There's more telephoning than ever before.

"The pressure of war and war's work is on—especially on our toll lines. If you are going to use Long Distance you can help by —

Knowing the number you want to call.

Calling in the less busy hours — before 10 A. M. and after 8 P. M., for example.

"Let's give vital war calls the right of way and make equipment go as far as possible, saving copper and other materials for the war."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"The Telephone Hour"— *presenting great artists every Monday evening* — *N. B. C. Red Network*

Liberty
MAY 23, 1942

THE PENALTY OF DECENCY

☆ WE Americans have been hit where it hurts. Our national pride, our feeling of invincibility have been publicly kicked. The myth of our special and separate national destiny has been shattered by the harsh reality of attack. First defeats have bred bewilderment and doubt.

All this is understandable and to be expected. A nation softened by peace and plenty does not react quickly to assault. A people whose progress has been bounded by victories beyond battles is slow to wrath. These first reverses, this shock and delay, are the price we pay for decency.

The civilized nations, for all their selfishness and stupidity, have emphasized the talents of peace. Nations are but men in multiple—and every man is a mixture of motives and emotions of which he is proud or ashamed, according to his lights. We've had our pirates and necktie parties, our gunfighters, bad men, and bootleggers, our slavers, kidnapers, and killers—but we're not proud of them. It has remained for the Germans and the Japanese to make national virtues out of private vices. Their leaders have said, "Give us your hates, your hurts—we will give you an enemy on whom to vent your unhappiness."

We are that enemy. We've got to fight—and we've got to win. We don't want to turn back to the savagery we've kept down, but though we want no end to decency, there must be an end to payment.

We've paid the penalty for decency at home as well as abroad. In our desire to be civilized, we've allowed attackers from within to flout and belittle the very principles which shelter them. We've let the precious privileges of free speech, free worship, and a free press be abused by those who scorn such freedoms as democratic weakness. We've permitted petty führers to becloud the issues we face and confuse our decisions, to heckle our efforts and besmirch our elected leaders.

The time has come to stop payment on this blank check, too. One way to do so is to adopt those brutal efficiencies of the flesh of which our enemies are so proud. We could order troops to arrest these menaces to national unity, march them off publicly to concentration camps, complete with court orders and apologies conveyed by bayonets. Or we could knock on their doors with pistols just before daybreak, and smugly broadcast a missing-persons alarm.

But there is a better way—a democratic way—to fight the foes of democracy within its gates. We can decide for ourselves, as citizens, what is best for us as individuals. We can ask ourselves what the doctrines of distrust they preach mean to us and our children. We can question the motives of these self-appointed saviors who use our churches and our streets and our mails. In the case of such nefarious periodicals as Father Coughlin's Social Justice, we can choke them in their pocketbooks by refusing to buy what they sell, by refusing to listen to their half-truths and whole lies. But we can do more—we can use against them the same freedoms they abuse.

We can seize the little light with which they cast such frightening shadows, and turn upon them the all-revealing glare of searching, questioning truth.

We can ask them, "How do you know?" . . . "Why do you think so?" . . . "What are you trying to do?" . . . "Who said so?" . . . "Who pays you?" Harry them with questions, pursue them with doubt, torture them with truth. Don't let them get away with half-revealed accusations and anonymous authorities. Ask them, "So what?" . . . "So who?" . . . "So why?"

This is the American way. Not with booted troopers and terror, not with book-burnings and screamed salutes. This is the way we can halt the enemy within—and still save the decency we've bought so dearly for a future in which decency will not be penalized.

ERNEST V. HEYN, EDITOR IN CHIEF · SHEPPARD BUTLER, EDITOR · ALFRED C. STRASSER, ART EDITOR
LEE PASQUIN, MANAGING EDITOR · OLIN H. CLARK, ASSOCIATE EDITOR · ALICE THOMPSON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR · BILL CUNNINGHAM, SPORTS EDITOR
WALTER KARIG, Washington • ROBERT LOW, War • MORRIS MARKEY, Current Events • GERALD MYGATT, Special Features • FREDERICK L. COLLINS, Special Features

CHANNE

Down from the sky into th enemy's country . . alon Thrills await you in th stirring tale of a lover daring gamble with dea

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

☆ THE man in the water was desperately weary; only his will was forcing his body to continue the automatic routine of those endless strokes which moved him slowly ahead somewhat like a jerky mechanical doll.

But his brain was clear and his sense of time as acute as it could be when the sun was his only clock.

It had been four in the morning, just before dawn, when, his body greased with thick oil stolen from the lubricating cups of a German lorry, he had slipped into the chill waters of the English Channel; now, some twelve hours later, he went through the eternal motions of his self-imposed routine.

One thousand strokes and then take a bearing . . . one thousand strokes and take a bearing . . . nine hundred ninety-eight . . . nine hundred ninety-nine . . . one thousand! Now he could lift his head without breaking the rules he had made for the game.

He paused, treading water in the long swells. It was agony trying to open eyes suffused with blood from sun glare and salt water. Grimly he forced the lids apart, unmindful of the lances of pain that stabbed through them as he squinted toward where the chalk cliffs above Dover should be looming in the distance. At first he saw nothing. He turned his head stiffly from side to side, fearful that once again he had swum off his course, lost precious distance.

Interminable moments passed before, as though looking through a red haze, he made out the dim white blur that meant England. His lips, split and bleeding from the sea water that had penetrated the grease, twisted in a fearful grimace that acknowledged the dangers yet ahead of him.

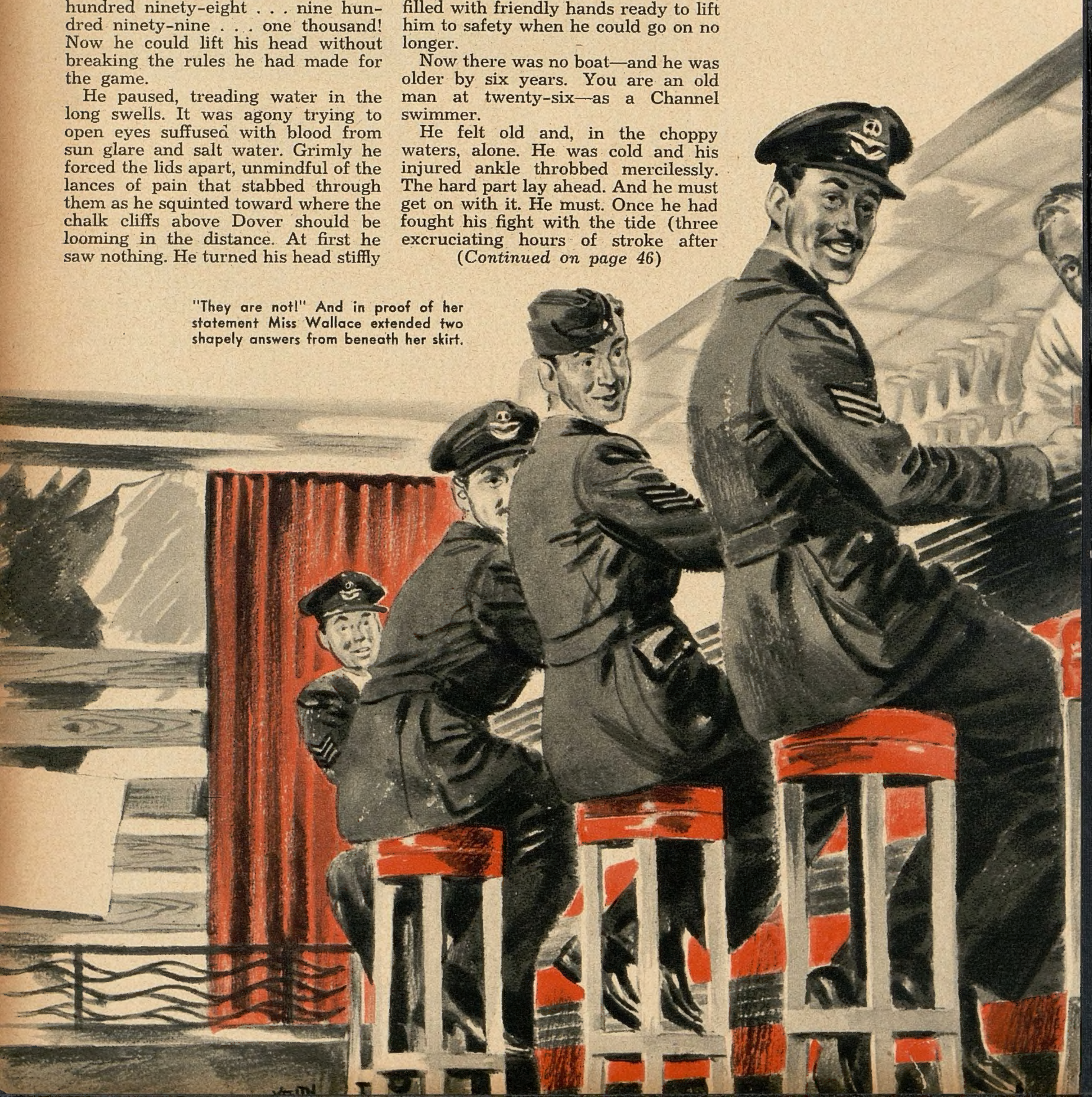
Already he could feel the faint pull of tide against him—a tide that would force him back toward France.

Twice before—in those long-ago days when the world was at peace—he had come this far in cross-Channel attempts, only to be beaten. Before, as now, he had come within sight of Dover breakwater, only to have wind and southwesterly tide exhaust him, beat his stubborn will with the lash of physical fatigue. Then there had been a powerboat close beside him, filled with friendly hands ready to lift him to safety when he could go on no longer.

Now there was no boat—and he was older by six years. You are an old man at twenty-six—as a Channel swimmer.

He felt old and, in the choppy waters, alone. He was cold and his injured ankle throbbed mercilessly. The hard part lay ahead. And he must get on with it. He must. Once he had fought his fight with the tide (three excruciating hours of stroke after

(*Continued on page 46*)



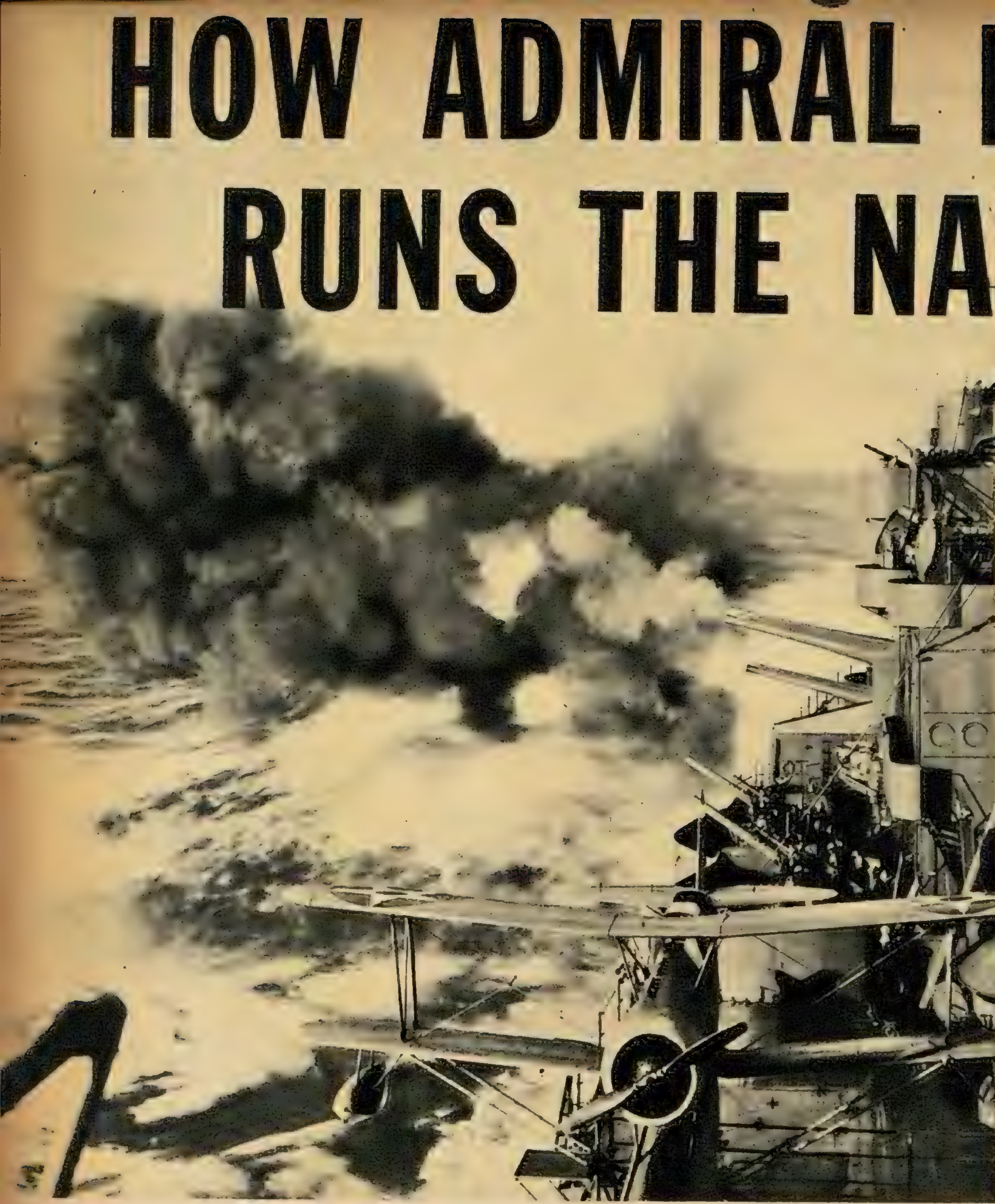
"They are not!" And in proof of her statement Miss Wallace extended two shapely answers from beneath her skirt.

ORT

BY LEONARD LEE

ILLUSTRATED BY KEITH WARD

HOW ADMIRAL KING RUNS THE NAVY



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOS

Our attack on Jap-held Wake Island—a sample of what King proposed to do to Japan itself.

BY DREW PEARSON AND ROBERT S. ALLEN

Broadcasting each Sunday at 6.30 EWT on the Blue Network.

New light on a history-making job . . and the most important naval fact of the war

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

☆ ABOUT six weeks before Pearl Harbor, Admiral Ernest J. King, then commander of the Atlantic Fleet, made a suggestion to President Roosevelt which might have changed the course of United States naval history.

"Mr. President," said King, "Admiral Kimmel has too much to do commanding the entire Pacific. It's a long way from Pearl Harbor to Admiral Hart's outfit at Manila. Wouldn't it be a good idea to send Admiral Nimitz out to Hawaii to take over the fleet in those waters, then Kimmel would have more time to keep an eye on both the Asiatic Fleet and the home fleet in the Pacific?"

What Admiral King had in mind—though he didn't say so to the President—was that he was worried over the way the Pacific Fleet was being handled. But knowing the President's intense loyalty to his friends, King proposed that Admiral Kimmel be, in effect, kicked upstairs, letting hard-boiled Admiral Nimitz, then Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, take over the vitally important command of the Pacific Fleet, based upon Pearl Harbor.

The President was engrossed with many problems. He postponed an answer. "Let's think it over," he told King. And then the Japanese wiped out much of the striking power of the Pacific Fleet on the morning of December 7.

Since then, Admiral King's advice has been followed. Admiral Nimitz commands the fleet at Pearl Harbor, and King himself has been made Commander in Chief of the United States Fleet and simultaneously Chief of Naval Operations, the most important job any American naval officer has ever held in modern times.

Admiral King's diplomatic skirmish with the White House over Pacific personnel goes to the root of the most important naval fact of this war, namely, that the President of the United States, having been Assistant Secretary of the Navy for eight years under Woodrow Wilson and having lived and grown up with the navy

ADMIRAL ERNEST J. KING, U. S. N.

during the last war, now is not merely theoretical Commander in Chief under the Constitution, but is the actual Commander in Chief.

Franklin D. Roosevelt runs the navy. He ran it for six years when the aging Claude Swanson was Secretary of the Navy. He ran it when Charles Edison, now Governor of New Jersey, was Secretary of the Navy. And now, with Frank Knox nominally at the helm, he runs it more than ever.

And this brings him squarely up against the most hard-boiled, salt-encrusted admiral in the navy, a man who, when he graduated from Annapolis, was described in the Lucky Bag as "Temper? Don't fool with nitroglycerin," and who still has the reputation of being the most scathing, sarcastic commander ever to bawl orders from the bridge.

So far, the sparks have not flown between Admiral King and the President of the United States. But the two have had differences—over Singapore, over Libya, and over an all-out attack on the main island of Japan.

Before analyzing those differences, let's examine the core and caliber of the man who now tops all others in the United States Navy.

There are three steps by which a naval officer can climb to high rank. He can have a wealthy wife and play the social game. He can be an aide to the President or have powerful friends in high places. Or he can be so good that the selection board cannot afford to pass him over.

Ernie King is in the third and last category. His father was a Baltimore & Ohio engineer at Lorain, Ohio. Young King had never seen the sea until he was seventeen years old; had no money other than his meager naval pay. His wife was not wealthy, and even if she had been, she was kept too busy raising six daughters and one son to have spent much time promoting her husband's career in naval drawing rooms. And King himself, aside from bobbing his egg-bald head up and down on the dance floor with his debutante daughters, is distinctly not at home at a cocktail party. When he was commander of the Atlantic Fleet, with headquarters at swank Newport, he gave standing orders to his aide to decline the invitations which deluged him weekly.

King enrolled in the Naval Academy chiefly because as a youngster he had sat at the feet of an old Scots sailing captain in Lorain listening to tales of the sea; listening so breathlessly that at the age of seven he had packed his clothes in a bundle and set off for the sea—though he had got only as far as the house next door.

At Annapolis King was fourth best student in his class, was appointed class commander in his senior year. During a summer cruise he got a brief taste of the Spanish-American War. He was to get a longer taste of the World War when serving as Assistant Chief of Staff to Admiral Mayo. However, it was not until that war was over that he began to make his mark in the navy.

The late Admiral William Moffett, whom he succeeded as Chief of the Bureau of Naval Aeronautics, was the pioneer in developing what he called a three-purpose plane—adapted for scouting, fighting, and bombing. And Ernie King, intentionally or otherwise, developed himself into what might be called a three-purpose sailor—trained in fighting under water, on the surface, and over the water. In other words, King is one of those rare combinations in the navy with extensive training on submarines, as an aviator, and as a battleship commander. He is one of the few admirals who take out their own planes once a month in order to keep their status as flyers.

King got his submarine training shortly after the last war when he commanded the submarine base at New London, Connecticut. In 1925 the S-51 sank in 130 feet of water, and for performing the then unheard-of miracle of raising it, King was given the Distinguished Service Medal. Later, when the S-4 sank off Provincetown, King again was called to the rescue.

It was about this time that King decided the future of the navy was in the air. So at the age of forty-nine, when most men are considered long past the flying age, King volunteered for the flying course at Pensacola. He won his wings, and was appointed captain of the airplane carrier Lexington.

One other high-ranking officer who at that time shared King's vision of a winged navy was Admiral Joseph M. Reeves, then in command of the air force of the fleet, using as his flagship the airplane carrier Saratoga. During maneuvers off Panama, the "enemy" attacked, and both King and Reeves, who were "fighting" on the same side, launched all their planes. For a time that day it looked as if Reeves had lost an entire squadron (eighteen planes and sixty men) and as if King had lost even more—two squadrons, or about thirty-six planes.

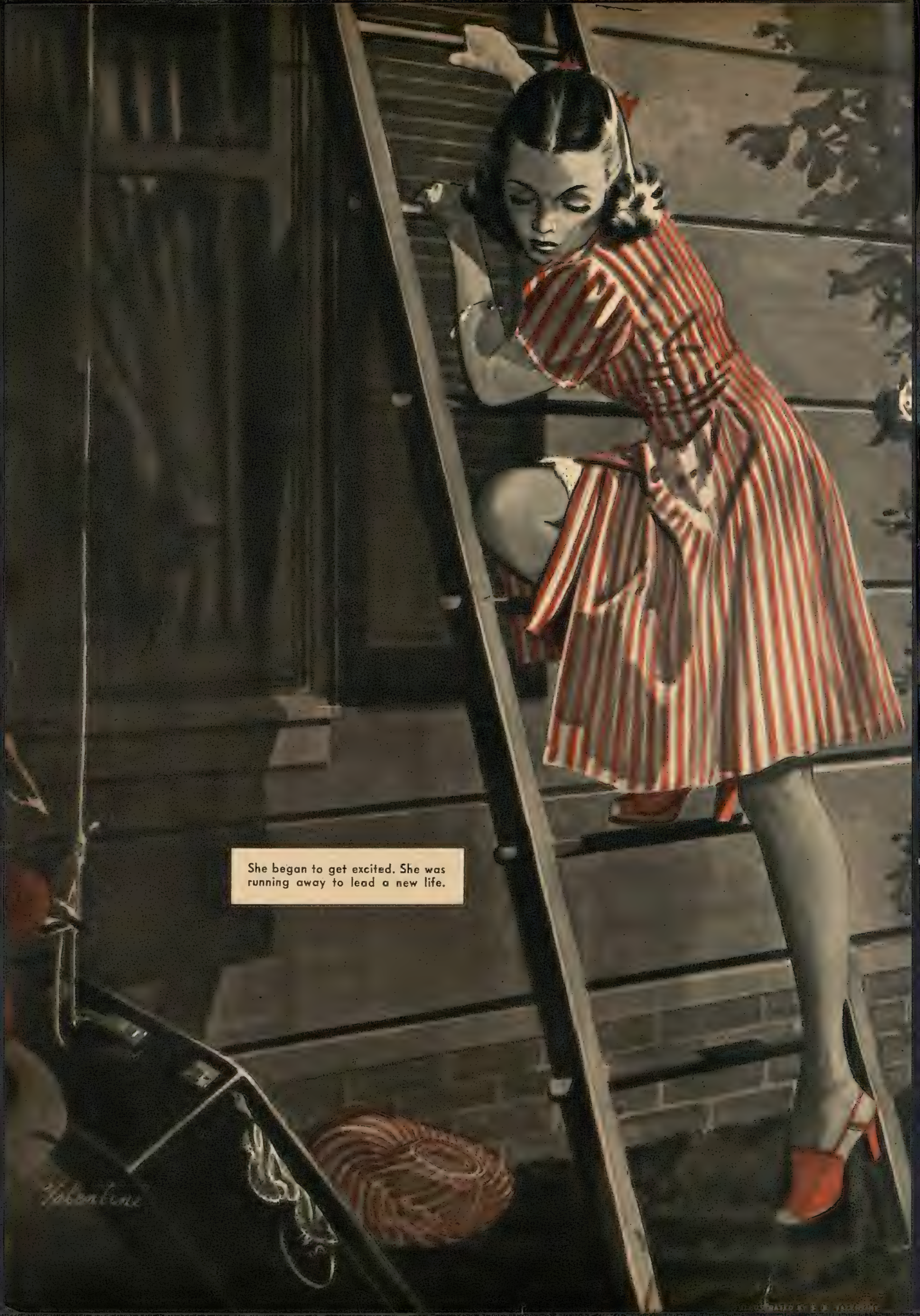
In the end, the planes got back to the carriers, but the naval critique issued after the war games criticized both men for operating their air force with too much boldness, and suggested that planes operate no farther than fifty miles from the carrier. (Jap planes bombing Pearl Harbor probably operated 500 miles from their carriers.)

Some time after this, King, still only a captain, was commanding the

(*Continued on page 55*)

HARRIS & EWING PHOTO

That historic meeting at sea to lay plans for a better future. The two admirals are King and H. R. Stark.



She began to get excited. She was running away to lead a new life.

GOOD-BY NOW!

BY LAURIE HILLYER

When a girl's sixteen and love comes her way, how can she know what's in her heart?—Here is a story for every home that has a daughter

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

☆ "BUT, hell," said Sarie Nickerson. ("Only swear on occasion at sixteen, Sarie," her mother had told her.) This was a desperate occasion. She fitted the toe of her blue sneaker into the mesh of the aluminum salvage cage in front of the Town House, with the idea of climbing in; but the whole side collapsed.

"Hi, Sarie, what's eating you?" said a husky voice behind her. "Did you chuck away gramma's silver teapot?"

It was Nelson Wight, son of N. Wight & Co., Wood and Ice, a stocky egg-faced boy wearing bright blue pants.

"My car keys are in there," said Sarie mournfully, "in that coffeepot. They've always been telling me I'd lose them, and now I have. I can't climb in after them—I'm too big."

He looked her over—her glossy brown hair curling up on her shoulders, her blue shorts and firm brown legs. "You don't look what I'd call big," he said gallantly. "Gee!"

Then, with enterprise Sarie had not associated with "Nelly," he yelled to little Junior Bangs, hoisted Junior on his shoulder, pointed out the coffeepot on top of the unsteady aluminum mountain, hauled him and the coffeepot out, gave him a nickel, and said to Sarie, "Seen the show at the Lux? It's Sunny. Wanta go tonight?"

Never in her life had Sarie been asked to go alone with a boy to a movie. Between a careful family and a fondness for overeating (now controlled by dieting), she'd been well sheltered. But, hell, she stammered to herself, overcome—and aloud said in a voice as careless as his, "Sure. Thanks a lot."

"Toodle-oo. First show, then. O. K." said Nelly, as if it were nothing at all. "I'll be seein' ya."

That was the beginning, and after the beginning things moved fast. At the movie he sat with his arm along the back of Sarie's seat. She was so interested in Anna Neagle she didn't notice it at first, but when she did she liked the way it felt. She didn't want his arm to come any further, but she wanted it to stay where it was. He had a clean, interesting smell with a hint of spearmint (gum) and carbolic (soap). Sitting so close to him made her feel more alive than she had ever felt in her life. She didn't want it to end. After the show he didn't act as if anything unusual had happened. He didn't know that Sarie's whole life was changed. They went for a coke, and he delivered her at home at nine thirty, as stipulated by Mrs. Nickerson.

Next morning he called up at breakfast time:

"Hi, Sarie. How's every little thing?"

"Swell."

"Listen. I been thinking—there's a band concert over in Westbridge tonight. Want to drive over?"

Sarie's heart bounced like a tennis ball. A date two nights in succession, when she had never had a date before! "Sure," she said. "Thanks a lot, Nelly."

"Toodle-oo. About eight o'clock, then," he said. "O. K. I'll be seein' ya."

When she went back to the breakfast table, they were all looking at her expectantly—her father from behind his Herald, her mother from behind the coffee urn, Matthew, who was eight, from behind his spectacles.

"Who was that?" said Matthew.

"Nelly Wight."

"Is that a boy or a girl?"

"A boy, silly."

Her father dropped a spoonful of sugar into his coffee, making Sarie wonder, as usual, what he was thinking. She frequently knew what her mother was thinking. She was thinking, I have got to know all about this.

"What did he want, dear?" Mrs. Nickerson asked.

"I don't see why every one has to listen to my personal conversations—"

"'Cause you holler," said Matthew.

"I do not! He wanted me to go to a band concert, if everybody has to know."

"When?"

"Tonight."

Mrs. Nickerson seemed about to say something, and then said something else: "Don't forget you're booked up for the rest of the week, Sarie. Marjorie is coming over for dinner tomorrow; you're going to help me in the kitchen Thursday when Katie is out; and Aunt Betty is coming on Friday."

Sarie buttered a popover, deciding not to diet this happy morning. After a minute she said, "It's the first time I heard about all *that.*"

The band concert was on the Westbridge Common, and people, mostly in couples, moved about buying popcorn and ice-cream cones and listening to the band. They played Schubert's Serenade, missing quite a few notes; and always after that, when she heard it, Sarie could feel the moonlit shadows of the trees and her left hand loosely in Nelly's as they wandered up and down. Her left arm had never been really awake before. The awakeness spread from her hand up her arm into her shoulder and flooded her.

The night before, when he had brought her home, he had gone up on the porch with her, which was extra polite; but tonight he parked the car in the shadow of the wineglass elm and just sat. Sarie felt suddenly apprehensive. She slid off the seat, her heart tripping, closed the door, and balanced on the running board, looking in. "'Night, Nelly," she said breathlessly. "It was swell."

He slid over near her, put one hand on hers, and, leaning forward, kissed her on the cheek, near her mouth. "'Night," he said, his voice so throaty she could hardly hear it.

"'Night." Sarie jumped off the running board and ran, as on moonlight, over the lawn.

She did not turn, but she knew he sat there watching her because he liked her. Her parents were playing bridge with the Dixons, and Sarie skimmed by the living-room door and upstairs and shut herself into her own room. It had happened! It had happened! What had happened she did not know. *Something.* Sarie Nickerson, who had never had anything exciting happen to her in her life—unless you counted going to boarding school in Virginia—was in the midst of the most exciting thing in the world. She lay on her back, one knee arched, the other knee over it, her foot, in a blue sneaker, gently swinging as she thought about the kiss—and Nelly—and the kiss.

He was not, of course, the kind of hero she had dreamed about. He was short and square, and pale because he helped his father in the icehouse. He had not been to college; he wore bright blue pants; he chewed gum. Perhaps what made him so wonderful, Sarie decided, was charm. It must be.

He was not t. d. and h. When the girls at school talked about teedeeyanaitch, Sarie, who still liked to cut out paper dolls, was mystified. It was only by accident she discovered it meant tall, dark, and handsome. "Sarie is surely going to be an old maid," they had jeered. "Massachusetts is sure full of old maids."

"I'll take care of all your babies,

then," said Sarie—but deciding she would *never* be an old maid. Sometime, in a tulle gown, at the governor's ball, while the orchestra played the Blue Danube, she would meet Him—t. d. and h.

All this now, in the realness of Nelly, seemed babyish and silly. Would she see him on the ice truck in the morning? When the phone rang, would it be *him*? Would he kiss her again? At last she rose languidly from the bed, dropped her clothes on the floor, stepped dreamily into her cotton pajamas, and went to sleep at once.

☆

"STILL no word from Cyrus," her mother said next morning at breakfast, looking up from the mail as if there were nothing there worth reading.

Sarie had forgotten Cy for three days. He was the oldest Nickerson boy, an ensign on a destroyer based in Hawaii; and though he usually wrote every Clipper mail when he was in port, he had not been heard from in five weeks.

"Time says the Pacific Fleet is strung from Pearl Harbor to Singapore in a pattern no navy man will divulge," her mother said, looking at her father as if she expected him to tell her this was not so.

Mr. Nickerson took some honey and said nothing.

"Jim! Wouldn't he let us *know* if he'd been sent to Singapore?"

"He would if he could, dear," said Mr. Nickerson.

Sarie roused herself to an interest in Cy, whom long ago, when everything was different, she had adored.

"I saw Teddy Martin down in the village yesterday," she said, "and he asked me if we'd heard from Cy. It was awfully funny how he said it—as if he knew we hadn't."

"How do you mean?" asked her mother sharply. "Teddy is in the Naval Communications Office at Newport, and he might have heard something about Cy's ship. What did he *say?*"

"Oh, he just asked right off how long it was since we'd heard from Cy. He didn't seem a bit surprised that we hadn't."

"Why doesn't that boy with the girl's name join the navy?" asked Matthew suddenly.

"Because he's only nineteen. And Nelson isn't a girl's name. Pass the sugar and cream, will you, Math?"

"Did you see much of Nelson in high school, dear?" asked her mother in a careful voice.

"No," said Sarie. She did not want to discuss Nelly with the family. All the things that were happening to her and to him she wanted to keep in her heart.

"Why don't you bring him in sometime?" said her mother. "I don't think he's been inside the house since we got rid of the old icebox."

This, Sarie felt, was not a nice way of putting it.

She did not see the ice truck that morning, although she pedaled around on her bicycle looking for it. But that afternoon, while she was cleaning her white shoes, she heard a horn now familiar. She dropped the shoes, gave a quick look in the mirror, floated down the stairs and skimmed lightly down the path.

Nelly, who went to work early and finished at four, sat there, grinning. "Want to go for a ride?"

She slid in fast, before her mother could call and remind her that Marjorie was coming for dinner, and sat very close beside him while they drove out to Shadow Lake. There he parked the car and put his arm around her, and they sat looking at the lake. After a while he turned and kissed her, and then put both arms around her, and she put her arms around him, and they kissed some more. Then they sat looking at the lake again, and at last he said huskily, "Sarie, look. I want to ask you something. Do you—because ever since I saw you down by the Town House that morning, in your blue shorts, I knew I—believe in early marriages. I mean, do you?"

"I don't know," whispered Sarie, terrified.

"Because—well, look. This is how I figure it out. You got to take things as they come—haven't you? In two years, what I think is, I'll be subject to the draft, and we'd be missing two years—"

"But I—but I haven't had my senior year yet," said Sarie, her heart bouncing again.

"But you and me together, Sarie. Us being together. We could have a little apartment, and we could have a lot of fun just doing what we want to do. And I make fifteen dollars a week. That isn't bad to start out with."

Sitting there very close to Nelly, Sarie imagined doing just what she wanted to do. She could go to the movies every night, sit up late, not wear stockings, read movie magazines instead of Required Reading, not take chemistry, which she expected to flunk anyhow; not help Matthew with his arithmetic, always afraid it wouldn't prove, sleep until noon, make candy whenever she felt like it, never tell anybody what she was doing or why. All this, huskily and humbly, Nelly was offering her. But it was too perfect. "I don't think mother and daddy would let me," she said, with a deep trembling relinquishing sigh.

"Folks generally like their girls to get married young, Sarie."

"Do they?"

"Sure. Sarie, your hands are so soft!" He laid one on his own, which was square and calloused but clean, and then lifted it and kissed it. Nothing he could have done would have moved Sarie so much. She had read about people having their hands kissed, but she had never expected it to happen to her. It was part of the way Nelly was answering all her dreams. She leaned her head against his shoulder, and they sat quietly there, kissing each other now and then, for a long time.

At home, she poised an instant on the running board, as before, and he slid over and kissed her. Then, with his kiss at the corner of her mouth, her feet twinkled over the lawn as if she had stars on her heels, and he sat in the car and watched her go.

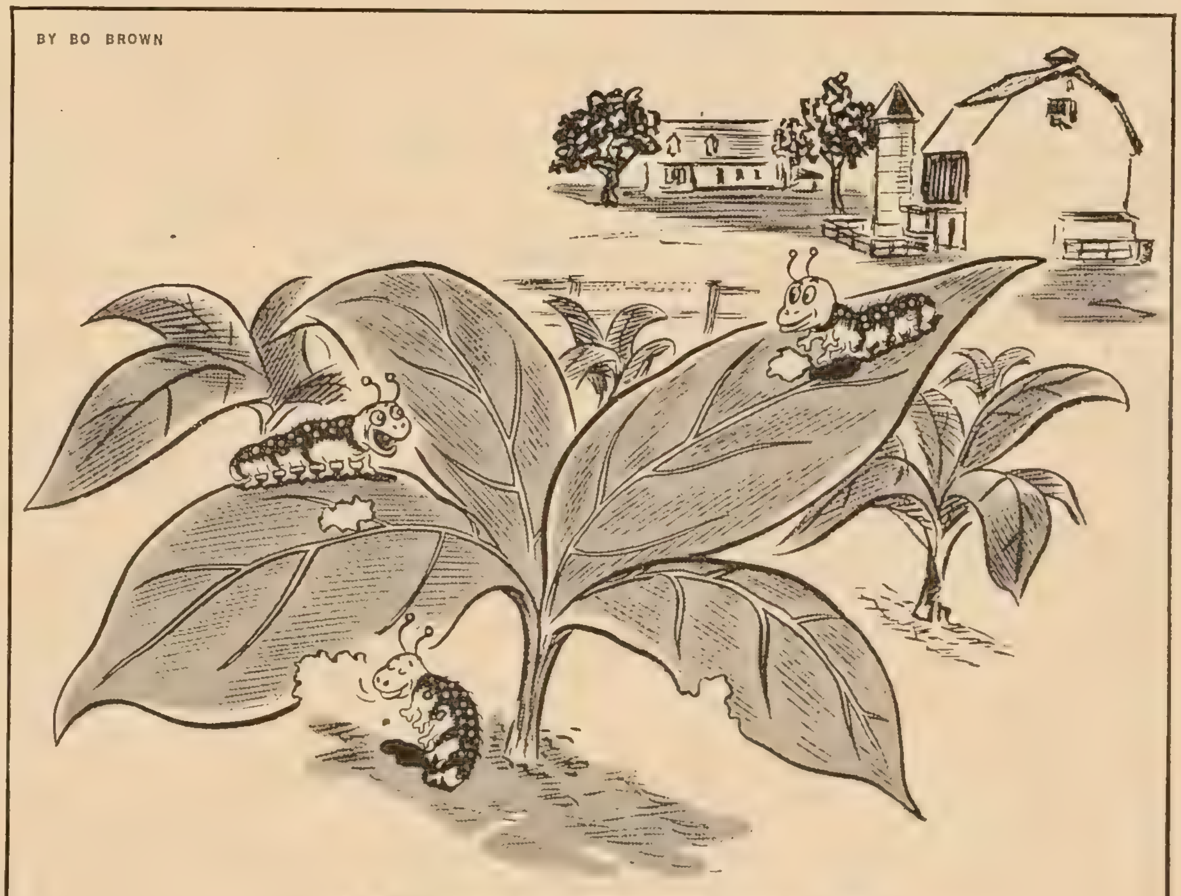
When her mother called her, she went unwillingly, dragging blue sneakers suddenly solid. *"What?"* Her lovely moment was lost.

"Sarie—please."

"Yes, mother." Such an infantile admonishment to a person who might at any moment do forever as she pleased! She looked at her mother without love.

"Listen, my dear. Do you remember that it's customary in this house to let me know where you're going? I've been awfully patient these last few days, but you are making yourself

BY BO BROWN



"Ours is flavored with arsenic. What you got?"

simply ridiculous. I want you to stop seeing so much of this Nelly boy, for several reasons."

Sarie looked derisively at her mother.

"For one thing, Sarie, you ought to know instinctively that it's not clever to accept every invitation a boy gives you. Tell him you have a date."

"I haven't a date. No one but Nelly ever asked me for a date."

☆

"OH, you can have one with me," said her mother impatiently. "Next—of course he's perfectly all right, I suppose, but he does—oh—wear such funny trousers. You know what I mean, Sarie." Sarie looked down, so that her mother would not see the wound in her blue eyes. Her mother said quickly, "Darling, I've always trusted your judgment absolutely. You've always been such a wonderful trustworthy child. You've never given daddy or me anything to worry about. You—"

"I'm not a child, mummy."

"Oh, Sarie—it was practically *yesterday* you were born. Now look at that clock, dear—it's almost six o'clock. If Marjorie had come, you wouldn't have been here. Her mother telephoned she had a cold coming on, so she's keeping her at home. But you simply cannot race off in this funny way without letting me know where you are. You might as well not *be* here, if I can't depend on you."

"Is that all?"

Mrs. Nickerson picked up her bag and started knitting. "I suppose so. Only don't go out with Nelly-boy ever again without letting me know."

"Nelson to you," said Sarie.

"Sarie!"

"Oh, you always think you know everything and nobody else knows anything, mummy. You can't always be the one who's right—nobody can." She burst into tears, raced upstairs, and banged her door. She had been so beautifully happy, and her mother had torn her happiness to shreds. How different from Nelly, who only wanted her to do what she wanted to do! And her mother had said cruelly, "You might as well not *be* here." She lay down on her back, in her favorite position, one knee arched, the other knee over it. As she thought about Nelly and the wonderful afternoon, the afternoon which made everything different, everything else unimportant and far-away, the tears dried cold on her cheeks and her face relaxed and once again became happy.

But the next day was even more important. It was Katie's afternoon, and as Mrs. Nickerson was out Sarie was supposed to watch Matthew. But she completely forgot him when Nelly called up and said in a voice much more importunate than his usual easy-going voice that he had something to show her. "Listen, Sarie. You'll curl up just about—kid, you won't believe it. Can you come right away? Gee!"

He drove toward the old Boston-Worcester turnpike and stopped on a corner. "There," he said.

Behind a low picket fence was a tiny white house with bright blue blinds and with bright rose hollyhocks growing in front of the bright blue blinds. It was the kind of house you see on a greeting card. Nelly jumped out, went right up the path, and unlocked the bright blue door. You saw little rooms, spandy clean, with fresh ruffled curtains. On one side was a living room with a cretonne-covered couch and two armchairs that matched it. Beyond this was an infinitesimal kitchenette with bright red pans. On the other side was a bedroom with white furniture painted with rose and blue hollyhocks—a bed, a fairy dressing table, two chairs, and a chest of drawers. Opening out of this was the smallest bath in the world with goldfish swimming across the walls.

"Oh, Nelly, whose is it—whose is it? A white-painted bedroom. Oh!"

"Don't you know whose it is?"

"Oh, no—no."

"It's ours!" said Nelly. "If we want it to be ours we can have it tomorrow."

"Ours!" She had the feeling she had had before with Nelly—that this was not she; it was somebody else to whom absolutely anything might happen. *"Ours?"*

"Sure. Kid, I thought it would get you. This is part of that real-estate office over there, see, and the fella who runs it got a chance to go fishing. He wants to take a month's vacation. So he says he'll give this house to a honeymoon couple—"

"A honeymoon couple!"

"Sure. For a month. Free. All free! You get to have your picture standing there in that door. All you got to do is answer the telephone in the real-estate office. We could get married tonight—"

"Married—"

"You want to, don't you, Sarie? Do you want to—do you?"

"I don't know." Breathlessly, feeling dizzy, she touched with her forefinger the rose and blue hollyhocks painted on the footboard of the bed. She had always wanted a bedroom like this with white-painted furniture, *new*. But it would be Nelly's bedroom, too. She could see them in the kitchen, cooking things and sitting at the little red table. Or in the living room in the two chairs. They could give a party, and people could come and sit on the floor. But never in her life had she shared a room with any one, and she simply could not imagine it. If she didn't have to share the bedroom—but, after all, sharing bedrooms was what being married *was*.

☆

"DO you want to, Sarie?"

"Yes—oh, yes. But—"

He sat down in one of the white chairs, watching her anxiously.

"It's got to start tomorrow. We got to get married tonight."

"You mean—*elope?"*

"I guess so."

"Down a ladder?"

"A ladder?"

"When you elope, you always elope down a ladder. One of the girls at school eloped."

He came over, put his arms around her, and then with one hand gently stroked her silky hair as he looked into her eyes. "You and me, Sarie, with each other, together—you know what I mean—"

"Yes."

She slipped from his arms and ran to the kitchen. "Look at the little red teapot. Oh, Nelly—look at the little red pitcher."

"I bet you don't know how to make coffee—do you?"

She shook her head. "I'm not allowed to drink it." But after she had said that she felt she had failed him. If she said things like that, little-girl things, she would break the dream. "I can make anything," she said, "cakes and pies and cookies and everything, because this is a fairy house and I'm enchanted!"

He was going to take her in his arms, but she twirled away into the living room and sat down hard in one of the armchairs. "This," she said, deep and gruff, her eyes dancing at him, "is the *mother* bear's chair."

"Sarie, you got me crazy."

She looked up at him, her head on one side, drawing him to her and keeping him away from her with her eyes. "Nelly, when you get—married—don't you have to have a license? Or something?"

"I can fix that up."

☆

THEIR eyes met. And now she wanted him to hug her. He pulled her up and hugged her hard. "Sarie," he said, "gee—"

There was a knock at the door. Before they had a chance to answer it, in came the real-estate man, very dapper. "I'm not intruding, am I?" He looked at them as if they all had a private and not nice joke. The way he looked at them made Sarie feel like running away and letting the wind blow through her.

"Mr. Frankel," Nelly said respectfully, "this is Sarie."

"Hullo, Sarie. You got everything all fixed up? I'll have the photographer here at noon tomorrow—don't want to have him here too early and interrupt anything. If you come over to the office now, I'll show you about the files. How about me kissing the blushing bride, huh? O. K. by you, Nelly, if I kiss the blushing bride?"

If he kissed her she would die, and only dignity would save her. Sarie did not know where a grown-up dignity came from, but it came. "It's a very cute little house, Mr. Frankel," she said majestically, and backed behind a chair, keeping the chair between her and Mr. Frankel.

"M-m-m." His tone changed as if, after all, she weren't of any account. "Let's get going." He banged the door.

"Say, what's eating that guy? He wasn't like that before," said Nelly. "He hasn't got any manners."

"I'll wait out in the car."

"No; you better come with me," Nelly said, for once overriding her. "If he don't like us, he might call the whole thing off."

She followed him reluctantly, and stood by the door while he made arrangements with Mr. Frankel, very sharp and sneering.

Then in silence they climbed into the car.

"You won't have to see *him* again, Sarie," said Nelly anxiously. "Forget him. What time you think we better meet tonight, Sarie? Gee!"

"I don't know." She was apathetic. Mr. Frankel had put a blight on the little house. On everything.

"Let's plan."

"I don't know." Looking down, she traced with her right forefinger each ringless finger of her left hand.

He reached over and covered her hands with one of his. "Buck up. Everything's going to be swell, kid. Have your folks got a ladder?"

"Yes." Thought of the ladder was bracing.

"Tell me where it is and I'll get it out."

"No; you better not."

"Why not?"

"Sometimes mummy and daddy sit up quite late." Planning the elopement was beginning to make her forget Mr. Frankel. "I'll tell you. I'll say I'm going to paint the outside of my blinds, and I'll put up the ladder, and come down it and meet you halfway down the block under that big maple."

"What time?"

"Twelve o'clock. Unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless something happens. You better call up early in the evening and see if everything is all right. If I say 'See you tomorrow' it will mean something has happened, but if I say 'O. K.' it will mean everything is all right." *Is this really me,* she thought. *Is this really me talking about eloping, me that's going to elope at midnight and be married?*

"Yes; but, Sarie, look—you think you'll say O. K., don't you, Sarie?"

"Of course."

☆

HOME, all thought of the elopement was strangled. She had forgotten that she should have been watching Matthew. He had gone climbing trees. The branch of one had grown over an electric wire. He had slipped, caught the wire, and narrowly missed being burned alive. Fortunately, he had been able to let go and drop to the ground, his fall broken by the lower branches. He had a burned hand and a sprained arm and he was very frightened. When at last he was settled in bed, their mother downstairs, the doctor gone, Sarie went in and knelt beside him. He lay back on his pillows, very small and pale over his enormous bandaged arm. "I might have passed out," he said with awe, and added faintly, "that wire had two thousand volts, you know it?"

"Don't. Don't talk about it, darling."

"Why not?"

"Not now. Mathy, I want to give you one of my treasures. You can have absolutely anything you want of mine—anything. Do you want Winnie?" This was her big shabby Teddy bear, still loved though shelved.

Matthew's eyes sparkled—then the light went out of them. "No-o. Animals don't like to change masters. Winnie wouldn't like it."

"Well, then, what do you want for keeps?"

"Could I have your pig bank?"

"Yes."

"How much money has he got inside him?"

"About six dollars and a half. About."

"Gee!"

"I'll get it—you can have it now."

In the hall she met her mother. "Sarah," Mrs. Nickerson said—she did not often call her Sarah. "Look at me. What if I hadn't come home when I did? What would have happened to that baby? I'm not going to reproach you—he might have climbed the tree just the same if you had been here. But you weren't here. One thing, absolutely. You are not to see that Nelly person again, ever, without my permission. He has bewitched you. Do you understand?"

Sarie did not answer. Still full of tears from her fright over Matthew, she was whipped with anger and resentment at being treated once again like a child. If her mother only knew! She soon *would* know. If there had been any doubt in her mind about the elopement, it was gone. When Nelly called up she would say "O. K."

She did not want to leave Matthew and her father, but she *wanted* to leave her mother. Until that night. . . .

☆

EVERYTHING was ready. The ladder put up after dark, because you couldn't paint blinds when all that had happened to Matthew. The suitcase packed with cotton pajamas and cotton scanties, a couple of dresses and her domestic science smock—it wasn't much of a trousseau (and of course it *was* her trousseau) and the underwear, she knew, should be lacy and billowy and not cotton, but it was the best she had. . . . She crept down to get her compact from the hall table. Her mother and father were in the living room, talking, and her mother was crying. "I don't know how people ever bring up children. I don't, Jim! Every one of them is tearing my heart out. I can't bear not to know what has happened to Cy—"

"He's out of our hands now," her father said. "You couldn't have a leading string on him even if he wasn't in the navy, dear. He's all right."

"We don't know that he is. I can't bear not knowing. I can't! And Matthew. I leave him perfectly safe at three o'clock, and I might have come home and found him—found him—"

"But you didn't."

"And Sarie. In a way, Sarie's the worst of all. It's just as bewildering as everything else that is happening now. It's the last thing we would have expected. And I'm not handling it right—I'm not. I feel as if a terrible pitfall is waiting for her, to swallow her—"

"Young Wight won't swallow her. Remember Claude Tupper, your first queer beau? He didn't swallow you."

Standing out in the dark hall, Sarie, ready to cut forever the bonds of home, had a sudden longing to still be part of that familiar living room, so loved and so *known*. Even if her mother did not understand her, even if she was cruel and domineering, at least she was *known*. But she was committed. Nelly would be waiting. Everything was ready. A little note was written, to be pinned to her pillow: "Dearest Mother and Daddy: We have eloped. We are going to live in that little white-painted house with blue blinds. I will see you soon. Lovingly, Sarie."

☆

WHEN her mother came in later, as she always did, to see if everything was all right, Sarie was apparently asleep on her stomach. Mrs. Nickerson laid her cheek on the back of Sarie's head and dropped a light and tender kiss on her soft brown hair. Then she tucked in the blanket and very softly shut the door. Next she would go to Matthew. "Mother, mother," Sarie said into her pillow, smothered and frightened, "come back! I *will* you to come back." But Mrs. Nickerson went tiptoeing down the hall to Matthew, and presently the house was still.

Perhaps they will hear me and come and get me and not let me go, Sarie thought, zipping with trembling fingers her favorite dress, a striped dirndl. She took a last blinded look at the room—hers, only hers—with the old maple furniture which had belonged to her grandmother. What if the ladder fell backward and she were killed? What a terrible day for her parents, after almost losing Matthew! Perhaps that was the pitfall her mother had meant. Her eyes brimmed with tears. But she slid her suitcase down to the ground on a length of clothesline, and then, clinging to the sill, felt for the top rung of the ladder.

As she went down, step, step, step, she began to get excited. She was shedding her old dull little-girl skin; she was running away to lead a new life. And now she was ready to rush into it, and into Nelly's excited arms, through the starry throbbing night.

As she stood in the shrubbery, untying the clothesline knot, which stuck, a car zoomed into the driveway. She shrank back, peering out. Its lights sweeping the lawn, the car began to honk. The night which had been a still night was broken up by clamor. It sounded like an alarm. A man in uniform sprang out.

What did it mean? Suddenly she knew. They could arrest you for eloping. Mr. Frankel had betrayed them. They had come to take her to jail. She dropped the suitcase and pressed herself back against the clapboards of the house, wishing that she could push right through them.

The din stopped. The lights were switched off. The dark and the silence were even more terrifying. She heard low voices. There were two of them, then. If some one touched her in the dark, she would die. Die. Anything—anything would be better than this. She opened her mouth to scream for her mother, but her throat was swept and empty—no sound came.

It was then that the whistle split the dark. *The* whistle. Not a police whistle. Their whistle—a blithe, summoning four-note whistle used only by the five Nickersons—her mother and father, she, Matthew, and Cy.

Her knees felt like shadows, as if they might fade away, but she stumbled zigzag around the house, gaining strength every second, shrieking, "Cy!"

The taller figure turned. Even the way he wore his peaked cap, pulled a bit over his right eye, was dear to her. "Cy!" She threw herself on him, beating his uniform and brass buttons, hugging him, climbing up on him. "Cy! Cy! Cy!"

"Sarah Jane! Ow! Let me breathe! Is everything all right? Didn't you expect me?"

"Did you let us know? Cy *darling!*"

"Nope—certainly not. Hey, where's everybody? Where's mum? Jack, this is my kid sister."

Lights now flooded the house. The front door was flung open. But it was Cy's father, not his mother, who was first downstairs. He saw his eldest son. His face was transfigured. *He was worried,* Sarie thought. *How he loves him! If I had missed seeing daddy's face like that!*

A small and tousled and bandaged figure appeared in the doorway. It said shyly, "Hi, Navy!"

"For gosh sake!" Cy said, his face very moved. "Wounded again, hey. How's the boatswain?"

Matthew hurtled himself into Cy's arms, and stood there proudly peering out at the other ensign. *He belongs to me, not you; he's mine, not yours.* He laid his cheek in the palm of Cy's hand.

"Where's *mother?*"

"Cyrus—oh, Cyrus!"

Cy took off his peaked cap and bent his tall head. Over his shoulder their mother's eyes met Sarie's eyes, radiant with tenderness for them all.

"This is Jack Schuyler," Cy said. "Mother, dad, Matthew—"

In the light streaming from the porch, Sarie looked at Jack for the first time. She had never in her life seen such a handsome boy. He was t. d. and h. His uniform (like the highwayman's) fitted with never a wrinkle. And instead of being high-hat, as any one like that has a perfect right to be (his eyes just passing over Cy's kid sister as if she were no more account than Matthew), he was smiling straight at her. He liked her, she could tell, and he wanted her to like him too.

And suddenly she wondered, Why aren't they all surprised to see me down here, dressed? They're too excited to notice.

"Where did you put in—"

"How did you get here—"

"Why didn't you let us know—"

"Hey, mum, we're in the navy now. Nobody knows but God and the admiral. Well—we're anchored off Newport. We drove down in Teddy Martin's car. Say, where's Katie—has she flaked out?"

"She's asleep; but, boy, if she knew you's coming, she *wouldn't.*"

"Do you want something to eat? Are you hungry? Bring in your bags."

In the confusion, Sarie flew upstairs to take the note off her pillow. She did not know what she was going to do about Nelly, but as she stepped into her room she had the same feeling she had had when she came home to the white farms of New England from Virginia—where even the dirt was a different color—as if she had been away, and in danger, and was now back where she belonged, the danger past.

Her note was still on her pillow.

Sarie stood tearing it into little pieces.

Shouts of laughter came in from the hall, where Cy and Matthew were trying to rouse Katie.

"Kateee, put your teeth in and come down—somethin's happening!"

"Wake up, there, Katie—join the world and see the navy!"

Standing there with the note in her fingers, Sarie knew that it was her mother, and no one else, she loved best in the world—only her mother. And that because she had forgotten this she and Nelly must suffer.

☆ SHE ran down the stairs and out into the dark—not as she had run before to meet Nelly, as if she ran on clouds in the sky—but compassionately, desperately, having always before her Nelly's stricken eyes.

She had known he would still be waiting there, and he was waiting. He sat patient behind the wheel. He was very pressed and clean—smelling soapy, faintly carbolic, and of the spearmint gum he was chewing in a desperate, anguished way.

He knew the minute he saw her, from her face and because she did not have her bag, that something had happened. Panting from her hard run, she told him disjointedly about Cyrus. At first he watched her; but as she went on he looked away from her, as if he did not want her to see the loss in his face. When she had finished, he said, "I knew it wasn't going to happen. I knew it, all right. I knew it couldn't happen. I knew it all along." His voice was so dead and heartbroken that Sarie's eyes, once again that night, spilled with tears. She would have liked to comfort him, but as she slid toward him, he reached out for the gear.

"Nelly," she said, imploring.

"You better get out."

"Don't leave me like this—"

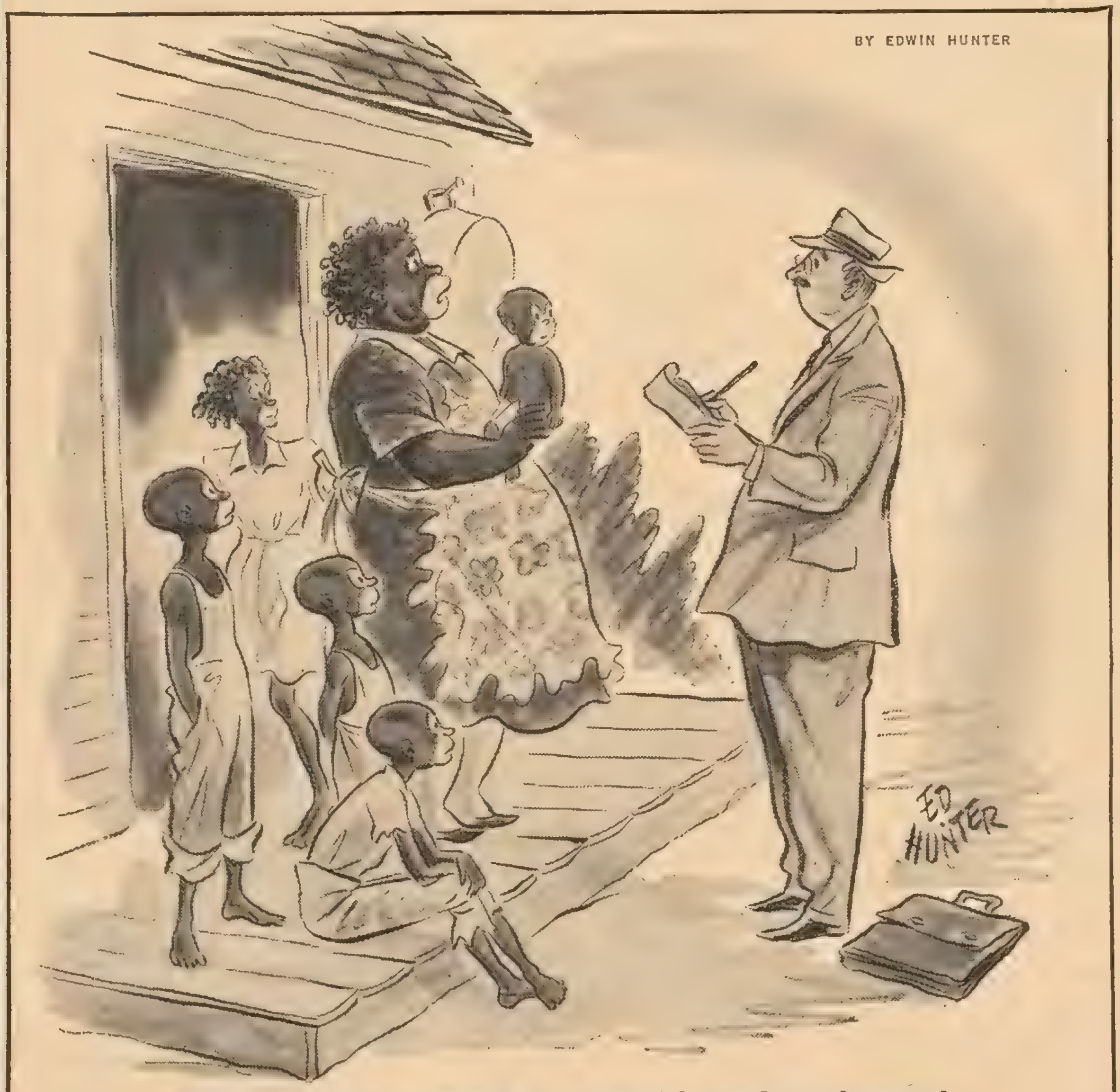
But he did not speak to her again, nor look at her again. Staring straight ahead of him, he waited for her to get out, stepped on the gas and turned the wheel. The car moved away from her forever. There was only the black quiet of the night and the empty, empty street.

Sarie stood pressing her cold palms against her wet cheeks. Then she turned slowly, feeling none of the magic in her heels she had always felt on leaving Nelly. Something had been lovely while it lasted, but now it was gone and nothing quite the same could ever be again.

A voice boomed down the street: "Sarah Jane! Yay! Come keep your naval engagement."

THE END

BY EDWIN HUNTER



"Yassah, I had two by mah first husband, one by mah second, and two all by mahself!"

Over at Abbott's house, the two funny men discuss a new angle on an old gag.

ABBOTT, COSTELLO, AND HITLER

BY FREDERICK VAN RYN

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

☆ IT may have been pure coincidence that a short, fat, pugnacious guy by the name of Louis Francis Cristillo bumped into a certain Mr. William Abbott (tall, thin, and dignified) almost precisely at the moment when a former Austrian paper hanger was being sworn in as the Chancellor of the Reich in faraway Berlin. It may have been another coincidence that Abbott and Costello (né Cristillo) achieved their Great Ambition (a full week at the Roxy Theater on Broadway) just around the time when Adolf Hitler was about to gobble up Austria. It may have been still another coincidence that Bud and Lou were starred by the Shuberts in The Streets of Paris the very month Mr. Chamberlain betook himself and his umbrella to Munich. It may have been—

But enough of this; let's face it. Let's put side by side the respective timetables of the Führer and Abbott and Costello. What do we see? We see that each and every major triumph scored by the Prophet of Horror has been followed—almost immediately—

Munich in Europe—and The Streets of Pa

Hitler took Greece; Buck Privates took Ar

Russia invaded—and In the Navy a hit.

by a bigger and better contract offered to America's beloved zanies. France falls. What happens in America? Abbott and Costello begin to panic 'em on Edgar Bergen's radio program. Yugoslavia, Greece, and Crete are overrun by the Wehrmacht. What happens in Hollywood? Why, Buck Privates (Bud's and Lou's first film) grosses well over $1,000,000! Hitler invades Russia. How about Abbott and Costello? Yes, you've guessed it. In the Navy (their second picture) becomes the smash hit of the otherwise disastrous summer of 1941.

What is behind this grim comedy of coincidences? Is Hitler "working" for Abbott and Costello? Was Mein Kampf a gigantic, supercolossal trailer for those laugh epics that made Cadillacs and swimming pools available for two starving burlesque performers?

☆ ONE is tempted to say yes to both questions. Loyal Americans and excellent citizens, Bud and Lou hate and despise Hitler, but had it not been for him and that atmosphere, first of jitters (1938-39), then of outright horror (1940-42), which he created in this hapless world, Abbott and Costello would probably still be playing in some four-a-day grinder.

Tragedy and problem plays thrive in good times; broad comedy and slapstick come into their own only when the going gets really tough. A nation at war needs laughs as much as it does vitamins. It acclaims Charlie Chaplin in 1914-18. It idolizes Abbott and Costello in 1939-42. Not unlike Chaplin, who had been working for buttons when the world was at peace but who became a millionaire when the guns began firing, Abbott and Costello were every bit as good nine years ago, when they first formed their team, as they are now.

The trouble, if any, was not with them but with us. The America of the early 1930s was not in the mood to appreciate their brand of humor. Unabashed and unafraid, they confess only too readily that they have introduced *not a single new gag* on the stage, the screen, or the air in the last four years. Today, when their combined annual income runs into seven figures, they use exactly the same routines which kept them on a steady diet of hot dogs and hamburgers during their first five years of partnership. Way back in 1933, when Costello asked "Where do all the little bugs go in the wintertime?" and Abbott answered "Search me," and Costello came forth with "No, thanks, I just wanted to find out"—when the boys tried to unload that venerable routine on burlesque audiences, not a single snicker rewarded them. Nowadays the millions of men and women who hear them each Sunday night as they share the comedy spotlight with Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy on their regular NBC coffee broadcasts all but split their sides and hope for another gag "as good as that one."

Bud and Lou oblige. Their scrapbooks contain 16,000 various routines, the youngest one old enough to remember the year when Franklin D. Roosevelt ran for the Vice-Presidency of the United States.

ABBOTT: Hey, Costello! No smoking!

COSTELLO: Who's smoking?

ABBOTT: You are.

COSTELLO: What makes you think I'm smoking?

ABBOTT: Well, you've got a cigar in your mouth.

COSTELLO: I've got shoes on, but I ain't walking.

Remember how you howled when you heard that one? Well, it may interest you to learn that even the boys themselves cannot guess the age of that gag. They feel certain that they used it on innumerable occasions when aspirin was still a member of the NRA. They feel equally certain that no burlesque magnate was ever sufficiently impressed by it to offer them a five-dollar raise.

The salient facts of the great Abbott and Costello epic are clear and simple. Both boys were born in New Jersey, Abbott in Asbury Park, Costello in Paterson. Bud's father was an advance man for the Ringling Brothers' Greatest Show on Earth, his mother a bareback rider. From the moment he was old enough to appreciate the difference between an acrobat and an elephant, he lived and breathed the show business. He sold orangeade, appeared in a side show at Coney Island, tried (unsuccessfully) to become a lion tamer, conceived the bright notion of gliding off the top of the chute-the-chutes in a square box equipped with silk wings and a stirrup, and finally, at the age of sixteen, wound up aboard a tramp steamer bound for Norway.

Back in America after seven months, he went in for sign painting and saved enough to try his hand at producing carnival shows. The necessity of meeting the weekly payroll impressed him most unfavorably and he decided that there was more fun in being an actor. His first job was with Billy Minsky, the famous burlesque impresario. Instead of being a "straight man," as he is now, he was a comic.

☆ ABBOTT won Minsky's confidence and was put in charge of several productions. A few years later he was on his own again. With his brother Harry he organized a burlesque company and opened Abbotts' Corinthian Theater in Rochester, New York. Before long the two brothers were operating six theaters. Then, as it did to all men, the depression came to Mr. Abbott. Wiped out in 1929, he was ready to accept any old job. Early in 1933 he was working as a cashier at the Empire Theater in Brooklyn. And that's when Lou Costello came in.

Unlike Abbott's, Lou's family had nothing to do with theater, circus, carnival, or any other branch of show business. His father, an insurance salesman in Paterson, New Jersey, hoped that his son would "amount to something." His teachers were posi-

Bud Abbott takes a day off and spends it with his wife, Betty, and their three dogs.

The boys try out some funny business.

With Nan Wynn in Pardon My Sarong.

tive that he wouldn't. One of them, Mrs. Bessie Whitehead, made him write "I'm a bad boy" on the blackboard 100 times. Little did Bessie suspect that years later he would turn that phrase into a veritable laugh cry of the nation, that "I'm a b-a-a-d boy" would be easily identified by millions of radio listeners as Lou's signature.

At the age of seventeen, having tried to become a baseball player and having been knocked out four times in as many prize fights, Lou hitchhiked to Hollywood. What made him think that he could act is a mystery which he has never been able to solve. His first six months in California were responsible for the creation of several landmarks which eventually will become a "must" for every self-respecting rubberneck. There is a Western Union office in Culver City, near the M-G-M studios, where Lou had to leave his then only possession, a gold ring, as collateral for a $1.20 telegram. He wanted to send it collect (it was an S O S message to his father), but he looked so dirty and shabby the manager would not take a chance.

☆ THERE is a garage on Wilshire Boulevard where Lou washed ten cars in order to be permitted to spend a night on the premises. There is a delicatessen on Hollywood Boulevard where Lou worked for two days in lieu of paying for a couple of sandwiches. There is a gas station in North Hollywood—and so on. Nothing gives Costello more pleasure nowadays than to take his friends on a drive and point out those "places of interest."

Eventually some good Samaritan introduced the starving youngster to King Vidor, who was then directing The Crowd. "Are you a stunt man?" asked Vidor, after one look at Lou's clothes. Costello nodded. Had Vidor asked "Are you a numismat?" he would have nodded too. His first assignment was a thirty-foot jump. Much to Lou's amazement, he managed to land without any mishap. His next assignment (in Circus Rookies) involved still greater dangers. Made up as an ape, he had to chase the leading man over the boxcars of a fast-moving train. Two years passed. Costello was beginning to make money. Then the talkies arrived.

"I can talk, too," said Lou.

"Not on your life," said the casting director, "not in that high squeaky voice of yours. You're through."

Twelve years later he was to be told that that "high squeaky voice" was his greatest asset, but for the time being he was through. So once more he had to hitchhike his way across the continent. When he reached St. Joseph, Missouri, he decided to look up some friends whom he had met while hitchhiking to the Coast two years before. The first night in their house he learned that the Empress Theater, a local burlesque house, was looking for a "Dutch" dialect comedian. His acquaintance with "Dutch" dialect was very slight, to say the least, but that did not stop him from applying for the job. Much to his astonishment, he was hired. He remained with the Empress company for twenty-five consecutive weeks and would have stayed longer still if a visiting scout had not told him that a burlesque producer back East was anxious to find some one to replace Joe Penner. So off to New York went Costello, to hold his fateful rendezvous with Bud Abbott.

The rest is history, some of it a legend. It is not true that Bud and Lou are married to two girls who used to work as a burlesque team. Bud was married long, long before he met Lou and is about to celebrate his twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. It is not true that the boys have gone Hollywood and are living in palatial homes. Their houses can by no stretch of the imagination be described as "palatial." It is not true they are spending money "like drunken sailors." Cagey and cautious, they live far below their income. Abbott organized the William Abbott Investment and Realty Company to take care of his various financial ventures. Costello is as shrewd in his investments as he is in gin rummy. Incidentally, the latter game is the only sport they indulge in. They play for very high stakes, with Abbott usually the loser.

How long will they last? For the duration of the war, certainly. Probably much longer. A few weeks ago a famous Hollywood director paid Bud and Lou about the greatest compliment they ever received. Trying to explain the tremendous success of Woman of the Year, he said, "It's very simple. The producers were shrewd enough to take a leaf out of Abbott and Costello's book. What they actually did was to make an Abbott-and-Costello picture with Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn."

Their current picture, Rio Rita, recently released, is drawing the customary crowds. Their next, Pardon My Sarong, is finished and will come out this summer. But the boys aren't taking a rest. By the time this issue of Liberty reaches the newsstands, the two will be engaged in a most serious undertaking. They will be making a nation-wide tour to raise $500,000. The entire sum will be donated by them to the Army Emergency Relief Fund.

So remember, when you see "Abbott and Costello in Person" the next time, you'll be paying the army for your laughs. And it'll be a bargain.

THE END

Lou listens critically to a piano concert by his daughters, Patty and Carole Lou.

WHAT TO DO ABOUT YOUR CAR

ILLUSTRATED BY
STUART HAY

Time flies. Those tires are wearing down. You'll have to decide pretty soon! . . This may help you

BY LOWELL BRENTANO AND RALPH GRAETER

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

☆ JIM CRAIG has a drugstore in Oceala, Arkansas. He owns his own home, has an income of $3,000 a year, a modest bank account, and a '37 Nash. But Jim is worried. After reading the headlines, he shrewdly suspects he won't be able to run up mileage much longer. He knows he couldn't prove the car was *essential* to his and his family's existence. On the other hand, he realizes good cars will be scarce for years to come. If he practically extinguishes his bank account, he can make a switch and acquire a '41 Nash. He can't decide whether to buy, hold, or sell.

Yet Jim is sitting pretty compared with many of his fellow motorists. Why? Because there is a garage attached to his home. Today any one who owns or rents a home with a garage, or has relatives or friends who will loan him garage space, has an ace in the hole. Whether governmental regulations, shortages, or natural wear and tear force him to store his car for the duration, he can lock the garage door and reflect that he can carry the car indefinitely at no expense.

If you are one of the car owners obliged to rent garage space, you must pay a minimum of five dollars, probably six to eight dollars, for "dead storage." At the rate of six dollars monthly, an owner compelled to store his car for three years must pay $216 in carrying charges. Can you afford it? Or do you want to spend your money this way?

What to do with the old bus? Apart from the course and outcome of the war itself, there is no other question that has so many millions of us Americans so concerned and so baffled. Nearly every newspaper brings us some hair-raising prophecy about the future use of our automobiles.

On December 31 last there were 28,875,000 registered passenger automobiles in the United States. Approximately 625,000 new '42 models are frozen in the hands of manufacturers and dealers. Eventually 400,000 of these, at least, will be acquired by the government, leaving 225,000 cars for doctors, important defense officials, and others high on the "must" list. No new cars or tires probably will be available for the duration. Every car available today is a used car!

Ever since Pearl Harbor, oil, rubber, and automobile companies have supplanted road maps with excellent pamphlets on how to conserve our tires and our machines. Newspapers have broken out in a rash of advice. But all this is of no use to the owner of a '37 Dodge who wonders whether he should trade it in for a '41 model, or to the owner of a '41 Chrysler who ponders whether he should sell it. Theirs is the real problem.

Harry Blake has a fine position in Philadelphia and owns a home with an attached garage in a suburban town an hour out on the main line. This house is four miles from the station. His '39 Chevrolet is in fine shape, but his tires bid fair to give up the ghost in another thousand miles. Then, unless he has a new car or new tires, Harry will have to close his house and move into Philadelphia. So he's figuring on trading in his car for a '41 Chevrolet with good tires.

☆

HARRY is due for a rude shock. He won't be able to trade his car in! Either buying or selling, a car is no better than its rubber. Obviously no one will buy a car with poor rubber, because new tires can't be obtained and even retreading is precariously limited. Once the tires are gone, a '35 Chevrolet or a '41 Cadillac—it makes no difference—will sell at approximately junk value. Harry has his choice between storing his Chevrolet and buying another car, and selling the Chevrolet for a song to make room in his garage for another car. Otherwise it looks as though Harry will have to move back to Philadelphia.

Perhaps you are one of the millions engaged in vital jobs who use their cars to transport them to work. The government realizes the urgency of this situation. Most likely, if your machine is essential for your maximum efficiency, ways will be found for you to hobble along. But owners who use their cars for shopping, recreation, taking the children to school and taking "pop" to the station are not going to get much sympathy.

Your first consideration today should not be what model to buy but how much use you will get out of any car, regardless of the price. "What's the difference," you may well ask yourself, "whether I have a jaloppy or a '41 Buick, if I can't use either of them?"

In England, thousands of cars have been locked in their garages for the duration. While our transportation set-up is infinitely more favorable, within the next few years a substantial percentage of American automobiles will be off the road. This is not to say that the government will order them off. But if you can't get gas, parts, or tires, you'll be on the side lines anyway. What is more, the day is coming when unnecessary use of a car will be considered an unpatriotic act.

In the past we have taken tires for granted. It was only a few months ago that we woke up to the innumerable uses of rubber for war necessities. Now Leon Henderson warns us we will have to get along for the next three years without a single pound of crude rubber for new or recapped tires. He hints vaguely that the government may commandeer tires from private cars. And Howard N. Hawkes, general sales manager of the Tire Division for the United States Rubber Company, testifies before the Senate and predicts that 1,000,000 cars will be off the road by July 1 because their tires will be worn out, with no means of replacement; that 7,000,000 cars will be laid up by July, 1943, and 12,000,000 by the end of 1943.

What of synthetic rubber? Innumerable car owners are convinced that by the time their tires are down to the tread, synthetic rubber tires will be available to every one. We hope they're right, but we doubt it. The overwhelming mass of evidence is that considerably more than three years will elapse before there is sufficient production of synthetic rubber for both military and civilian needs. Says Leon Henderson: "If the figures which have been allowed for synthetic tonnages—25,000 tons this year, 300,000 tons in 1943, and 600,000 in 1944—should be met, it would be almost a miracle. If the miracle doesn't occur—if the synthetic plants are not completed on schedule—our situation will be immeasurably worse."

In recent weeks, metal springs, wood, and new fabrics have all been the bases of experimentation as substitutes for rubber. Yet the only rays of sunshine on the horizon are the announcements that Goodyear is testing tires made without rubber of any kind, and that Ford is experimenting with a tire that needs only one sixteenth of the usual amount of rubber. And remember, *that* horizon is still a long way off; don't jump at the conclusion that such tires are soon to be available to you.

☆

SO if you are buying a used car, don't trust yourself to pass on the condition of the tires. Have them removed and dismounted and inspected in your presence by a tire repair man. Even experienced motorists know nothing, really, from a casual glance at the rubber from the outside.

The gas shortage is another bugaboo. Rationing is already here, for all the eastern seaboard states and the District of Columbia. Yet at present automobile experts do not consider this, in the long run, as serious as the rubber problem; they point to the considerable use of synthetic fuels in England and on the Continent as a partial solution. As time passes, they think, the problem will tend to solve itself because of the millions of "sick" cars forced off the road. The general impression seems to be that if you have a car in usable condition, you will be able to get enough fuel of some kind to keep her rolling for short distances on essential business.

At any rate, the difficulty is not a nation-wide shortage of gas itself but is the want of means of distribution—of tankers and pipe lines.

Another dark spot on the horizon is the battery problem. While at this writing batteries are not subject to the legal restrictions on tires, dealers have had their supplies drastically curtailed. Furthermore, it seems almost certain that once the present supply is exhausted no new batteries will be available for civilian automobilists.

"The trade" itself is divided. The optimists maintain that the public have taken batteries for granted. How many of us even think of testing our batteries and putting in fresh water regularly? The optimists say a battery, given proper care, is good for three or four years, after which it can be rebuilt.

The pessimists scoff at rebuilding, for batteries are largely composed of lead, zinc, and rubber, all on the priorities list. If we are going to have sufficient material available to rebuild millions of batteries, they argue, then the industry might as well manufacture new ones. Both sides admit that scientific improvements may lead to a substitution of materials. The rubber case, for example, only serves to contain acid. Experiments are being made with other materials, such as unbreakable glass. So a battery shortage, while serious, at present does not appear as ominous as it might be.

☆

AFTER tires and batteries come parts. Do we realize how some insignificant gadget, worth possibly fifty cents, may stop the operation of the entire car? Consider the humble fan belt. If you can't get another, not even your wife's pearl necklace will help you. While the government has allowed certain priorities on parts up to July 1, there is already a shortage. Naturally, conditions will become worse. A further difficulty is that parts for models prior to '40 have been practically discontinued. So '37, '38, and '39 parts are scarce now, which puts these older cars in a more vulnerable position.

What you can and should do is to have your car examined by competent automobile diagnosticians who will advise you about replacements. The most obviously essential parts to check carefully are spark plugs and ignition points, condensers, rubber hose connections, windshield wipers, and fan belts. A patriotic owner will not want to buy unnecessary parts, and a reputable dealer will not sell to hoarders.

Naturally, you can't come to a decision on your personal problem unless you know something about prices and the probable state of the market. The situations differ according to geographical location. In New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and other congested centers where dealers' rents and overhead are high, many of the better dealers claim they can no longer afford to handle cars selling for less than $500. Cars in the brackets below this, they feel, belong on the used-car lot, or are shipped wholesale for resale to dealers in smaller cities, in industrial districts, and in the country.

To all intents and purposes, any used '41 model in choice condition today can be regarded as a new car for the duration and for several years longer. If the war lasts until 1950, the first cars manufactured afterward will probably be suspended '42 models.

The best argument for keeping or buying a car, regardless of the immediate future, is this: Automobile experts know it will take fifteen to eighteen months after the war to convert factories now used for war purposes back to automobile production. Then, for six months to a year after that, production will be limited—and probably expensive. It may be three years after the war before cars will be coming down the line the way they were in 1940. So, even if you have a fat bank account, the car you now own or the car you buy must do you not only for the duration but for several years besides!

In the larger cities the market is strong at present for '41 models with choice tires, and for such '40 models as also have such tires. The demand for used '41 cars with small mileage is especially marked, because part of it represents the overflow from potential purchasers of '42 models unable to obtain delivery. These '41 cars today sell at approximately 10 per cent under list. A year ago they could have been obtained for 35 per cent under. Of course there are always exceptions. The New York Herald Tribune notes that a nearly new 1941 model, sold at auction to liquidate an estate, brought $1,660, more than $100 above its price when new. Any '42 car is regarded as new, and can be sold only to a purchaser with a priority certificate.

☆

THE used '40 models in fine shape are bringing 33⅓ to 40 per cent under list, as compared with 50 per cent a year ago. On '37, '38, and '39 cars it's a question of "How's your rubber?" and price is determined solely on that basis. The '36 and older models in excellent mechanical shape are almost invariably sent to the junk dealers for old metal, unless the car has comparatively new tires. In other words, conventional depreciation and book values have gone overboard—recent models seem overpriced, older models underpriced, and no model is even considered purchasable unless it has good rubber.

Every one wants to know if car prices are going up. There's an impression that some dealers are storing cars for the rise, and that if future restrictions are not too severe, the price trend will be steadily upward.

But there are strong arguments against this. Many of the 44,000 dealers in the country expect to be out of business within the year, and will have to get rid of their used-car stock at reasonable or even bankruptcy prices. Neighborhood garages, always a barometer, report far more would-be sellers than buyers. Hundreds of thousands of potential draftees own cars which they must dispose of quickly when their call comes. Many of these, rather than take a sacrifice price from a dealer, would sell for even less to some relative or friend.

So if you want to buy a car cheaply, spread the word among your friends about to enter the service and watch for announcements of dealers closing out their business. Because of these and other factors, a majority of "the trade" believe that prices over the next year will either remain at present levels or drift lower.

Whether to keep your present car or trade or sell it for a later model revolves around two points: the "health" of your present car, and the size of your bank account. If your old bus is in reasonably decent condition, with fair to good rubber, and if the family sock is nearly empty, try to conserve what you have. In view of all the uncertainties, there's no sense in stranding yourself financially. Rather take a little money and put your old car in the best possible shape—then nurse it along like a sick baby.

If, on the other hand, the old bus is pretty well shot, and if you can afford to regard the purchase of a car as an investment, come what may, by all means pick yourself the choicest '40 or '41 model you can locate.

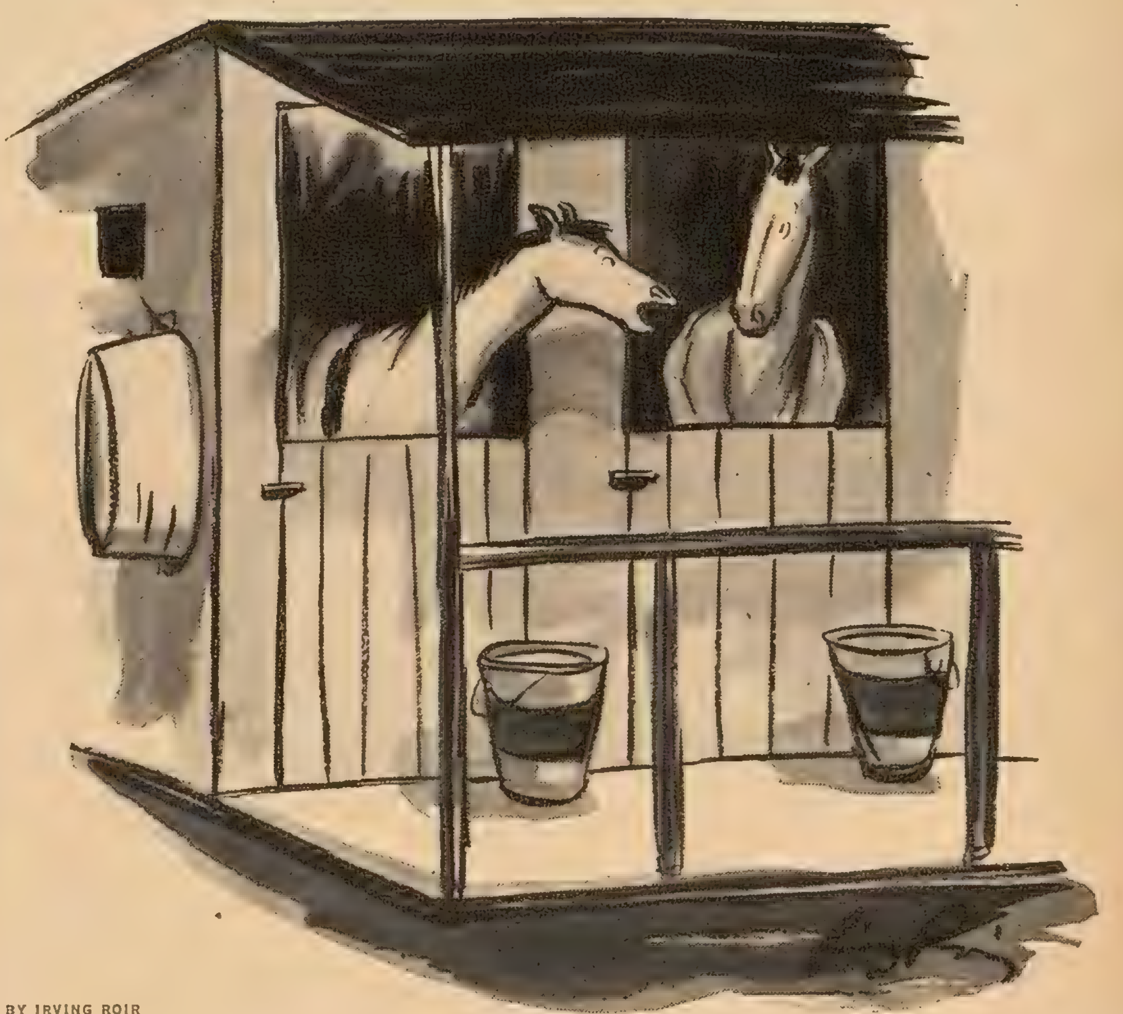
There's some doubt among prospective purchasers about the respective merits of '40 and '41 cars. Especially in the latter months of '41, priorities and restrictions on materials caused changes and substitutions on ornamentation and external parts. At least one '41 car has acquired the reputation of being a "war baby," and has suffered in prestige because of mechanical defects. Some purchasers, for these reasons, prefer '40 models, but the vast majority clamor for '41 cars, if for no other reason than newer rubber.

The "investment status" of a car is important. Even if you have to walk for a few years, it will be a comforting thought that you have a car for use after the war. So if conditions should arise which force your car off the road, don't sell it the next day for junk. If you can afford it—especially if you have your own garage—put the car away for the future. It's just as patriotic to conserve a fine piece of machinery which the government may need as to smash it for old metal.

To store your car, jack it up and, before you lock the motor, let the engine suck up a half pint of top or penetrating oil. This will keep the valves from getting rusty. Get a one-pound can of alemite grease, and carefully smear all articular parts on the engine and carburetor. Take off the distributor cap, grease the points and small moving parts. Do all this, and the car will stand up for a long siege.

The situation looks grim, but the American dream will not permit auto transportation to sink back to the age of the oxcart. Americans have not lost their inventive spirit—and this spirit will overcome obstacles which at present seem insuperable. In the homely words of Bill Knudsen, "Our native urge to go from place to place sitting down is not going to be licked."

THE END



BY IRVING ROIR

"Our owner must be a pretty rich guy—he always carries a roll that'd choke either of us."

COURAGE OF THE CONQUERED

BY MORRIS MARKEY

WESTERN RUSSIA BEFORE JUNE, '41 Workers planning for a harvest.

SOV

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Population 10,000,000. Betrayed at Munich, September 29, 1938. Invaded and seized by Germany, March 15, 1939.

WESTERN RUSSIA

Population 25,000,000. Invaded and overrun by the Germans, June, 1941.

GREECE

Population 7,000,000. Invaded by Italy, October 27, 1940. Surrendered to Germany, April 23, 1941.

The heartening chronicle of how the peoples of Eastern Europe are reaching for the Wine of Freedom

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

☆ THE thread which holds Czechoslovakia and Western Russia and Greece together in a certain kinship in the bloody drama of German conquest may seem, at first glance, a rather slender one. The peoples of these three countries are markedly different from one another. German methods in the effort to crush them certainly have not been identical.

But all three have displayed to an almost incredible degree courage in the face of the invader and unity among all sorts, all classes, in the flat refusal to admit that they are beaten or ever will be. One winces at the necessity of setting down in print the brutish cruelties that have been inflicted upon them. But without definite information concerning these cruelties it would be impossible to appreciate the measure, the noble quality, of the resistance to the German, which will not die under his heel.

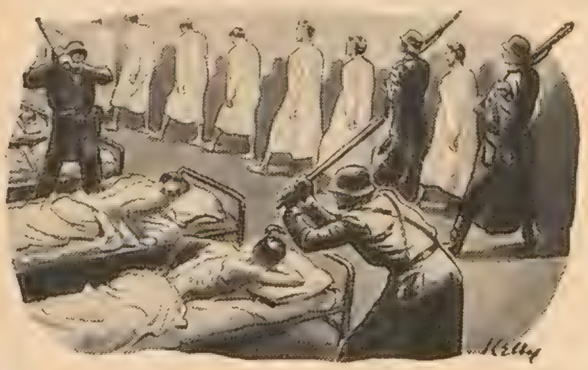
All of us have a special responsibility toward the Czechs. It was the consent and the help of America and Great Britain which brought them out of bondage in 1918 and enabled them to set up an independent republic. It was the disgrace at Munich, the inertia and the cowardice of the appeasers, which turned the Czechs over to Adolf Hitler and precipitated the war in which we are now engaged.

Munich gave Hitler one third of Czechoslovakia outright—on his promise that he would let the rest of the country alone. Naturally, he paid no attention to the promise. A few months later he invaded the ancient kingdoms of Bohemia and Moravia, the heart of modern Czechoslovakia. The Czechs could not make much resistance. Munich had deprived them of their defenses.

With all of Czechoslovakia in their hands thus early in the war, the Germans found themselves on the horns of a dilemma. What they had really wanted from the outset were the great arms factories, the Skoda Works and the plants making the celebrated Bren gun. But the factories were not worth much without the men who knew how to operate them. So it became the

German problem to crush Czechoslovakia and at the same time to preserve the good humor and efficiency of its factory workers.

The basic method of the Germans is to divide and rule. So, first, the country was divided physically: the Czechs were placed in a "protectorate" of the German Reich, while Slovakia, to the east, was turned into an independent puppet state ruled by renegade Hungarians.



Then the grand attempt was made to divide the country spiritually and culturally—to set class against class and thus win the regard of the workmen. The Germans believed that workmen everywhere envied and hated the "educated people" and were ready to turn on them at the first chance. And so they began things with the great purge of Czech teachers and students.

The official edict of Gauleiter von Neurath was published: "There is too large a class of educated people in the country. The Czechs have no destiny except to work and produce children."

Fifteen hundred grade and high schools were closed, their teachers locked up in prison camps.

And then, at three o'clock of a November morning, every college, university, and institute was quietly surrounded by German troops. A rocket flared as a signal. With an opening burst of machine-gun fire, the soldiers rushed the dormitories. Young men and young women alike were flogged out of their beds and herded toward a line of motorbuses. Some, in the sudden wild confusion, lost their heads and tried to run. They were instantly shot down. Those who had "undesirable" portraits hung over their cots, pictures of Czech patriots and leaders, were clubbed to death before they could rise.

The packed buses bore the students, still in their night clothes, to the camp at Ruzyn. As the cold dawn broke, boys and girls were herded into an open enclosure. They were stripped of their flimsy clothing. Many were drenched with water and forced to lie naked on the ground until they were encrusted with ice. Others were bound in groups of three, and had the lobes of their ears torn off and their eyes knocked out with whips. At the end of each beating, all the students were forced to cry, *"Wir danken Ihnen!"* (We thank you.)

The report (which is the official Blue Book of the Czechoslovak National Committee, vouched for by neutral observers) does not elaborate upon the brutalities inflicted upon the girl students. It cites the violation of the girls by German soldiers in full view of the helpless Czech men students. It tells how their naked bodies were burned with cigarette ends, and how they were forced to drink from filled spittoons.

Then it concludes:

"Certain atrocities cannot be related, as they were inspired by a sexual and sadistic strain which seems to affect most of the Gestapo agents and many of the German soldiers."

About 200 young men and women died that night. About 4,000 are still prisoners in the German camps.

But the terrors backfired. The Germans had overlooked the fact that the Czechs prided themselves upon their educational system, upon the country's low rate of illiteracy, the lowest in all Europe. They found that the workmen in the factories bitterly resented the attack.

The immediate result was sabotage. Here is a letter from a workman in the Skoda plant:

"The sabotage is not left to chance, but is managed by a careful system. All the information we can gather in the plant, about production and spies and traitors, is smuggled out to England. In London they put it together, and it comes back to all of our people on the nightly broadcast in our language. We get our orders from this radio, and you may be sure we carry them out.

"Sometimes the order is merely to boycott the Nazi newspapers for a week or so. Sometimes it is to wreck an important train. We need no specific orders to have as many duds as possible in the ammunition we have to make for the Germans. And we are always careless making the guns."

And another letter, also from the Skoda Works:

"I must take this chance to make immortal the name of your old friend Vacek. He was working on an overhead traveling crane. It was carrying a huge caldron of molten lead. At exactly the moment when twenty-two members of a German Army Commission passed under, the caldron was tipped over. Fourteen died. No—fifteen. For as the lead poured down, Vacek dived from his perch, seventy-five feet up, and landed headfirst on

ACME PHOTO

ECHOSLOVAKIA This was the Skoda plant Hitler coveted.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

GREECE Peaceful Athens and "the glory that was Greece" of old.

the concrete. They could only blame Vacek for that one. Nobody else was shot."

Do you need verification of such episodes? The Germans supply it. Did they not have to send Reinhard Heydrich himself to Czechoslovakia, to try to bring order out of the chaos?

The Germans have a nickname for this high lieutenant of the Gestapo. They call him *der Henker*—the Hangman. He has already executed more than 4,000 Czechs, according to official statements in the German press itself. More than a million Czech workmen have been forcibly sent to Germany, to work in factories with bayonets at their backs and a hostile population all about.

But even the Hangman has not broken Czech resistance. During last September concerted sabotage of a dozen sorts nearly ruined the Skoda Works. Fires and explosions occurred everywhere simultaneously. While the Gestapo was arresting men accused of setting a fire in the plans-and-drawings room, the whole welding department blew up. The water supply failed. Electric current was cut off.

And the next morning there appeared small white cards, glued to walls and pillars everywhere: "Don't help the Nazis fight England, Russia, and America. Down with Hitler! Long live free Czechoslovakia!"

We Americans have allies there. You may be sure we can count on them when the day of liberation comes.

* * *

THE story of the German terror in those parts of Russia which Hitler overran in the first rush is not an easy one to tell. The facts and figures are on hand, duly authenticated. But the human mind does not take in the full flesh-and-blood significance of a verified dispatch which reports:

"The Germans have executed 86,000 Jews in Minsk and its environs, and 25,000 at Odessa."

When we read, or hear, simply that 86,000 have been killed in one far distant town, they fail to register in our consciousness as 86,000 frightened men and women and children. They remain a mere number.

The Germans wanted the Ukraine, that great wheat basin and industrial region watered by the Dnieper River. In order to get it, they had to attempt the conquest of all Russia. And although they were stopped at the gates of Moscow, they did overrun much of the Ukraine and White Russia. And 25,000,000 more human beings fell within their grasp.

But they did not get what they were after, the wheat and the factories. The peasants and the workers put the torch to the fields and the buildings as the Germans came up. And the Germans discovered that they had acquired not rich booty but copious trouble.

It was exasperation which goaded them to the cold-blooded wholesale slaughter. Since they could not make slaves of the Ukrainians, they made corpses of them.

One of the most vivid news stories of details of that slaughter was sent back to America by Walter Kerr, a reporter of the New York Herald Tribune. In a ruined village he came upon a little group, a few survivors of a visit from the Germans who had been billeted near by:

"There was fifteen-year-old Valentin Bichkov. Sad-faced men, one of whom had tears in his eyes, listened as the boy spoke. He began with a smile, with enthusiasm, and with an eager, strong voice, happy to have the older men and women listen to him.

"'I was taken prisoner,' Valentin said proudly. 'They pushed all of the men in the village, and me too, into a stable and locked us there.'

"On the third day, he said, the older men were sent from the stable to another village to work, while he and two other boys were freed. He went to the village of Turovo, and lived there in a barn with 300 others. For months they all lived on frozen potatoes. Each received three a day. It was very cold.

* * *

"THE boy suddenly stopped smiling. With an effort, he attempted to keep back tears by putting a dirty fist in his eyes, but the tears came and he began to sob. There were a few minutes of silence. But soon the boy, sitting there in his worn sheepskin coat with its sheepskin collar, was talking again.

"'My mother and little sister were killed,' he said. 'When the Germans left, they drove twenty people behind barbed wire and shot them.'

"The boy was unable to continue, so I talked to the others in the room. There seemed little explanation for the killings. The villagers said they were maddened with anger by the slaughtering and burning. They stoutly denied that those who were slain were members of the Communist Party. On the contrary, Valentin was the only one of a total of 103 Partisans in the district whose family had suffered."

(In this connection it should be noted that in all of vast Russia there are not more than ten million actual members of the Communist Party.)

How do these Western Russians, caught by the invader, keep alive their passion for freedom? Well, in the first place, the rest of Russia is still very much at war, and its government and army are intact. In the second place, the Western Russians harass the Germans by day and by night. It is a brave German soldier indeed who can sleep soundly of nights in his wooden hut, far from home, with the Russian darkness about him and with the knowledge that vengeful shadows are lurking hard by, passionately intent upon driving a knife into his body.

And the Germans know full well what will be done to them, the moment the tide turns, by the enraged millions who will have escaped their firing squads.

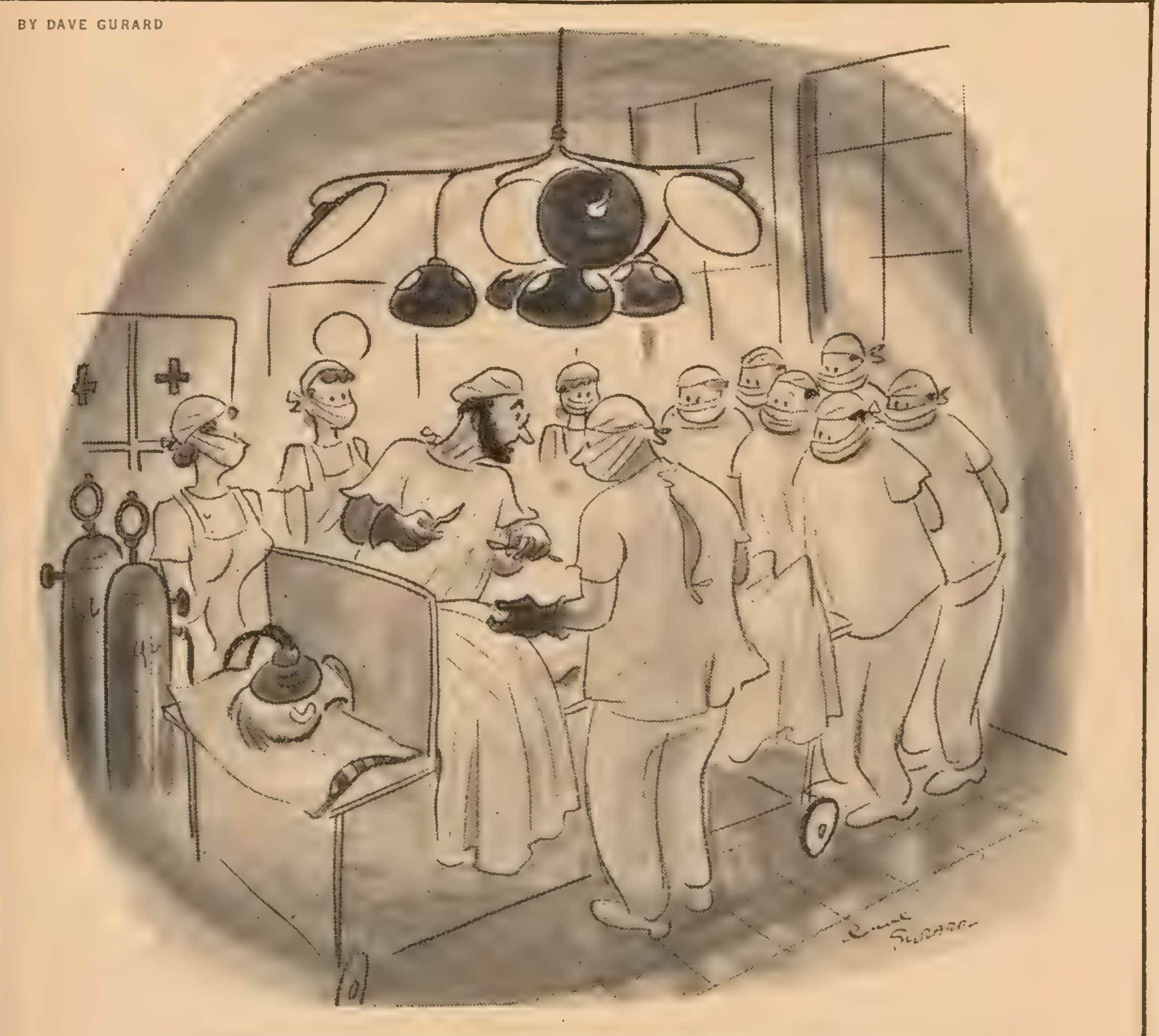
* * *

EVEN a toughened reporter finds it hard to speak calmly about the tragedy of Greece.

The Greeks fought bravely and with honor. They defeated the Italians in the Albanian mountains, even though they were vastly outnumbered. And then the German panzers came down from the north and crushed them.

In all civilization, it has been the

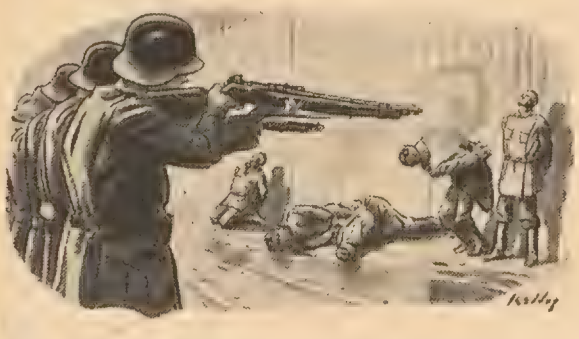
BY DAVE GURARD



"Now, gentlemen, there's been a lot of loose talk about the way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

custom of decent men to deal generously with a conquered honorable enemy. The Germans marched in and ordered starvation—not only of brave soldiers but of women and children and the aged.

In a population of 7,000,000, about 1,000 have been dying every day of starvation *in Athens and Piraeus alone.*



On the countless little islands it is even worse. A recent report filed by an American commission said that 800 were starving to death every week on the small island of Hios.

The Greeks are not starving because they were improvident. Their tastes are simple. It is their oldest adage that a Greek, given bread and olives, can live forever. No. The Germans stole all the food they had, even their bread and olives.

Here was no such effort to gain respect and collaboration as the Germans made in Holland and Norway and Belgium and France. No attempt was made to convert the Greeks to the New Order, because no place had been assigned to them in that weird plan for the future of the world. It was all right for the Greeks to die.

So the victorious Germans looted this ancient country more systematically than any other. Each soldier of the invading army was allowed to send 100 pounds of food home to his folks in Germany. Greek food.

Here is a letter from a farmer not far from Athens—whose Golden Age taught all the world how to live:

"When they had taken everything else, a squad of soldiers moved into my potato field. They dug the potatoes, singing. And then a field kitchen came up. The potatoes were fried on the spot and sealed in airtight drums. The soldiers said they would be shipped off to Germany. We have nothing at all left to eat now. News comes to us that people on the islands are living on grass and roots and bark. But we have none of that. I have heard that somewhere we can buy grass out on the islands, but I have not been able to find the place. I do not envy you your food. Eat it, friend, and be strong, so that you may yourselves be victorious in good time."

And here is a letter from a young woman of neutral Switzerland who was in Greece for the Red Cross last winter:

"Athens is a cemetery for the living. I have seen hundreds of men, women, and children fall down in the streets and die from hunger. One day I saw an old man pushing a two-wheeled cart. He seemed exhausted and at the point of dying. The cart was covered and I thought he had found some wood for a fire. I went up to him and rather timidly asked him. With an indescribable expression on his face, he removed the cover, very slowly. There were three dead bodies, two boys and a girl. The old man looked at me and said nothing, and put the cover back. Without priest or chanters, he went feebly on toward the burying grounds."

The Germans finally killed two birds with one stone. They delivered the crowning insult to the Greeks, and at the same time played a wry joke on their Italian partner, Mussolini. They turned Greece over to his soldiers. But before leaving they stripped the country naked, taking not only the furniture from the houses and the bedding from the hospitals but the locks and keys and door handles. When the troops were gone, it seemed as if a plague of locusts had passed through. They even took away a thousand cases of condensed milk which Mussolini had sent for the starving babies of Greece.

How, then, do such frightfully afflicted people carry their torch of liberty? Like the Russians. They cannot engage in sabotage, because there is nothing left for them to destroy. Their factories and even their railroad lines are at a standstill, their grainfields empty and barren.

So, instead, they simply kill.

Emaciated veterans of the Albanian campaign, beardless boys and tottering grandfathers, go into the mountains through which the highways run, and kill Italians, Germans, anybody who marches in an Axis uniform.

The retaliations upon them are doubly severe because neither Germans nor Italians care anything about winning the regard of the Greeks. Few prisoners are held; there is no food for the prison camps. So there is a good deal of shooting. Some torture, too:

"Who is the leader of that new band in the hills to the west?" (A pair of pliers draws a fingernail.)

"Who is the leader of that new band in the hills to the west?" (The cat-o'-nine-tails crashes against a back on which the ribs stand out.)

Hundreds of such sickening reports lie upon the desk here. . . .

But then—a splendor. Yes, something like a sign blazoned upon the sky for all men everywhere to see:

Not one Greek has turned coat and gone over to the side of the invaders!

There are no Quislings in Greece. No cowards. No fear of death. Once again the Greeks have shown all the world, as they first showed it centuries ago, that they are quite willing to die so that the words *liberty* and *freedom* may have meaning.

Are Americans that good?

Yes, we are. We have not been tested, really, for many a year now. Could we take it? Could we take what the Greeks have taken? The Russians? The Czechs and Frenchmen and Belgians and Poles?

The answer, happily, is that we shall not have to. For who are we, big and strong as we are, to be conquered by the Germans? Who are we to bow the head and bend the back for the Japanese?

Because we are so very big and so very strong, we shall carry out our manifest destiny.

And that destiny is written clear for all humanity to see, written in the blood and courage of free men everywhere, men who have faith in us and courage to carry on until we can arrive to rescue them.

This is the fourth and concluding article in the Wine of Freedom series by Morris Markey.

20 QUESTIONS

On this quiz, Dr. Gregory Pinquetea says to score yourself as follows:

1-5 correct	N. G.
6-10 correct	Par
11-15 correct	O. K.
16-20 correct	TNT!

1—Who was the first U. S. President who could claim American citizenship from birth?

2—Where is the lowest water level known? How low is it?

3—Is the U. S. Marine Corps an independent arm, or is it under command of the War Department or the Navy?

4—What course of study has as a topic the "six pressure points"?

5—Who was Zebulon Montgomery Pike?

6—What is R Day?

7—New York and New Jersey were formerly joined—under what name?

8—What card game is named after an ancient line of rulers?

9—Who became famous as "the Kid"?

10—The decimal system is believed to have been founded on what anatomical peculiarity?

11—What is the photosphere?

12—What famous English man about town is today remembered as the "prince of gossips"?

13—How many "frames"—or still pictures—do you see in one second while watching a motion picture?

14—Does the flying fox fly, and is it really a fox?

15—What are "chantey songs"?

16—How long is a furlong and why is it so called?

17—From what great American did Sherlock Holmes get his last name?

18—What peculiarity in arrangement of letters is found in "facetious"?

19—Is there any way in which men might artificially create a thunderstorm?

20—Which movie actor and actress received Academy Awards for best performances of 1941?

(Answers will be found on page 48)

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

Jean Gabin and Ida Lupino in a tender and passionate drama, Moontide.

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ MOONTIDE
(for atmosphere and acting)

You can have the top-ranking stars. I'll take a couple of lesser-known players called Jean Gabin and Ida Lupino. In Moontide they go to town in no uncertain manner. When they are on the screen, it is electric with emotional and dramatic intensity. Even though the film itself is a bit frayed around the edges, the acting almost lifts it into the four-star class.

Gabin is the French actor who was distinguished with the title of the French Spencer Tracy. The comparison was good. For this expatriate is tough, direct, and tremendously convincing. Not since Charles Boyer used the magic of his voice on American audiences has a Continental star showed such promise. Incidentally, he was once a six-day bike racer, which may account somewhat for his deliberate and dynamic acting authority.

Miss Lupino is no newcomer to the world of Hollywood make-believe. It was the unaccountable Orson Welles, I believe, who called her the finest actress in films. That's a big statement, but the actress has justified it on more than one occasion. She is both artful and alluring. When she plays a character, she has a way of persuading one that she really is that character. She does it in Moontide with singular skill.

The picture, as I have already noted, is just short of being exceptional. It was admirably designed for its leading performers, in any case. For Gabin, in his first American movie, plays a reckless French dock walloper who finally settles down, while Miss Lupino has the part of a girl whom he saves from suicide and then marries. Their adventures and misadventures on the outskirts of a southern California port matter less than the characters themselves. They are always real and eloquent.

Although it concentrates heavily on atmosphere and characterization, there is a strong thread of melodrama in the production. The hero lives in constant fear of killing some one while drunk. His side-kick blackmails both him and his sweetheart and finally tries to kill the latter. Not until he gets swept into the Pacific do the lovers make a truce with life.

Without excellent staging, this plot might have turned out to be merely sordid. But under Archie Mayo's splendid direction the show has a great deal of beauty and passion. The opening sequences, showing the dock hand getting progressively cockeyed and losing his memory, are brilliant. So is the terrible chase across a breakwater in which the hero's predatory pal stumbles to his death.

The melodrama alone would have made Moontide an unusual offering. In addition to the violence, there is a genuinely tender love story. The gentle courtship of the tough seafaring gypsy and an ex-hash slinger is something to remember. With a philosophical watchman as a sort of guardian angel of the pair, the romance is full of deep understanding and moving power.

Gabin and Miss Lupino dominate the action and mood of the show in no uncertain manner. But they have capable acting assistance. Thomas Mitchell comes through with one of his fine performances as the double-crossing companion of the hero. Claude Rains gives a sensitive portrayal of the kindly watchman who can't remember when he last slept, and Jerome Cowan and the other members of the company are perfect. Moontide is somber and realistic, but it is a powerful and unusual screen entertainment.

(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

★ ★ ★ SHIP AHOY
(for hot hoofing and nonsense)

Nazi agents are confounded by a quick-witted tap dancer in this merry comic melodrama. Since Eleanor Powell does the hoofing to catchy rhythms by Tommy Dorsey's band the results are generally delightful As a matter of fact, there's a little of everything in Ship Ahoy, from spy shenanigans to Bert Lahr's cross-eyed clowning.

The pattern of the show is pretty familiar by this time. A performer in a theatrical troupe is entrusted with the model of a magnetic mine. She thinks she's helping our government, although she is actually delivering the model to the West Indies for the Gestapo. The spies almost succeed in turning over the secret weapon to a German submarine, but the dancer signals government agents with her tap dancing and everything turns out fine.

Miss Powell carries the brunt of the acting and does it admirably. Whether she is cutting capers on a dance floor or engaging in straight acting, she is excellent. Red Skelton, as a pulp magazine writer who becomes involved in the espionage nonsense, makes a good teammate for the dancer. Bert Lahr takes care of the comedy and John Emery is properly sinister as the Nazi agent.

The musical interludes, incidentally, have been neatly woven into the action. Burton Lane and E. Y. Harburg have knocked off some pleasant songs for the occasion. Tommy Dorsey and his swing crew play them with great effect. Ship Ahoy doesn't make much sense, but it's good fun.

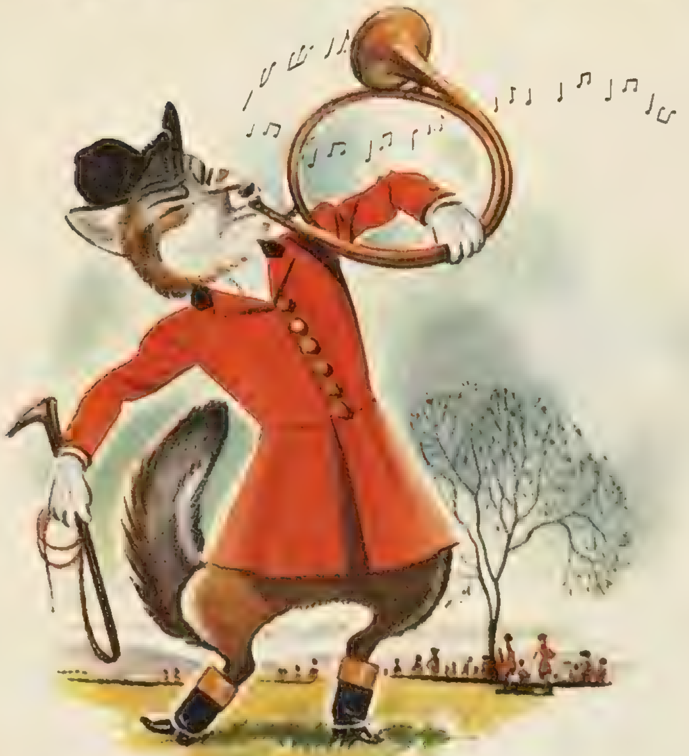
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

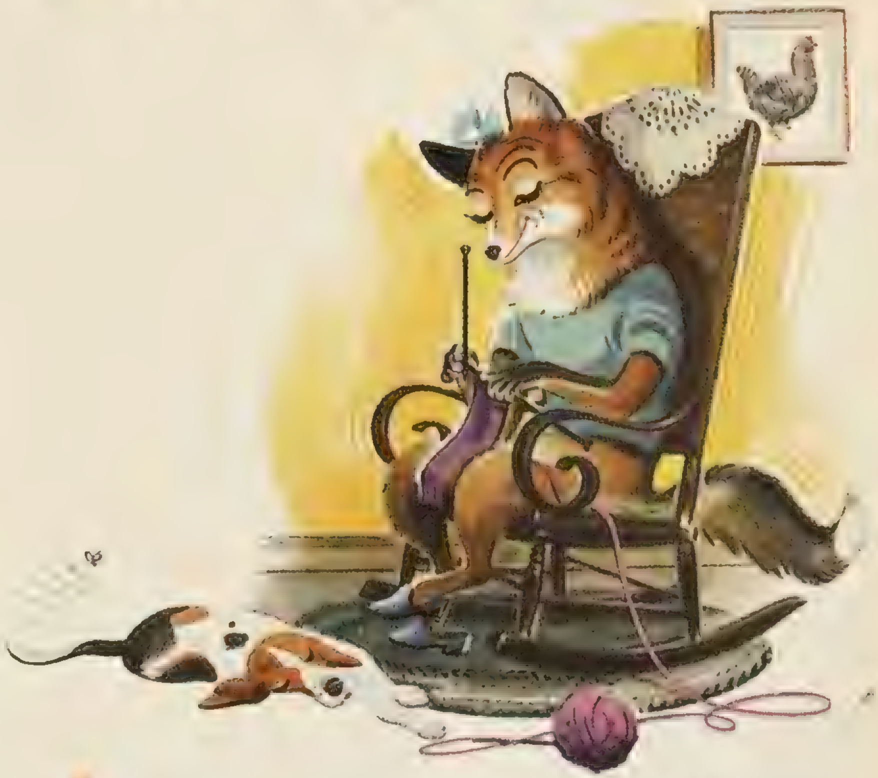
★★★★—My Favorite Blonde, Reap the Wild Wind, The Gold Rush, To Be or Not to Be, Mister V, Woman of the Year.

★★★—The Spoilers, Twin Beds, In This Our Life, The Great Man's Lady, Rings on Her Fingers, Kipling's Jungle Book, The Tuttles of Tahiti, To the Shores of Tripoli, Rio Rita, The Male Animal, I Married an Angel, The Invaders, The Fleet's In, The Courtship of Andy Hardy, Song of the Islands, Roxie Hart, Ride 'Em Cowboy, Captains of the Clouds, Joe Smith, American, Son of Fury.

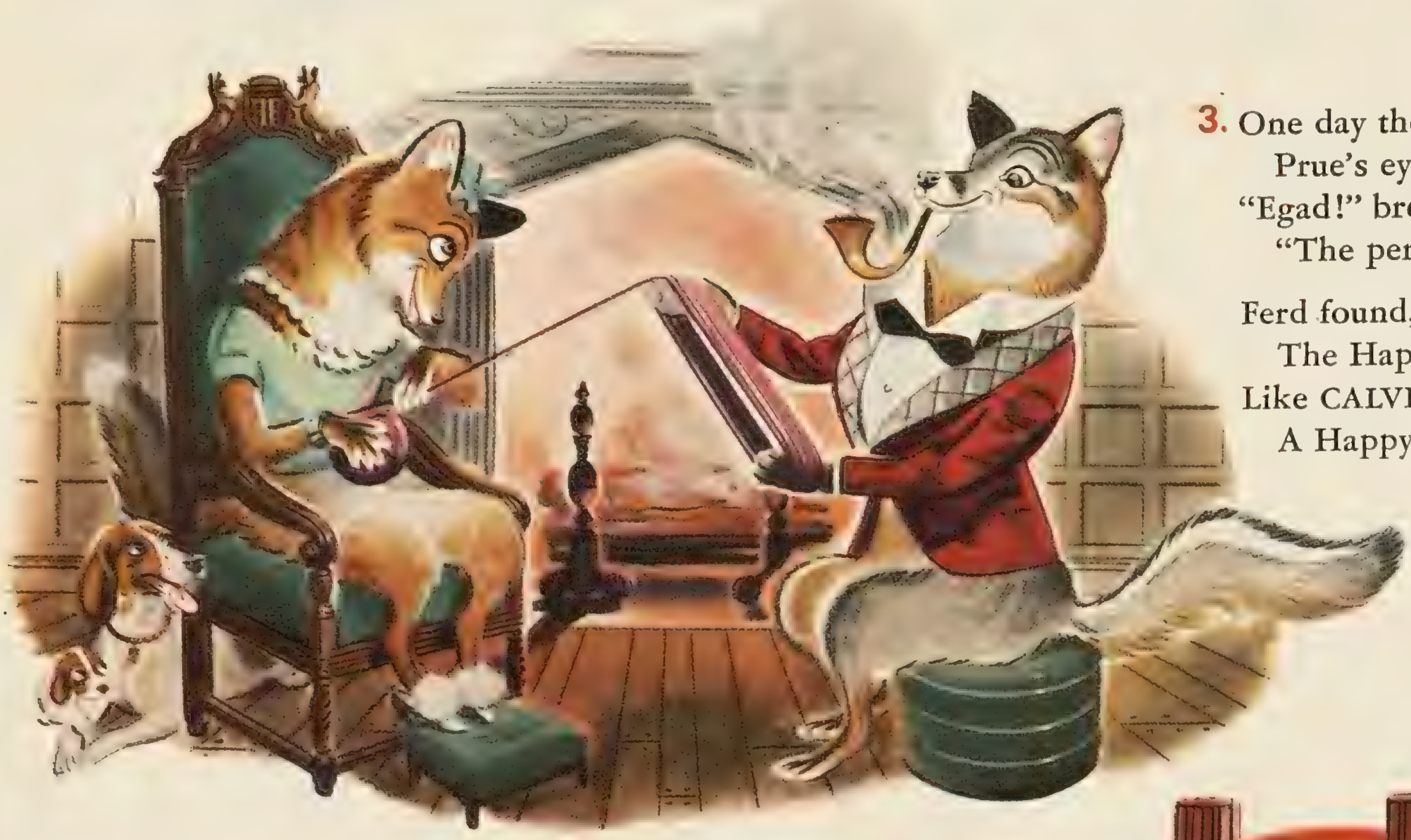
ALL THE WORLD LOVES A "HAPPY BLENDING"!



1. Sir Ferdie Fox, who hounded hares,
Lacked nothing but a wife and heirs.



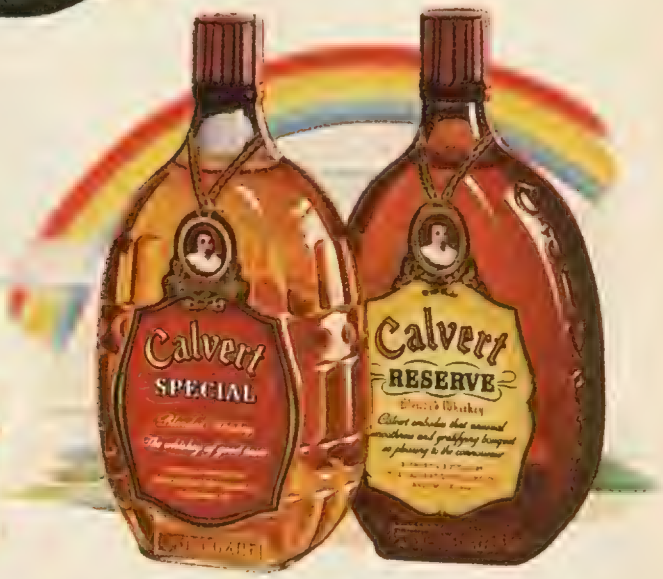
2. On Home, Sweet Home, Prue had a crush;
She'd sit and knit, or comb her brush.



3. One day they met—
Prue's eyes grew starry;
"Egad!" breathed Ferd,
"The perfect quarry!"

Ferd found, with Prue,
The Happy End—
Like CALVERT, they're
A Happy Blend!

4. Yes, CALVERT, too, makes perfect mates
Of all the noble whiskey traits.
To bring your taste supreme delight,
Try CALVERT, sir—this very night!



Clear Heads Choose Calvert

THE WHISKEY WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"

Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits
Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

PHOTO BY I. VERN

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ PROFESSORS' wives at a faculty tea were exercising cultured interest in art and literature—modernistic sculpture, Socialistic novels, impressionistic poems. A bright, dainty, schoolgirlish little wife kept still until she could hold her secret no longer. To every one's astonishment she said, *"I edit the Police Gazette."* . . . And it's a fact. She does! Married to a teacher, mother of a small daughter, quiet, precise but lively witted Edythe Farrell (her maiden name) *is* the editor of the National Police Gazette—that lurid pink sheet beloved by generations of barbers, pugilists, sporting gents, and burlesque queens. She's been editing it four years for publisher Harold H. Roswell, former Pittsburgh newspaperman, to whom command of the old Gazette was a boyhood dream.

Edythe has had to learn all about prize fights, crime sensations, wrestling matches, strip-tease acts. She enjoys the work; encounters no trouble—not even when mobsters come in to liquidate the editor for not awarding a beauty prize to *their* gals. They see Edythe, and calm right down. "As a joke," she tells me, "society people often send a Gazette subscription to friends for Christmas. You'd be surprised by the names of some high-hat families who renew."

☆ I KNOW a happy family in which mother and son are genuine pals, sharing each other's thoughts and fun and trouble, shushing no secrets between the two generations.

The two have always been as outspoken together as any two people could be. Now he's an army flyer on coast patrol duty, and one recent morning she received a shock when she mentioned a newspaper item about the sinking of a tanker in waters near his post. He looked at her deadpan; declared he'd never heard of the incident. "But it's in the paper!" she protested. After a long pause he said, "Mother, there's just one way for us to keep our mouths shut in the service, and that's to keep 'em *shut.*" She understands. She approves. Now, for the first time, however, she actually realizes that her boy is grown up, fighting in a war.

☆ VOICE teacher Mary De Nio has launched an interesting new business. On special order she makes phonograph records that recite your child's favorite story or poem. Her Sleepy Time records speak directly to each child by name. A six-inch record costs $1.50. Fine for busy or absent parents.

☆ LEAFING over The Country Book, published quarterly as a reading digest for farm dwellers, I saw a photo of a fence designed to expedite escape from angry bulls. Now I feel braver. In the country I used to think it was only citified gals like me who scampered when a bull snorted.

☆ DON'T call the farmers profiteers unless you're ready for battle. The following quotation is from a farmer's indignant letter to the press: "Have any of you seen any dirt-farmer's wife in a mink coat? Seen any dancing the rumba at Havana's cafés, or enjoying Miami seabathing in winter, or driving a sixteen-cylinder car?" Despite high food prices, farmers' wives still need to be thrifty.

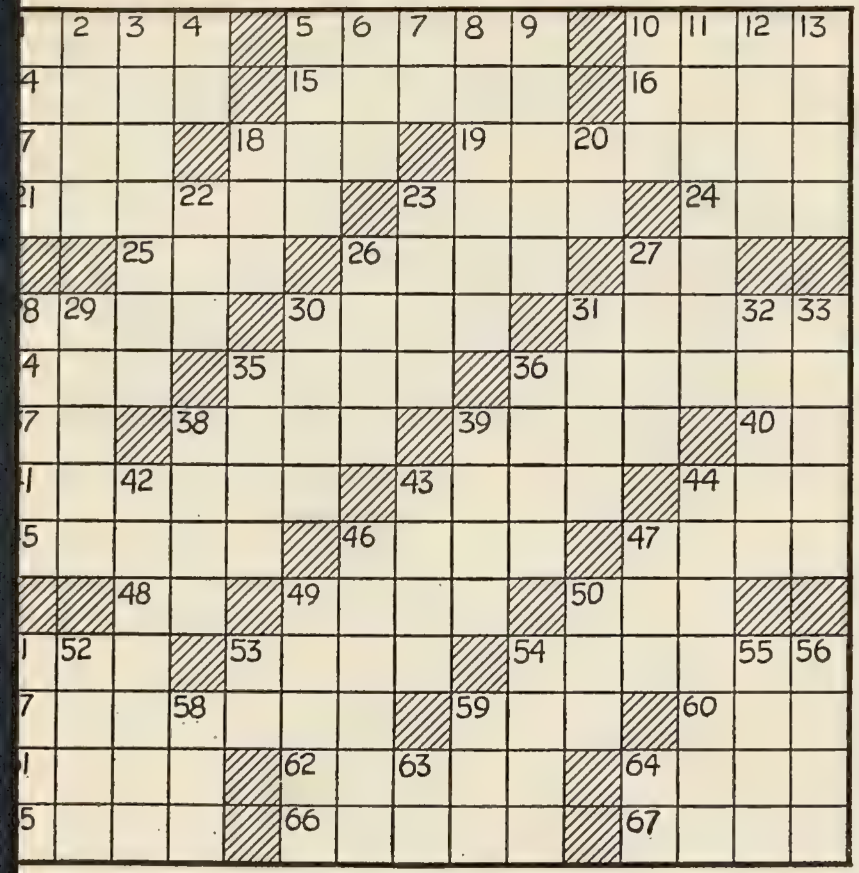
☆ JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER isn't exactly a farmer, and neither am I, but let me tell you about *our* thriftiness. After a morning spent darning some holes in my tablecloths, I lunched at John D.'s Rainbow Room atop Rockefeller Center. Near by sat John D.—and I noticed the cloth on *his* table had been darned!

☆ FOR a Maytime luncheon party I suggest these *Santa Barbara Eggs* prepared with cream and shrimps, asparagus au gratin, then honeyed strawberries. . . . Coarsely chop 6 hard-boiled eggs. Mix them with 1 cup chopped cooked shrimps, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 cup cream, 1 teaspoon flour, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 2 tablespoons California sherry, salt, pepper, a pinch of nutmeg. Cook gently 12 minutes, stirring with fork. Serve on toast. . . . Lay cooked, drained asparagus in flat fireproof dish. Pour melted butter over the tips. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese and heat under broiler till cheese browns. . . . Dress whole fresh strawberries lightly with honey. Plain sugar cookies with the berries.

☆ MET a rich South American lady whose husband owns emerald mines. He gives her emeralds galore, yet she buys heaps of them herself. Emeralds are the craze now. Best stones come mostly from the Republic of Colombia. Less expensive, though often very handsome, are the Ural Mountain emeralds from Soviet Russia. The emerald is the birthstone for the month of May, and according to legend, if you wear emeralds you'll have a good memory. . . . Remember to buy Defense Bonds!

CROSSWORDS

by
Lee Pasquin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Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

Cut in cubes
Growing out
Smack
One of the United States
Badgerlike animal
Mexican coin
Through
Plunge
Papal envoy (pl.)
Crystalline laxative
Brief record (abbr.)
Coarse cloth
Measure of weight
Wise men of the East
Greek letter
Mine entrance
Roman Catholic council
Furnished with covering of harder metal
Performed
Painful
Shipworm
At
Healthy
Sheepfold
On high
Take away
Attempt
Playing card
Expunge
Hoarfrost
Hastened
Legal term
49 Drive in with gentle strokes
50 Eat
51 Japanese sash
53 Cereal
54 Mexican dish
57 Dressing for a wound
59 Mammal
60 Hurry
61 Thought
62 Live coal
64 Accommodate
65 Definite time
66 Coarse grass (pl.)
67 Exclamation

VERTICAL

1 Deceive
2 Also
3 Artery
4 Interjection
5 Island in North Atlantic
6 Short sleep
7 By
8 Russian peasant wagon
9 Fragrant oily resin
10 Health resort
11 Vegetable
12 On the ocean
13 Military station
18 Noise
20 Depart
22 Small point
23 Ship's officer
26 In greater quantity
27 Female of the horse
28 Worship
29 One who eats
30 Part
31 Festival
32 Evolve
33 Drugged
35 Preserve
36 Ripped
38 Flexible tubing
39 Collection of huts
42 Sailor
43 Coin
44 Clothing
46 Flower cluster
47 Total
49 Wild animal
50 Reposed
51 Death notice
52 Ordered
53 Egyptian god
54 Rope preservative (pl.)
55 The moon goddess
56 Terminates
58 Water barrier
59 Article of furniture
63 Exist
64 Note of the scale

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Hooray for Carter's new *Ovals!*

HUNTING RED
Finest for Fountain Pens
Carter's INK
FOREST GREEN
AMERICAN BLUE
TULIP PURPLE
RAVEN BLACK WASHABLE
MIDNIGHT BLUE-BLACK PERMANENT
WASHABLE BLUE
MIDNIGHT BLUE-BLACK
CARTER'S INK

And a double Hooray for the way these new Carter colors dress up one's writing!

Smooth-flowing, quick-starting inks of unusual depth and brilliance of color in new wide-mouthed, smartly streamlined bottles as good-looking as they are convenient to use.

In a full range of colors—and in both permanent and washable inks—15¢ for full 2½ ounces.

"Ovals" are packed in gay, colorful cartons to match their picture labels.

Such a hit was Carter's American Blue, presented a year ago in the smart new "oval" bottle, and so many requests have come in for a complete line of inks in this modern package that Carter offers not only a complete line of colors . . . but completely new colors!

And for a dime
Carter's Cubes are tops

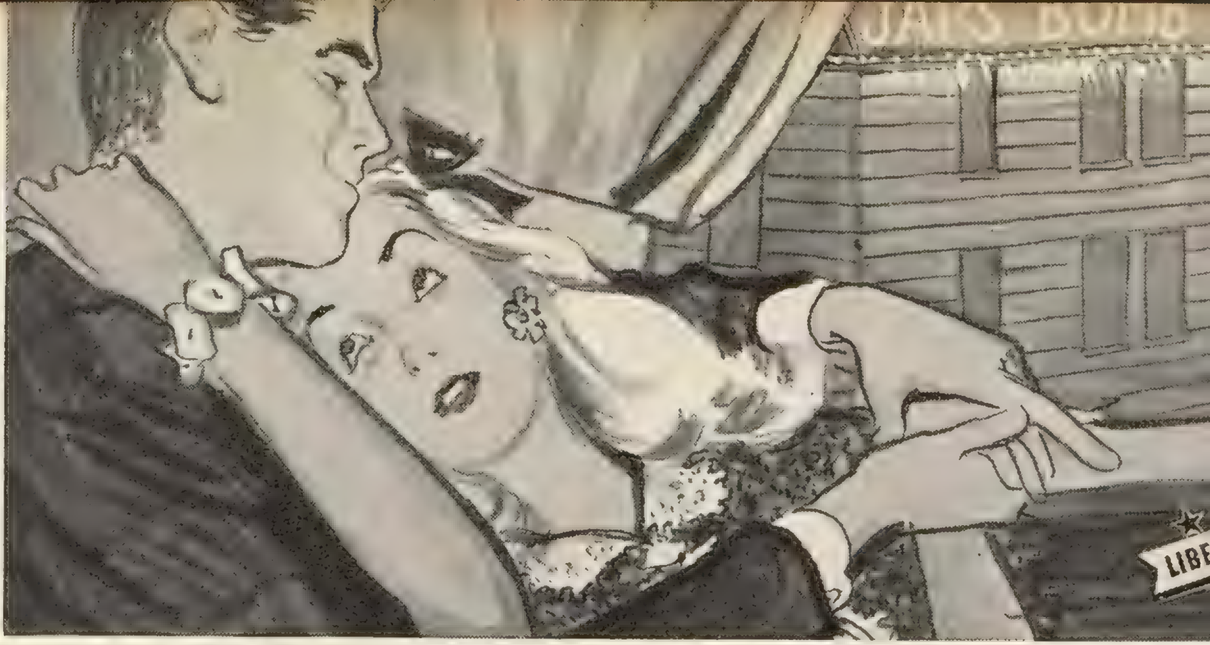
No question about Carter's Cubes being the best looking and most popular 10¢ inks everywhere—Midnight Blue-Black, Blue and Black, in Washable Blue and Black and the popular "Sunset" colors, red, green, purple and brown.

CARTER'S INK

HOME TO STAY

BY FRANK K. KELLY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS



"Where did you get the camellia?" she said. "It's so lovely."

☆ IN the Pennsylvania Station, Harry came through the gate from the Atlanta train, and swung Leila up to him. He kissed her as though he had spent some hungry nights in camp, and she touched his chin with her wedding ring for luck. The mark of the uniform was on him, even though he'd changed his clothes. His shoulders were level and he was thinner and his easygoing face looked firm.

"How was little old Gaw-gee-uh?" Leila said quickly. "Where's that Southern accent, soldier boy?"

"Ah guess Ah lost it comin' through Jersey," Harry came back, smiling. He rubbed her nose and laughed. "We better get a new act, Lee. This is your old man. This is your husband now—remember?"

"Do I?" she said, smiling with him. "You think I don't know when I'm lucky?"

Leila broke away and did a couple of quick steps. "I can still dance, Harry. I've got some ideas for the act, too. I've been saving them all year."

He bent his arm and she slipped hers through the curve of his elbow and they walked through the station, a redcap following with his bags.

When they got into a cab, they settled in the seat, his arm around her.

"Straight to the Astor," Harry told the driver.

He kissed her. "Well, I made it, Lee," he said. "The first anniversary. I had to pull a lot of wires. I wasn't due to leave for another week."

He chuckled, with his mouth against her ear: "You remember that waiter at the Astor?"

After they had been married they had ridden in a taxi straight to the Astor, and Harry had ordered dinner sent up to the room, and when the waiter came they didn't let him in. The waiter knocked and knocked, and later on the phone rang and rang, and they pretended not to hear. The next thing they knew, they were lying in a pool of daylight smiling at each other. Harry left for camp that morning.

"That waiter knocked on wood for us," she said. "He brought us luck. . . . When they passed that law and I thought you were in for two and a half years, I went to a movie and cried."

"So they pass another law and I'm out. I'm an old man, baby, they tell me. I'm darned near twenty-nine."

Harry tightened his arms and they got tangled together, and she whispered that he was young enough for her, that he hadn't lost anything.

In their room at the Astor, Harry waltzed her around singing, and rushed to the window and flung it open. Taxi horns and police whistles and shuffling feet blended in the deep rumble of traffic down below. Giant signs flashed and glimmered, and the moving belt of lights on the Times Tower told them the news:

REDS CLAIM NAZI ROUT

"Saturday night!" Harry said, tilting her face toward the blaze of lights. "Listen to that noise. I can sleep to that. That's home, Lee; that's Broadway; and I'm back in the middle of it. I get one birthday too many, and they tell me they don't need me any more. And I've got a wire from Sam Bellamy in my pocket that says he wants me for a musical. It's a good part. It's just a step to that top billing, baby. Anything can happen now."

She knew how he had felt, being drafted just when better chances were falling within his reach. He hadn't believed there was any reason for his being shoved into a uniform. The country didn't need to get into the war, he said. It was silly.

"You've done your duty," Leila said. "Everybody respects you."

He loosened his arms and walked from the window.

"I'm nobody's hero," Harry said. "I did what I had to do. I'm out because they didn't have any use for me. Eight months I spent sweating and wishing I was out, and then I got to feeling maybe I was doing something useful the last four months, so they kicked me loose." He shrugged and took the telephone from the stand near the bed. "We'll have two dinners tonight, Lee, and some champagne. Bellamy sent me a little dough."

After he had ordered, she pulled his head close to her, and they sat on the bed and they were warm together. But when the waiter knocked this time Harry opened the door.

"We'll serve ourselves," Harry said, and gave the waiter some money.

She wasn't really hungry until Harry fed her and made her drink the bright sparkling wine. Then they got to laughing over everything they said. Soon they had a desire to dance, and Harry started toward the radio.

"Let's have our own music," she said, and Harry laughed and whirled her around and started singing.

It was daylight before they found any sleep.

When Leila woke, the room was dim and silent, a faint glow coming through the closed curtains. She rolled on her side, and saw Harry sitting in a chair beside the bed.

"Close your eyes and finish that dream," Harry said, and she obeyed. She felt his hands touch hers, and when she looked down there was a pink camellia, like the one she had worn the day they were married.

There was a difference in his face, as though he had discovered how much tenderness he had for her and now admitted it.

"You're so darned sweet, Harry," she said. She sat up and hugged him.

"I'll get dressed," she said. "We'll go and walk along Fifth Avenue. It's Sunday and we've got all day."

She put on a robe and opened the curtains at the window, and stood a moment glancing at the gray space of Times Square on a Sunday afternoon. The moving lights on the Times Tower slowly spelled:

WHITE HOUSE SAYS . . .

and as she was turning

JAPANESE ATTACK HAWAII

Very carefully she took the few steps to where Harry was sitting.

"Where did you get the camellia?" she said. "It's so lovely."

"Downstairs at the florist's."

He didn't know what had happened. He couldn't sit there and know, and hide it from her. He couldn't know. He had never believed it was coming. But she had. She had known from the day he had left for camp.

Harry got up and put his arms around her and rumpled her hair.

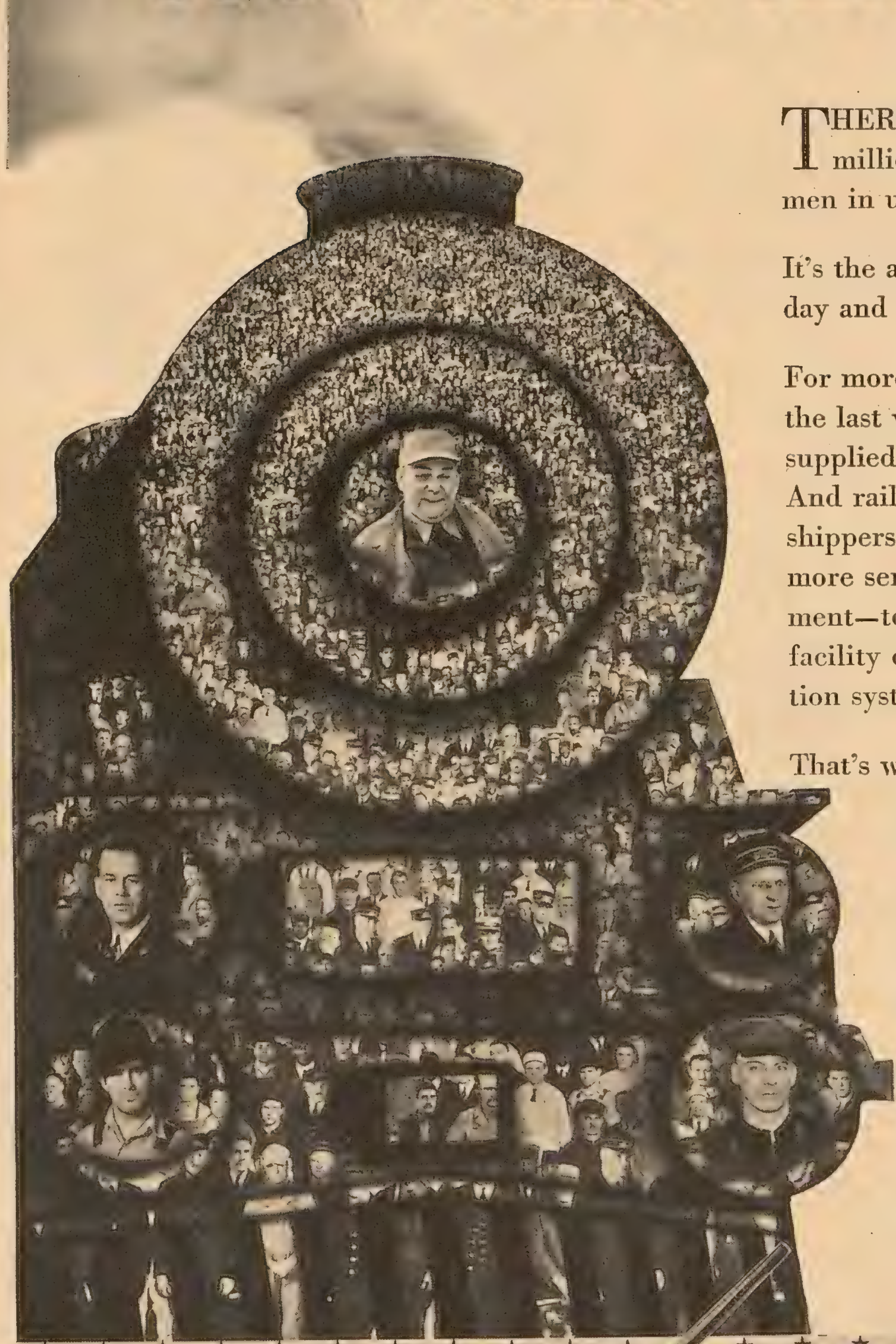
"Lee," he said after a moment, "there was a radio at the florist's. It's started. We're in it." Somehow his voice was stronger, lifted. "Well, by heaven," he said, "they'll need me now!"

She knew what he was thinking: It would be a big show and now there would be a real role for him.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

COUNT *THIS* ARMY IN!



THERE'S a trained army more than a million strong working to back up the men in uniform.

It's the army of railroad men, on duty day and night in every state in the Union.

For more than twenty years—ever since the last war ended—this army has been supplied with better and better equipment. And railroads, military authorities and shippers have worked out plans to get more service out of each piece of equipment—to get the most use out of every facility of the world's greatest transportation system.

That's why this railroad army is meeting emergency demands—why, for every minute of the day and night, it is moving *a million tons of freight a mile*—an all-time record for this or any other transportation system in the world.

All this veteran army needs, to meet future challenges, is a flow of new equipment great enough to match the rising tide of America's war production.

UNITED
FOR
VICTORY

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE RUNNING FOOL

BY ALEC RACKOWE

If you like the thrill of a hotly contested race . . If you like romance . . If you like a girl who springs a surprise—Read this story!

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ NEW YORK was windy and gray in the early April afternoon when Vin Cassidy came out of the hotel into the crowded streets.

This was the last time he would look back over the winter months and be glad that the season was as good as over. There was only the Garden tonight. One more brush with the boys; the top-hatted A. A. U. officials strutting their stuff in black ties and wide-expansed waistcoats. One more whirl of the boards, the galleries, lost in smoke haze, venting their dislike in catcalls and boos; hoping Mitchell, or Fargo, or Johnny di Somellis would take him, and it would be over. He hoped there was a good race in him tonight; a super mile. Not for the fans, but just so's he could rub it into them before he turned in his A. A. U. card and grabbed a proper piece of money. A piece of money that would set him up right, so that he could take a deep breath and consider what sort of business he'd go into after he hung up his shoes; for it was a one-shotter, this proposition; no more.

Eleven years he'd been running. Since he was fourteen. Long before he'd finished garnering intercollegiate titles he'd learned how to pry the gravy from under the very noses of the A. A. U. officials. There was a good piece in the bank and Mushmouth Gorman was going to round that out. Much better than Mushmouth thought. Very much better. For Vin was in the driver's seat.

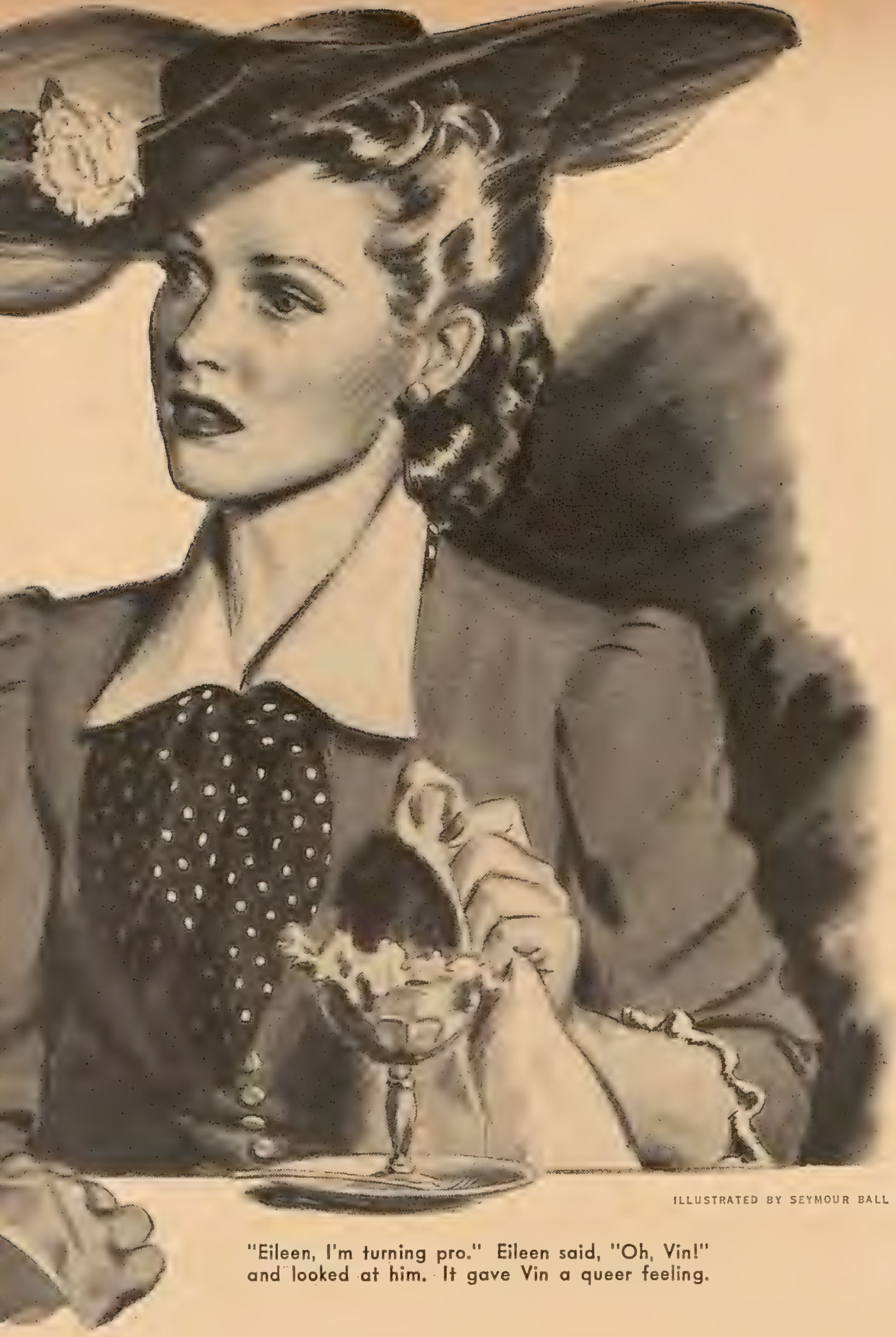
Mushmouth's secretary had said four thirty, and that was all right with Vin. It would let him meet Eileen at five and still have time for the relaxing nap he always took before a meet.

Thinking of Eileen, of what Mushmouth was going to do for both of them, made him smile as he pushed through the crowds outside the Broadway building. He was big for a mile man. Almost six feet, with broad shoulders and muscular legs. Strong legs. If he carried more weight than most runners, he had more strength, a longer stride, a greater drive. Under the dark brows his gray eyes were warm. His lips were relaxed and his lean cheeks, high-boned, were touched with color. It was always that way when he thought of Eileen. There wasn't another person in the wide world that Vin Cassidy gave a hoot for. She was the reason he'd looked forward to the end of the season these last years. To New York and to seeing Eileen.

The building was full of agents, music publishers, and fly-by-nights. The door of the office said: M. Baldwin Gorman, Enterprises. Vin grinned inwardly as he turned the knob. That Enterprises covered a lot of things that would turn a penny, honest or otherwise; from walkatrons and jittertrons to freak shows, grunt festivals, and tennis tours. But always something that would bring the shekels into Mushmouth's pockets. This South American tour—this Good Neighbor gesture—looked like a winner. But it was going to be a winner for Vin Cassidy, too. That much he was determined upon.

There were three grunt-and-groaners, easy to identify, four male and female others, not so easy to label, sitting in the waiting room with its poster-marked walls. The secretary spoke him in, and Mushmouth came to the door of his office to glad-hand him with a wet grip and a slap on the back, kicking the door closed with his foot.

There were posters inside too. Pictures as well. Mushmouth, sitting be-



ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

"Eileen, I'm turning pro." Eileen said, "Oh, Vin!" and looked at him. It gave Vin a queer feeling.

hind his desk with a cigar in the orifice that had given him his nickname, was fat and flabby but tanned to a fare-ye-well. He had, it seemed, only got back two days ago from a last trip to check up on his layout.

"It's going to be something, Vin. I ain't kidding. I'm shoveling out a hell of a lot of jack. But I believe in doing my part. Good Neighbors. Let them boys down there see our greatest runners. By the time we get back, Vin, you'll be as well known in Brazil as you are in Boston. In Argentina and Chile and Mexico as well."

"That's fine, Mush," Vin said.

Mushmouth toothed his cigar and brushed his hand over what was left of his hair. "If I break even I won't moan. I'm with the President on this Good Neighbor stuff. We North Americans and South Americans. You agree, Vin?"

"Sure," Vin said, "sure." Let Mushmouth get it off his chest. He wondered idly if Mushmouth believed a single word of all this goo he was spouting. It was aimed at an end. Vin knew that. But if Mushmouth thought it was going to help, he was cockeyed. Vin was no dewy-eyed kid. He was hard.

But he wasn't going to make Mushmouth come to the point. He had time. He was in the driver's seat. He didn't need any urging to turn pro. Any time was right when real cash was there to be had. He'd milked the amateur game of all it could give. Only a sucker would stay on until he faded.

Mushmouth was still spouting: about the others he'd signed up. For chicken feed, Vin was sure. Just for the fun of going on the trip with expenses paid. But they didn't count. He did.

"Educational," Mushmouth said. "Philanthropic. If you'd told me a few years ago I'd ever be doing a thing like this—just to improve hemispheric relations—" He gulped, admiring the words he had spoken. He looked solemnly at Vin. "I wouldn' 'a' believed it. I'd 'a' laughed, Vin. But times is changed. . . ."

"Sure, sure," Vin said.

Mushmouth let his breath go in a big flutter. "You're set, hey, boy? The Garden tonight and then you'll sign, hey? I'll give it a splash in the papers that'll go all over."

"I'm set," Vin said. "It's O. K. with me to turn pro."

"You'll do good out of it," Mush said with emphasis on the pronoun as if to underline that he wouldn't. "You'll have a swell piece of money and you'll be able to pick up some more." He nodded, winking. "You don't know the pro side like I do, Vin. I'll steer you. They'll bet on anything down there. Some of their boys is good. You won't always win. It's good for the gate and good for you, too, when you know you ain't goin' to win. You catch? You leave that to me. Legitimate, too. I'll take care of you."

"Sure," Vin said, "sure." He could wait. Take your time, he thought—take your time, Mush. You're going to squirm just the same.

He knew it. It pleased him, because he thought of Mush as he did of the club officials, the bigwigs.

"O. K.," Mushmouth said and hitched himself closer to his desk. He beamed as he took up the blue-bound paper. "I got the contract all drawn up. If you got a lawyer, you can have him go over it."

"I don't need a lawyer," Vin said. "I'm to go on this South American tour. Run in the meets you've got set. You pay expenses and transportation from New York to New York. And you pay me a set sum besides."

Mushmouth nodded. "That's the

right of it, Vin. I stand everything. All the risk. All the trouble and planning and worrying. You get this chancet to help along the Good Neighbor work and have a swell, an enjoyable, and educational trip besides."

"Sounds fine," Vin said, but his smile was inward, and cold.

"And besides that—besides all the fun and the pleasure of doing good, you get five thousand dollars. F-i-i-ve *thous*-and. You ever had that sort of money, Vin?"

"I've got that sort of money," Vin said easily. "And you're not paying me five. You've made a mistake, Mush. It's ten."

The cigar was so tortured it didn't matter where it fell, but Vin saw that Mushmouth Gorman had some gold-capped teeth far back in his mouth. He thought he had better get the rest of it out while Mush was paralyzed. "I'm getting married, Mush. Put that in the contract too: traveling expenses and accommodations for my wife."

The chair creaked when Mushmouth sat down. His little eyes were green marbles in oil. "I didn't hear nothing about you being married, and the figger was five grand."

"That's what *you* said," Vin told him. "I was only listening, Mush. I didn't talk at all."

* * *

MUSHMOUTH beat the desk with a fat hand. "You're crazy. There ain't that kind of money even for me in this tour. Vin, who you been talking to? What heel's been filling you with pipe dreams?"

"No one," Vin said. He looked at his watch. "I've got a date at five o'clock, Mush. Maybe we can talk some other time."

"No," Mushmouth said. "We talk now. I can't pay you that."

Vin shrugged and stood up. "Sorry, Mush. I guess you can get along without me."

"You know I can't," Mushmouth said. He achieved a smile but the oily eyes were glazed with anger. "I tell you what I'll do, Vin. I don't know how this tour is going to gross. But I'll gamble if you will. I'll give you twenty-five per cent of what we net. I'll put it right in the contract."

Vin almost laughed then. He did smile faintly. "Be yourself, Mush. You're talking to a man who's lived on expense accounts—who's sat up nights figuring how to pad them better and better. With you running the show, there won't be a net. You'd be a fool if there was." He took up his hat. "It's ten thousand, Mush."

"But, Vin . . ." Mushmouth almost screamed.

"Think it over," Vin said. "Get used to it, Mush. You've got to have me. I'm the guy they don't like, but it's me they come to see."

"It—it's impossible," Mushmouth stuttered. "Where's your patriotism? This thing I'm doing—"

"Save it," Vin said harshly. "I know why you're doing it. The same reason I am. The reason I've stuck it out as long as I have. The money, Mush. The moola. I don't kid myself. Running's business to me. Nothing else."

He put on his coat. Mushmouth shook his head, making low noises. "Vin—Vin, I can't do it. I can't."

"O. K.," Vin said and put on his hat, felt for his gloves. "Got to go, Mush. You can let me know, one way or the other. See you at the Garden."

Mushmouth was still moaning, "I can't, I can't," when Vin shut the door and went through the outside office. It was just as he had expected. But he was still in the driver's seat. The coach wouldn't go, couldn't go, until he gave the word. Until he got his fare. Ten thousand dollars in escrow, payable when the troupe returned to New York. Everything else he'd asked for too, and there'd be no trick clauses in the contract. He wasn't worried. He'd learned in a hard school. He knew when he was sitting just right. He came out into Broadway again and headed for Fifth Avenue, feeling the cold chill of the wind on his cheek.

He didn't have to wait for Eileen. He saw her as he sat at the wall table in the big restaurant, explaining to the hostess why he had to have what he was ordering. Why it had to be cooked the way he said. The woman nodded. "Yes, Mr. Cassidy. The chef will be glad to, Mr. Cassidy. He's going to the Garden tonight. I heard him say so."

Vin didn't answer. He was watching Eileen come down the room, between the tables. He was feeling again the thrill it always gave him when he saw her. The way she carried her head; the way she moved. A good-sized woman, tall and willowy, with a proudly held chin, firm full breasts, small waist, and long legs. Raven-black hair and dark blue eyes from some Irish forebear, and the pink-and-white skin of the Wisconsin farmlands that all the dust and grime of New York had not erased.

He got up, waiting for her. Pulled the table away from the wall. Eileen sat down, giving him her straight gaze from between silky black lashes. "Hello, Vin."

"Hello."

* * *

EILEEN slipped out of her coat. He lent a hand, the warm fragrance that was her own coming up to meet him as the coat sank back. She took off her gloves. She was lovelier than ever. "How's the library getting on?" Vin asked.

Eileen smiled that slow grave smile. "Just a few less cranks than books. I see you won in Boston."

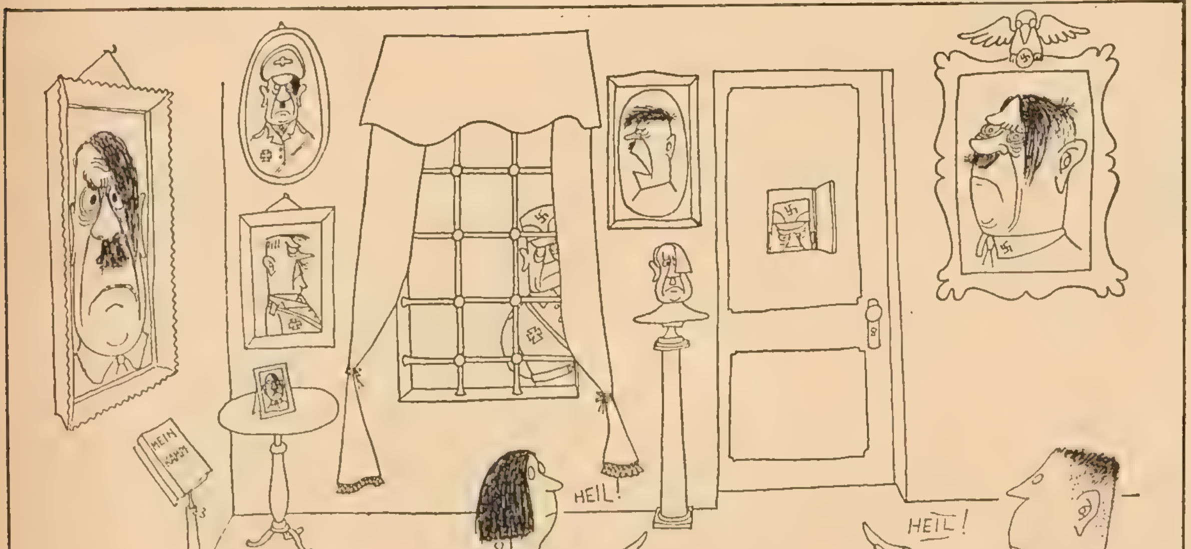
"Sure," Vin said. He was glad of what she'd said about the library. She'd been so thrilled three years ago at going to New York. But he saw now it had turned out differently than she'd imagined. So much the better. It would make what he had in store for her even more pleasurable.

He felt all warm, just as he always did when he was with her. And that had been so seldom these last years. He felt an unreasonable anger at the game, at the officials, at everything that had kept him from her. The warmth of her; the straight sweet gaze of those blue eyes.

He wanted to tell her. He wanted to hold her slim fingers, to press his shoulder against hers, not caring who saw, and tell her what he was going to wrest for them from all the hard guys he'd battled with up and down the land.

She sat there, looking at the menu, telling the waitress what she wanted, and Vin relaxed, his eyes on her, the curve of her cheek, the soft wave of her hair. He'd seen hardly anything of her in a long time. It was funny. She was the only tie he had with the places

(*Continued on page 40*)


MEIN KAMPF
HEIL!
HEIL!
HEIL!
MEIN KAMPF
HEIL!
HEIL!

BY STEINBERG

LOGISTICS

Strategy is the planning of warfare.

Tactics is the execution of those plans.

Logistics, the third branch of military science, is the supplying of everything necessary to strategy and tactics—in the right amount, at the right place, at the right time.

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Congress has appropriated billions of dollars *but it cannot appropriate one single second of time.*

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In war, when we save time we save lives—and we make our individual contribution to Victory.

DEPARTMENT OF LOGISTICS
INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION

This message appeared in every daily newspaper, both English and foreign language, in the United States and Canada, on March 30, 1942

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Don't bother making 'em!

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(*Continued from page 38*)

he'd started from. She'd lived in Midwestern. She'd been in high there when he started college. He hadn't had much to do with the other students. Hadn't time. He was too busy running, for even then he'd won a name. Even then he was beginning to find out about the gravy train. Eileen was the only person in all Midwestern he'd ever cared about. He'd known, as soon as he met her, that she was the girl for him. The one and only.

He had dated her often, even after she came in as a freshman in his junior year. He was in strict training all the time. He'd worked out this method. Five or ten miles of cross-country. That was all he ever needed after he got going—after he got track savvy. The rest took care of itself. Given stamina and legs, you could count on your best. There was always an element of the unknown in board running that practice miles didn't change. You never knew when a good mile was coming out of you. Neither did you know when you'd feel, almost as soon as the gun sounded, that you hadn't a race to give; and there could always be the eager newcomer to give you that little push, that touch of leather on heel that meant a spill. He ran to win. When he hadn't a race in him or was knocked offstride, he didn't finish. The fans hated him for it—for his whole attitude; but the fans didn't mean a thing. No one in the world meant anything to him but this girl beside him, this girl he was going to marry.

He said, "You get your tickets?"

Eileen smiled at the departing waitress. "Yes."

"Get a good look tonight. It's the last time."

* * *

HER eyes widened, darkened. Color came deeper into her cheeks. "Vin, that's what you meant when you called. You're quitting."

He enjoyed the sparkle in her eyes, the color in her cheeks. Wait until she heard the rest, though.

Eileen said, "I didn't see anything in the papers about it."

Vin drank his tomato juice, nodded as the waitress brought Eileen's crab meat. "We're saving the news for a big splash."

Eileen's fork was suspended. "We? Who's we, Vin? I don't understand."

"A goon named Mushmouth Gorman. A promoter."

He set down the glass and looked at her. Eileen had that little pucker between the brows that he loved. Maybe he should have told her right off, not keep her in suspense. But when she heard . . .

The pucker held. Her eyes had that little girl's questioning shadow that had always torn his heart years ago.

She said, "What about your master's degree? I thought you'd go into teaching when you got that. Isn't that what you've been working toward, Vin?"

Vin grinned at her, his brows lifting. "The only offer I've had is from a boys' school. Guy named Stafford runs it. Englishman. Sort of charitable institution. All work and no pay."

"But, Vin . . ." She was confused and he wanted her to know. He wanted her to know what was in store: the gravy, the final rich portion he'd wrested for them both. Lord knows they'd waited long enough. They'd never actually put it in words, but she knew he loved her. Hell, he hadn't even looked at another girl.

He said, "I'm quitting for money, Eileen. I'm turning pro."

Eileen said, "Oh, Vin!" and looked at him. It gave Vin a queer feeling. Almost as if she were fixing the way he looked in her mind. As if she were going on one of those quick European tourist trips she'd talked about when she'd been pipe-dreaming about working in New York.

She said at last, "There's no future in professional racing, is there?"

"No," Vin agreed. He ate steadily, carefully. He didn't care much for his fodder, but it was good for him. "This is worth it, though. Worth turning pro for. I'll get ten thousand dollars."

* * *

THAT did impress her. He saw her eyes widen. "That's a lot of money. A tour?"

"A tour. Practically every country in South America. All those countries with the high-sounding names we didn't learn much about in school. Sound interesting?"

Eileen's blue eyes were almost black. "Of course, Vin. But does it—to you?"

"The money interests me. This Gorman is a sharpie. He's sold them on the Good Neighbor angle, but he's out for the money. And so am I. He doesn't want to pay the ten thousand but I've got him where I want him. He has to have me." He stared at his plate and felt all his resentment against the lot of them rise to his lips. "What does he think I'm in this game for? Eating like this—keeping in training. Going to bed at ten, night after night, when I'd much rather be having fun like other people." He lifted his head and saw her looking at him earnestly, wide-eyed. "The game owes me this lollipop. Gorman is going to pay for it."

Eileen cut a tiny piece from her cutlet. Her voice was low. "I see."

Vin drew a deep breath. He felt his anger flee, drain away. "There's more to it. The best part. You're going along, Eileen."

She looked up then. "Me, Vin?"

"You. It's in the contract. Transportation and expenses for the two of us."

She was looking at him, searching his face, and Vin said, "You want me to get down on my knees right here? I'm asking you to marry me."

"I know." She put down her knife and fork. She put her hands in her lap, but she didn't look at him.

Vin said, "Hey! I thought you'd hit the ceiling with joy. What's the matter, guy? You're not still stuck on this library work, are you? You're not goony about New York?"

"I hate it," Eileen said deeply.

"That's what I thought." Vin nodded. "Then . . ."

He waited, holding his glass of milk. He saw her head shake and he felt a quick incredulous tremor. "I can't marry you," Eileen said.

A little milk slopped over as Vin set down the glass. He couldn't believe his ears. He loved her. She knew that. He hadn't ever hidden from her that she was tops with him, that there was no one else.

His lips hardened, his gray eyes narrowed. "Look. You know how I am about you. You've known all along."

Eileen said, "Yes, I have, Vin. . . ."

"Then, what is it?" Anger, apprehension quickened his tone. "There's no one else, is there? *Is* there?"

For a moment she did not answer. He saw her sigh, half shake her head as if she felt she couldn't explain to him. He didn't want explanations. He just wanted to know. "Is there?"

Eileen looked at him squarely. Looked at him with those honest eyes. "Yes, there is, Vin."

His anger was a cold all-encompassing force. He fought it, his lips tight, while Eileen sat looking down at her hands and the four-piece woman's orchestra played music he did not hear.

The habit of discipline, of never letting any one know what he felt that had carried him through the long battle since he first left his uncle's and struck out for himself, stood him in good stead. He knew when he was licked, when a race was lost.

He said, "Maybe it would have been better if you'd told me." He looked at his watch. "I've got to go. I've got to rest." He felt her hand touch his arm. She said, "Vin . . ." He shook his head, not daring to look at her. "No." He took up the bill, got his hat and coat from the peg on the wall. He looked down at her then. Her cheeks were pale, her eyes very blue. "I won't be seeing you after the meet?"

Eileen shook her head. Vin felt a pang of hot jealousy. "He—he's going to be with you?"

Her lashes flickered. Her lips twisted. She said softly, "Yes, he'll be with me."

"All right. I guess this is good-by, then. I— So long, Eileen."

* * *

HE came out for his warm-up in one of the pauses between events, and it was just as it had always been: the cavernous Garden bright with light, the girders overhead lost in the blue of cigar and cigarette smoke. A welter of voices from the crowd that was queerly unseen: a mass of dark clothes with here and there a spot of color that was some woman, but with no visible heads, no visible individual forms; the track jammed with runners getting in their licks; the officials strutting about, their shirts whiter than ever.

He struck out, striding in his red trousers and pull-over, and he heard the whistles, the boos that always greeted him. He didn't pay any attention. It was old stuff. He cared no more for the galleries giving him the bird than he did for the officials, standing at the inside of the track, looking at him as he went by. Looking at him

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and remembering the healthy chunk he got for expenses each time he ran. Expenses—it was a laugh. A laugh they'd started for him when he found out, ages ago, that he could take a trophy he'd won and sell it back to the jewelers for two, three times what it cost. He hadn't started it. They couldn't blame him for making the most of it.

When he got back into the dressing room with its smell of rubdown, Mushmouth was waiting. Mushmouth was biting a new cigar. Vin took off his shoes and lay down on a bench. Mushmouth sat down to whisper, "Vin, look. That ten grand. I can't, Vin. You gotta come down. You gotta."

"All right," Vin said. "I'll come down. You can cut out the wife. There won't be any. That'll save you a chunk. But the ten thousand goes."

"Be reasonable," Mushmouth pleaded, and Vin said savagely, "Reasonable? I am. What d'you think I'm in this for? You're not kidding me. Good Neighbor, nuts! We both want the cash. Take it or leave it."

"I can't," Mush moaned, "I can't."

An official came over fretfully. "Didn't you hear the call, Cassidy?"

Vin got up, carrying his shoes, turning his back on Mushmouth and the official. He wasn't worried. Mushmouth would come around. He had to. Just now he had a race to give. His last as an amateur. That was a laugh too.

* * *

THE track was cleared. The others were already out, limbering up. The crowd noise rose as he sat down on the boards to put on his shoes. The whistling and the booing.

But this was what they came for. The Invitation Mile. The rest of the meet didn't mean a thing. It never had, even before his day. Since the time of John Paul Jones and Taber, of Joie Ray and Paavo Nurmi, of Princeton Billy Bonthron and Glenn Cunningham, it had been the mile that brought them out. Just as it was now. He got his bit, but he gave. He didn't owe them a thing. Let them boo and to hell with them.

He took a few strides, testing his shoes. They were all right. He came back down the track to the start. Seven of them. But only Mitchell and Johnny di Somellis meant anything. That Broker kid was a comer but he hadn't any track savvy yet. Strictly outdoors so far. He'd go all whichways under pressure on wood.

Vin wasn't worried. He never was. All he hoped was that he had a race in him. A race that would give them something to remember him by. This portable track was fast. He could hold a 4:07 easily. Could hold a 4:05 if you had it in you. Maybe this was the night. Johnny di Somellis and Jug Mitchell were capable of it—capable of making him rub out the record on the books.

He took off his pants, pulled the sweat shirt over his head. He tossed them aside, ran his hands down his thighs, and stepped to the mark, relaxed, ready.

He was always a fast starter. This time he was off with the gun, striding for the inside before the turn. He made it, as he expected to, lengthened out to keep in the fore while the field stopped scrambling and settled down. He didn't know who was behind him. He didn't care. He knew how he was going to run this race. Fargo would storm by any second, but he'd storm by on the outside. He'd let Fargo make the pace for the first half. He'd take it in the third quarter and then he'd see if Johnny di Somellis or Jug Mitchell had any challenge to make. There wasn't any love lost between them. There couldn't be in this game, where one man dragged a bigger expense wad than another. Dog eat dog.

He thought it was Fargo coming as they reached the end of the quarter. He heard the crowd roar. They always did—even the wise ones who knew it meant nothing that some one was burning up to take the lead that early. He swung into the turn, confident that Fargo would go past him with a fraction of an inch to spare.

* * *

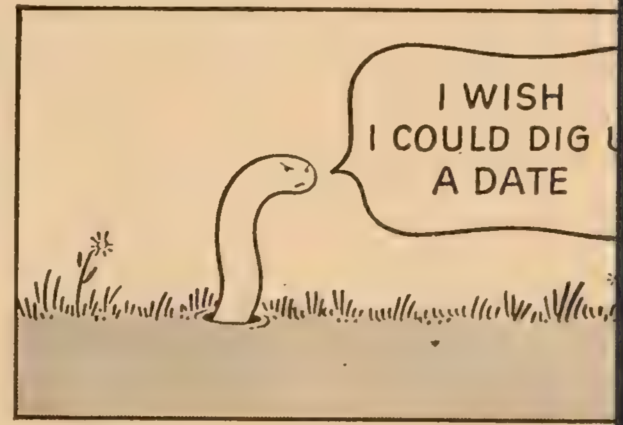
AND then a shoulder just brushed his; there was the touch of leather against his right foot, and as he stumbled and threw out his hands he knew it wasn't Fargo—it was that fool kid Broker.

He skidded on hands and knees along the smooth dirt-grimed boards. He didn't hear the crowd. He didn't see them flash past, di Somellis, Mitchell, and the rest. He felt the burn against his left knee, his hands. He felt a sting of anger on his tongue. It had happened before, and he knew now, as he knew then, that this race was over for him. His last race, too. A good race that he had been pouring out.

It was only the veriest few seconds, but as the officials started toward him he found himself on his feet, running. There was an awful smart at his left knee. His hands stung. He was shaken but he was running, and he knew it was only instinct. It didn't make sense.

No, it was dumb. He hadn't a chance. His mind told him that; his reason, his savvy. Johnny di Somellis was a hundred yards ahead of him, with Jug Mitchell and Fargo fighting at his heels. The other two were halfway to him. Only that fool kid Broker was missing. As Vin rounded the turn he saw the knot of officials from the corner of his eye and knew that it was Broker.

But he wasn't thinking of Broker. He was thinking he should stop and



realizing for some reason that he couldn't. It didn't make sense. He'd been paid and he'd given his best. He didn't owe them anything. It wasn't his fault he'd fallen. The thing to do was quit.

But he couldn't. He wasn't conscious of anything but Johnny and Jug and Fargo up ahead, and of a fierce joyous urge to make up that gap. He hadn't been this far back and still in a race since he was a freshman.

He couldn't figure himself out and yet there was something very familiar in the feeling that held him. That fierce eager pleasure. It hadn't been with him for a long, long time, but he knew it. He knew it as he hit the half-mile marker and caught up with the last of the men ahead. He knew it for what it was—the thing that had started him. The joy of running for its own sake.

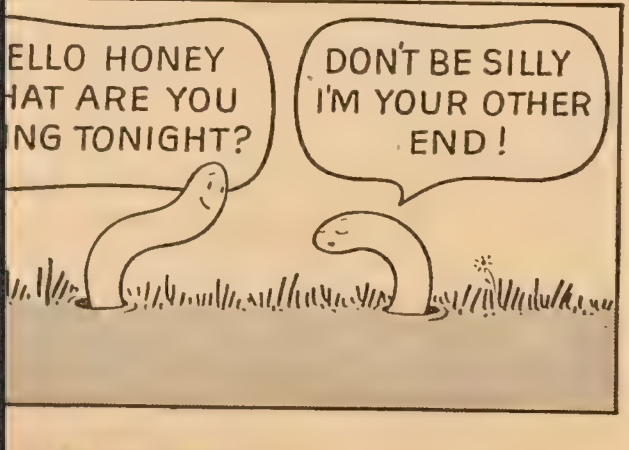
☆ THAT was the way he had felt as a kid at that county school. When he ran cross-country and hare and hounds. They'd always made him one of the hares, carrying his sack of torn-up paper—dropping the scent—hearing the yelps of the hounds far behind. The sheer joy of running.

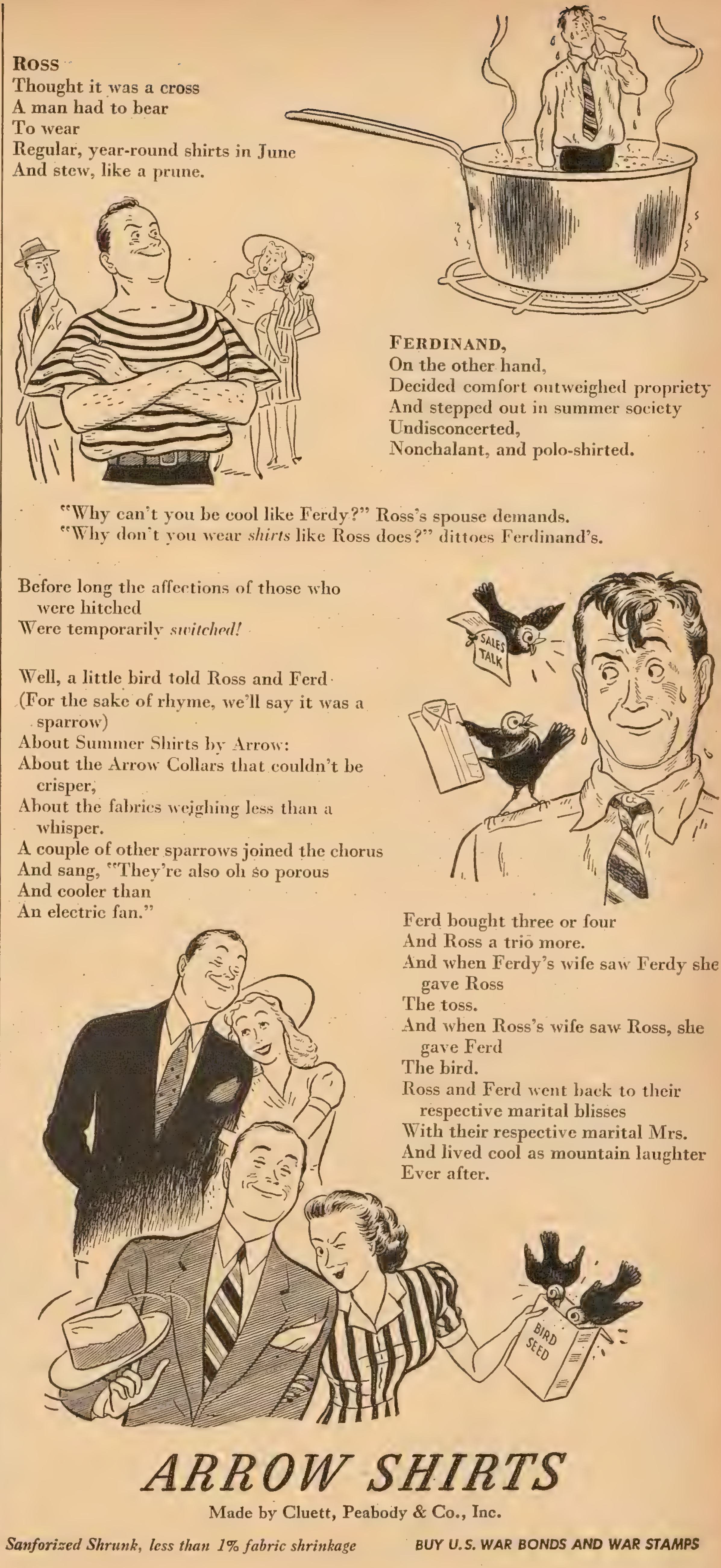
He poured it on, not feeling the pain in his leg, his hands forgotten. He was remembering now. He'd told Mushmouth Gorman not to kid him, but he knew now he'd been kidding himself. He knew now that it wasn't the money that had kept him at the grind—at the training and the food watching, the early hours. It was because of what had started him in the first place: the sheer joy of running; and that was with him again after so long that he had forgotten it entirely.

He was gaining. Fargo was coming back to him fast, and Johnny and Jug were shoulder to shoulder, sixty yards ahead. The three quarters. He lengthened out, easing off the pace. It was dumb, hopeless. He hadn't a chance in the world of catching them, but not for the world would he have quit.

He was never aware of the crowd. He never heard them, but something was beating at him and it beat through to his consciousness. He recognized it with a slow wonder. They were cheering. Down from the rafters and the roof it beat, the cheering of the galleries, and as he swept around the track, from the boxes and end areas and the tiers of seats came the steady applause. For him. That was something, too.

He was past Fargo. He was licking up the track in this last quarter and




ROSS
Thought it was a cross
A man had to bear
To wear
Regular, year-round shirts in June
And stew, like a prune.

FERDINAND,
On the other hand,
Decided comfort outweighed propriety
And stepped out in summer society
Undisconcerted,
Nonchalant, and polo-shirted.

"Why can't you be cool like Ferdy?" Ross's spouse demands.
"Why don't you wear *shirts* like Ross does?" dittoes Ferdinand's.

Before long the affections of those who
were hitched
Were temporarily *switched!*

Well, a little bird told Ross and Ferd
(For the sake of rhyme, we'll say it was a
sparrow)
About Summer Shirts by Arrow:
About the Arrow Collars that couldn't be
crisper,
About the fabrics weighing less than a
whisper.
A couple of other sparrows joined the chorus
And sang, "They're also oh so porous
And cooler than
An electric fan."

Ferd bought three or four
And Ross a trio more.
And when Ferdy's wife saw Ferdy she
gave Ross
The toss.
And when Ross's wife saw Ross, she
gave Ferd
The bird.
Ross and Ferd went back to their
respective marital blisses
With their respective marital Mrs.
And lived cool as mountain laughter
Ever after.

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Sanforized Shrunk, less than 1% fabric shrinkage

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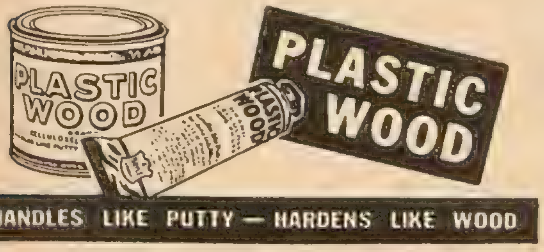


HANDLES LIKE PUTTY — HARDENS LIKE WOOD

Johnny di Somellis was pulling away from Jug. Or was it Jug falling back? Forty yards up ahead. He didn't know. He only knew he was giving it everything, waiting for the earliest moment he could throw his last strength into his break.

He heard the gun go as Johnny hit the last lap. He could see Jug wavering before him and he didn't wait for the beginning of the lap to come at him; he started his drive from where he was.

That was all. Not the waves of sound that beat at him. Not the officials crowding the inside of the track, shirt fronts bulging, beating their hands at him, waving him on with their programs and their red faces. Just the joy of running; of racing after that flying figure before him. The joy he had first felt years ago; that he had forgotten.

There wasn't a chance. Johnny was coming back at him, but the track wasn't long enough. It ran itself out. The red wool broke across Johnny's chest, ten yards in front, and Vin eased and went past the finish and slowed, feeling the pain come into his consciousness, and ache into his body.

But he didn't care. He saw Johnny coming at him. Johnny was smiling through his drawn face. "Boy—oh boy —Vin—Vin—" He couldn't speak, but he was hugging Vin with a shaking arm and that was something.

☆

THE applause still beat. Johnny said, "Four eleven. Man—you'd have done a four-five! Better. Gosh, I'm sorry, Vin."

Vin couldn't answer. His chest hurt. The officials were coming at them. No snide looks now. Just concern. "Come along, Cassidy. Let doc get at that knee."

Other arms than Johnny's helping him. Idly, sadly, almost vagrantly he thought of Eileen. He hoped the guy sitting with her was a good egg. She deserved one. She was the grandest girl in the world.

That was Broker, the tears streaming: "I'm sorry, Cassidy. I didn't mean—"

He found his voice, even in gasps. It had to be said. It was important. "Look, kid. Don't tear yourself. It happens on boards. I've won a hundred races—one less don't matter. Don't let it make you track-shy. You're a comer. Keep at it."

Then he was down in the dressing room and they'd shooed every one away and doc was taking the dirt out of the knee and hands and it hurt, but Vin felt all right. He felt at peace. And he hadn't for a long time.

He saw Mushmouth. He saw him long before the doc had finished bandaging and taping. He saw Mushmouth, and he thought things very clearly. He called the attendant and asked him would he do him a favor, and then after that doc was finished and Mushmouth sidled up.

Mushmouth's eyes were still oily but bright. "What a grandstand play! You all right?"

"I'm all right."

Mushmouth was spinning his cigar "They love you now. The papers'll give you columns. You'll pull the extra five grand. I'm gonna give it to you, boy."

"I'm not going," Vin said.

He wasn't interested in another look at Mushmouth's gold caps. He wasn't interested in explaining. He knew. That was all that mattered.

"But you gotta, Vin. Without you I can't have no tour."

"Then you've got no tour. I'm out."

It was the reporters who pushed Mush out of the way. It had taken them time to get down from the press box, from the clicking keys that were flashing the race.

When he got dressed and came up the cold concrete of the deserted pass, he saw Eileen waiting. He was tired. His whole body ached but nothing else did—nothing inside him. Even the sight of her did not tear him. It only made him quietly glad.

She put her hand on his arm. In the light of the wire-guarded light he could see her wide blue eyes, her parted lips. "Vin, are you all right?"

"I'm all right. Shaky, that's about all."

It was like her to come to see how he was—and not to bring that guy with her. Always thinking of him. He hadn't always thought of her or maybe this wouldn't have happened. Maybe there wouldn't have been another guy. Not with a girl like Eileen.

It was damp and chill in that dingy side street and the odor of spring was far away. Vin looked down at her. He saw her lips move. "It was a grand race—the greatest you ever ran."

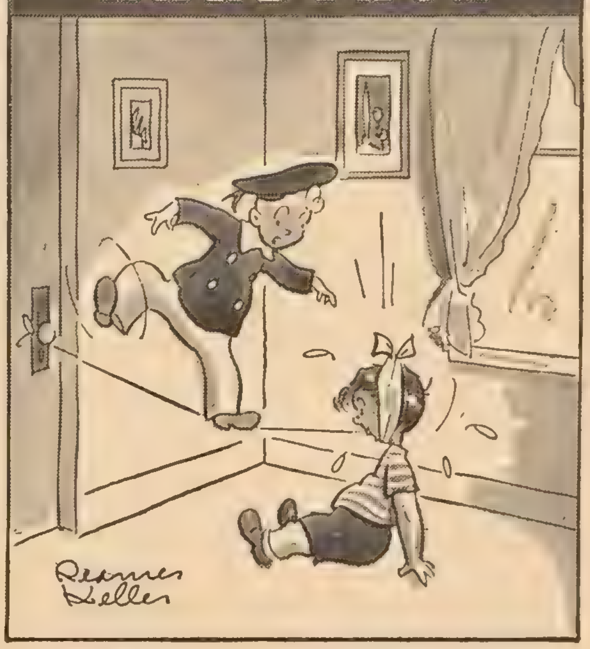
His leg was throbbing, his hands too. But he could say truthfully, "It was fun. I enjoyed it. Funny—hey?"

He saw the slight shake of her head. She said, "No, Vin." And then: "When do you leave for South America?"

Vin looked toward the corner. Somewhere that guy was waiting. He knew he shouldn't be keeping her like this. A little late to be thinking only of Eileen and not himself, but that was how it was. He said, "I'm not going."

BY REAMER KELLER

"HARDTACK"



"Gee, what a tooth!—maybe you'll have to go to the dentist after all!"

The brightness of her eyes, all her lovely face, questioned, and he said, "That Good Neighbor thing is real. It doesn't call for a troupe of wisenheimers. It needs kids—running fools to meet kids like themselves down there just for the fun of it—the thrill of it. Not guys like me. And not guys like Mushmouth, promoting, either. I'm not going. The thing's off."

He saw her breasts lift with her deep breath, but her voice was quiet: "When did you realize that, Vin?"

"When I found myself up and running after I'd spilled. Out of it, and still running."

He didn't expect her to get it, but he wanted her to know. No one else—but Eileen.

She didn't answer for a moment. Then she asked, "What are you going to do, now the tour is off?"

Vin looked down at his bandaged hands. He wanted to put his arm through hers, to draw her close as he had, Lord, so many years ago. "I've wired this Englishman, Stafford. I'm taking up his offer. Lots of kids there. I'll get some runners out of them."

* * *

HE saw her turn her head, and he thought it must be to see if that other guy wasn't getting impatient. He would be if it was him. But Eileen was swell—always. She asked, "What is it like?"

"Pretty big. In Indiana. I ran an exhibition there once. The kids live in houses, and each house has a housemaster—one of the teachers, you know. Lives there. The teacher's wife sort of mothers the kids. They have a few bachelors, though."

His hands throbbed. He wanted her to go because he knew every moment she stayed was making it harder for him. He heard her say, "It can't be much fun for them. Not as it is for the married ones," and he swallowed.

She lifted her head and looked at him. Her face was quiet. "I hope they'll give us a house with the youngest they've got—a lot of them."

Vin stared at her, his gray eyes growing dark. He saw the shine of the light on the wetness of her eyes; saw her head nod, her lips part. He said, "But—but what of him? This fellow who's waiting?"

"He wasn't waiting," Eileen said in her full voice. "I was."

He couldn't quite grasp it. "But you said there was some one else . . ."

"There was," Eileen said softly. "Some one I met years ago and loved, the minute I knew him. A boy who was so decent and honest, open and frank." She shook her head. "He got lost somehow over the years. He wasn't there this afternoon, but he came back tonight. He's here now. You, Vin. The way you were—the way you've always been in my heart."

Vin couldn't speak. He put out his bandaged hands and felt Eileen's fingers take hold of them. It hurt. It hurt like the dickens, and his leg throbbed in sympathy, but he never knew it. He only knew he hadn't felt so good in a long, long time.

THE END

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SCHLITZ

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

CHANNEL PORT—Continued from Page 10

stroke after stroke), he might feel the delicious surge behind him, the push of tide at his back that would help him in. But first he must fight his three-hour battle. Three hours in which he would be lucky to cover two miles. And he was tired.

They were not looking for him any longer; they were not watching. He was alone. And if he gave up, no one would ever know what had happened.

No one, that is, but the stocky gray-haired man with the very bright blue eyes, the man who sat behind the big disorderly desk in the office with a sentry at the door. What was it he had said only four days ago, when Stephen Armine had so confidently taken on this impossible task?

"Perhaps," the gray-haired man had said, "the reason you failed twice was that it was just a game . . . and you knew there was help standing by. This time it will be no game—unless risking your life for the knowledge we must have is the greatest game of all. And since there'll be no one to help you but yourself . . . well, needs must when the devil drives, they say."

Steve Armine took his bearing and gritted teeth in a parched mouth. His blistered arms began to move again—one stroke, two strokes, three strokes, four strokes. Somewhere in a corner of his mind he kept count automatically. Perhaps it might help the next few thousand strokes to pass if he thought back to the beginning. . . .

* * *

THE noon sun was picking out paths of dust motes in the big dingy room in the War Office when Steve Armine clipped together the papers over which he had been working, tossed them to a messenger with a brief word, and leaned back and stretched mightily with a sigh of satisfaction. It had been just routine, but the code was a new and difficult one that had taken him three days to break. Now the proper department would take care of Mr. Wheeler of Glasgow who had been ordering parts from Switzerland for his watch-repair business in such odd quantities and phrases; quantities and phrases and coded words which, now that Armine had solved their inner meaning, concerned themselves most regrettably with the mine fields guarding the Firth of Forth rather than with levers, pinions, and escapements. It looked to Steve as though Mr. Wheeler would soon go out of business—permanently.

It also looked to him—and interested him much more at the moment—as though, judging from the comb being run through her thick dark air, the occupant of the desk beside his was preparing to go to lunch. He reached over with one long arm, tapped on her desk, and Miss Patricia Wallace stopped peering into the mirror of her compact long enough to shoot him a questioning glance. He raised an interrogatory eyebrow, pantomimed eating, and was rewarded with an enthusiastic smile and a nod of assent. Whereupon the two rose and, careful not to disturb the sacred quiet wherein some twenty of their fellow cipher experts toiled, made their way to the door and out into the perfect June weather that smiled upon London.

"You look as pleased as the cat that swallowed the cream jug," smiled the girl, trying to keep up with the strides of Steve's long legs. "Did you break it?"

"Finally. Mr. Wheeler's been a bad boy—concerning himself with mine fields instead of fixing watches. How about those South American letters you were struggling with, Pat?"

"Nothing. All honest and aboveboard." Her pretty nose wrinkled in disgust. "Of all the dull jobs in this war, ours is the dullest! Ciphers and tables of probability and dictionaries and pencils."

They turned into a snack bar whose plate-glass front had long since disappeared, and were lucky enough to find two vacant stools at the counter. When they had given their order—

"Cheer up," Steve said, while his slow smile began to creep over his face. "Your legs'd look silly in a uniform, darling. They're too long."

"Well!" Her voice was indignant. "They are not!"

* * *

IN proof of her statement Miss Wallace extended two shapely answers from beneath her tweed skirt, greatly to the edification of a group of young officers a little way down the room.

"You win," Steve said quickly, and the girl swung back to the bar, to the evident disappointment of the officers. "But, honestly, Pat, our job *is* important."

"Oh, I suppose so. It's bad enough for a girl, though how *you* can stand it—"

She broke off suddenly, her hand going to Steve's for an instant in a quick gesture.

"Sorry, old boy. Must have got out of bed on the wrong side this morning. Didn't mean to rag you."

Steve lifted his face from a foaming glass of beer; he smiled, and only some one who knew him as well as Pat could have told that the smile was a trifle forced.

"Don't be silly. Ever since the doctor made that impressive speech about my eyesight, all full of expensive words about diopters and intraocular muscular unbalancement, you act as though my life had been blasted just because I couldn't get into the R. A. F. and shoot down a few Messerschmitts. Of course I know I'd make a nattier escort in one of those flying uniforms—"

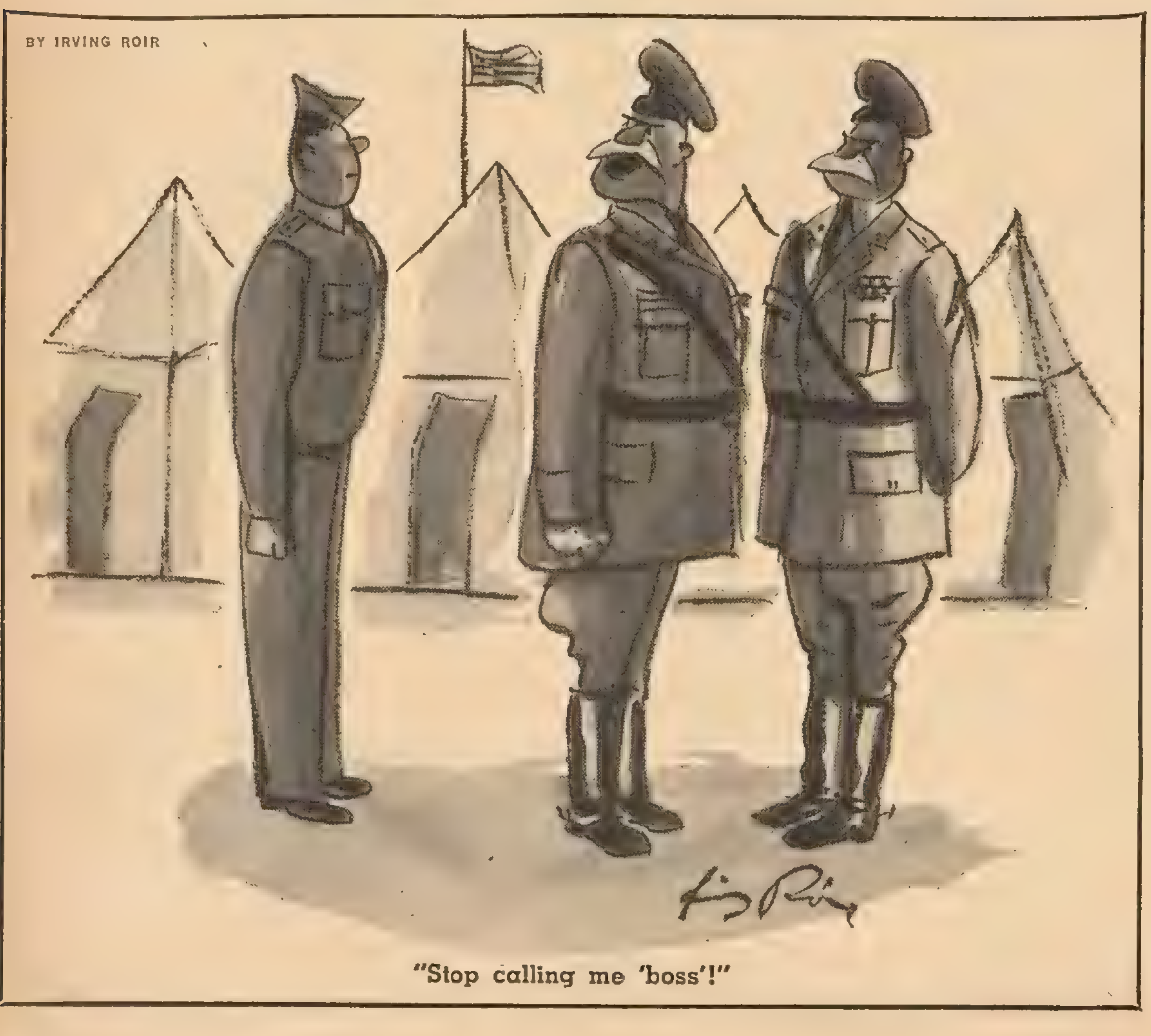
"That's what you think!" she returned quickly. "May I point out that your legs are too long?"

Steve laughed, and as they slid off the stools Pat thanked her stars that the head of the Cipher Bureau where they worked was a martinet who thought fifteen minutes ample for any one's lunch. This was the first time in months that she had let the conversation slip toward a reminder of what she knew had been Steve's bitterest disappointment. He had had his eager American heart set on the R. A. F. until the eye examination had blasted his hopes. Then he had tried to enlist in the army, only to have his knowledge of ciphers sidetrack him to the desk in the big room where he had been toiling now for more than a year.

As they turned into the side entrance of the War Office, showing their passes in automatic habit, the sentry stopped Steve with a gesture.

"Mr. Armine, there's a message for

BY IRVING ROIR



"Stop calling me 'boss'!"

you. Report to Room 101 immediately."

Steve nodded, and shrugged in answer to Pat's questioning look.

"Don't ask me," he said as they climbed the worn stone stairs to the first floor. "That's where all the big shots have their offices. Must be something about that Wheeler letter. See you later."

The girl smiled and waved farewell as he walked quickly down the twisting corridors. Room 101 was an outer office, occupied by three clerks in army uniforms. The clerk to whom Steve gave his name spoke briefly into a telephone, then rose.

"Will you follow me, Mr. Armine?"

Another long corridor, a narrow one this time, with officers in uniform hastening back and forth. At its end they came to an unmarked door, before which stood a sentry; Steve's eyebrows lifted at sight of the man's rifle.

"Mr. Armine," said the clerk, and the sentry nodded. He opened the unmarked door, motioned Steve in. Steve hardly heard the door close behind him; he was still under the shock of his surprise at recognizing the man who sat behind the littered desk, his gray hair rumpled, his face tired, but his bright blue eyes fixed on Steve with what the latter felt could only be called a challenging, almost belligerent look.

☆ "SIT down, Mr. Armine," snapped the gray-haired man; he had a trick of speaking in short sharp bursts like a machine gun. Steve had heard of that habit—it was another of the few facts he knew about Sir Emory Davisson, V. C., K. C. B., and many more letters, head of the entire British Intelligence. The Intelligence did not encourage publicity.

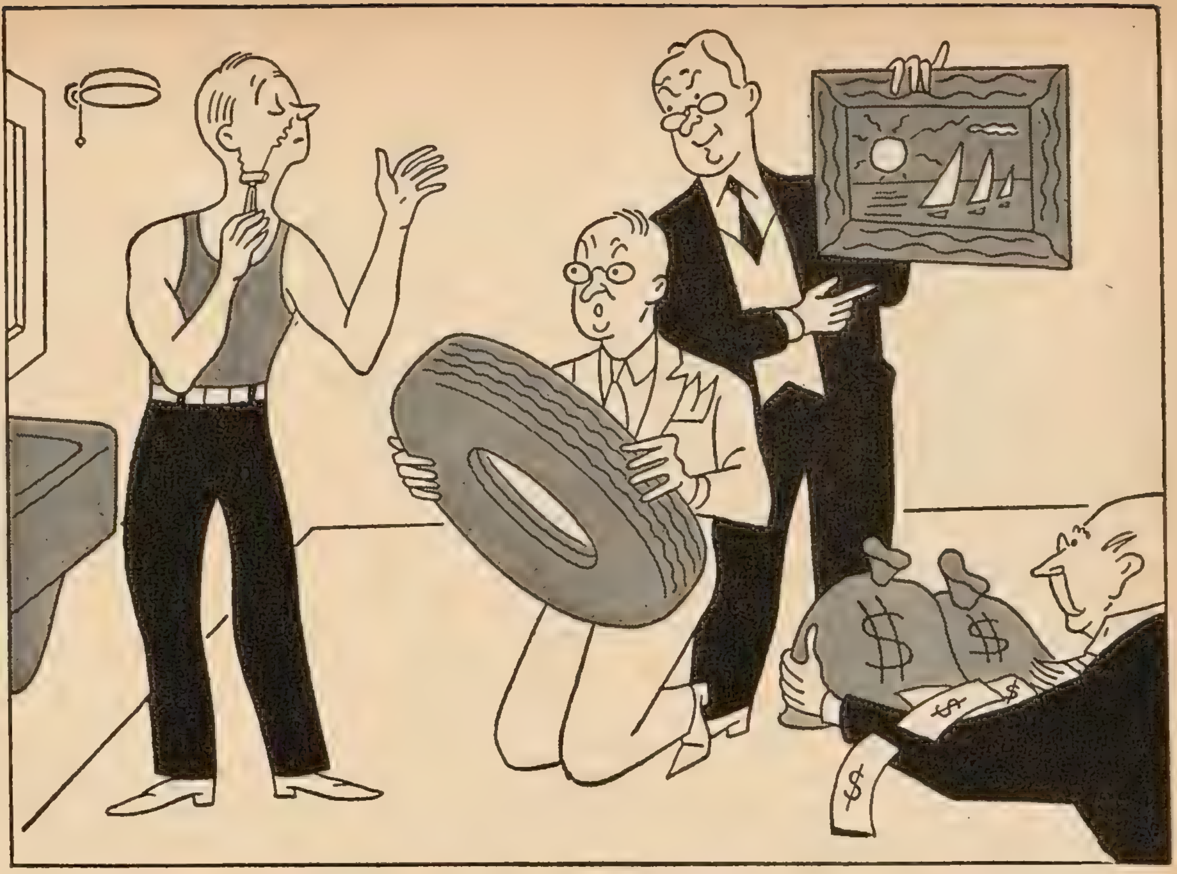
"Sent for you, Armine," the gray-haired man jerked out before Steve had reached the chair, "because there's a job has to be done. Takes a hell of a bunch of qualifications. We have succeeded in finding only two men in England that have them all."

He paused and Steve was conscious of the bright appraising blue eyes fixed on his.

"In February of this year, as you know, the German battleships Scharnhorst and Gneisenau and the heavy cruiser Prince Eugen, with their destroyers and mine sweepers, fled from Brest and made their escape to German ports. Any idea of what that has meant to us?"

"I think so," Steve replied thoughtfully. "It means the Germans can now assemble a pretty husky fleet to bring pressure. It means that if that fleet could be reinforced by the French fleet, they would have terrific striking power. They might sever Britain's life lines in a number of places."

"True," snapped Sir Emory. "But it means more than that. It means they could do much more than that. They could, with or without the French fleet, appear in such force that the greater part of our own air and naval strength would have to set out to



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Though there are sufficient Schick Blades, there just aren't enough Schick Injector Razors to fill an ever increasing civilian demand. That's because war metal limitations allow us to make only enough razors for military demands.

If you—like the fortunate fellow on the left—already have a Schick Injector *be sure to take good care of it*—it is more valuable today than ever before.

No other razor will shave you so comfortably. No other razor has the automatic blade change. As a matter of fact the Schick Injector Razor contains the only basic improvements made in safety razor design in more than 40 years.

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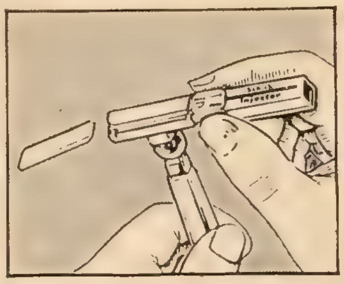

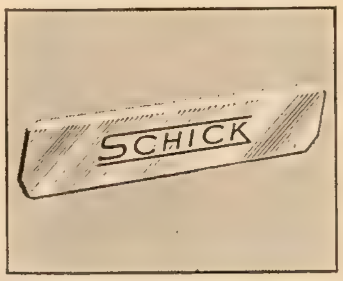

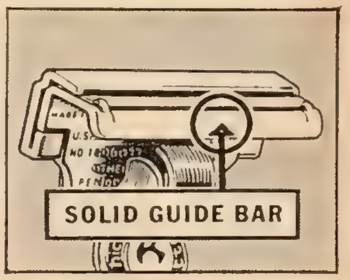

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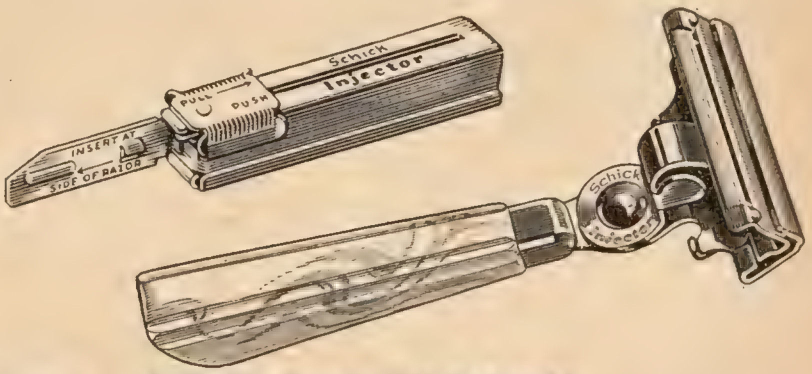

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70% GRAIN
NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 29

1—Martin Van Buren, born in 1782. All Presidents before him were British subjects at birth.

2—At the Dead Sea; 1,292 feet below sea level.

3—It is under a major general commandant, responsible to the Secretary of the Navy.

4—First aid. They are the points of the body where pressure will halt some types of bleeding.

5—He was the American explorer after whom Pike's Peak was named. He sighted the peak on one of his explorations.

6—The day men register for the draft.

7—New Netherland, the original Dutch settlement which the English later divided into New York and New Jersey.

8—Faro, short for Pharaoh, ancient Egyptian title. The game got the name from an old playing-card design.

9—Jackie Coogan, who as a child actor made a great success in the picture called The Kid.

10—On the fact that we have ten fingers, often used in counting.

11—It is the outer layer of the sun from which the earth receives light directly.

12—Samuel Pepys, whose diary is a gossip's history of the age.

13—Theoretically the number is 16, although it may vary slightly.

14—It flies, but is a bat. It got its name because its face is foxlike.

15—Songs of the sea, sung by sailors. In old sailing-ship days the men sang as they worked, the rhythm helping them to work in unison.

16—It is 220 yards, and comes from Old English, meaning "as long as a furrow."

17—Oliver Wendell Holmes, the American writer, greatly admired by Holmes' creator, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

18—It contains all the vowels in proper order.

19—Yes. If a criminal or careless smoker starts a forest fire, the air above may become so hot that a thunderstorm results.

20—Gary Cooper and Joan Fontaine.

engage them. In whatever direction, whatever field of operations they chose. And do you know what that means?"

* * *

STEVE pondered the question, then looked up, startled.

"Invasion, sir?"

"Exactly. Hitler's been threatening. He did in '41. He's never had so fine a chance as now. For he has enough fleet to pull us out with a feint. Assuming that they get the Vichy fleet, which has been undergoing repairs and refitting for some time, and that the French will obey German orders and not sabotage their own ships, or that those ships can be manned with German crews, then we have never been so ripe for invasion."

Sir Emory rose quickly, pulled down a map of western Europe from one of many rollers upon the wall.

"We're ready for it, of course. But look. During all of these months a large portion of the Grand Fleet has been held here, in home waters, ready to repel invasion when and if it comes.

"We are, frankly, faced with a quandary. The time seems ripe—now, within the next week at most—for an operation on a vast scale in Mediterranean waters. The situation appears fortuitous. Almost suspiciously so. It may be a situation created to draw units of our fleet from home waters—and leave us open to invasion while we fondly imagine Hitler is completely busied with Russia. Or it may really be, God willing, what we think it is—the chance to complete an operation that will cut an entire year off the war, hasten our ultimate victory. Frankly, we don't know. And right now it is imperative that we *do* know!"

Despite himself, Steve could not help showing a sign of the tremendous surprise the other's words gave him; where the devil did he fit into this glimpse of great events which Sir Emory was unfolding?

"I don't intend to tell you the details of that operation, Armine; first of all, because it is no concern of yours; secondly, because a man who knows nothing can be made to tell nothing! But I've told you this much that you may understand why it is essential that we must have accurate information *at once* regarding the possibility of invasion before taking so drastic a step as the release, even for the two weeks needed, of the major portion of the Grand Fleet to the Mediterranean."

Sir Emory's hand moved on the map.

"We have sent more than fifty British agents into France, Denmark, Holland, and Norway. Each man has been in search of one thing: definite knowledge that invasion was imminent. Or, conversely, knowledge, just as definite, that it was *not*. Some of our men did not come back. Some have returned—and with information."

He made a sharp gesture, as though cutting something with the side of his hand.

"Information that was weeks, months out of date! Useless! It does us no good to know that six weeks ago the Nazis were not ready to invade England. We must know whether they are ready to invade now, *this week!*"

Steve saw the muscles tighten on the other man's jaw. Puzzled, he asked a question:

"Why, Sir Emory, did those who did manage to get back bring only information that was out of date, useless?"

"Because the route back has been long and devious and dangerous. You may have seen the man who left this office as you came in. He returned to England last night on board a little Dutch fishing sloop manned by three of our naval reservists. They picked him up in Holland. The voyage from Holland was short enough, but it took that man five whole weeks to make his way from Paris, where he had obtained his information, to Holland, where the sloop picked him up. His story is that of every man who's succeeded in getting back: invasion not imminent. But his story is five weeks old—not fresh enough to gamble on."

* * *

"BUT," Steve protested, "how about . . ."

"The wireless!" snapped Sir Emory. "Hopeless. We've tried. Often. You've no idea of Teutonic thoroughness. Two of de Gaulle's men were landed with a portable transmitter. They had not completed their first message when they were caught, shot. Others have tried. Carrier pigeons, everything. The R. A. F. brings us photographs and data on the barge concentrations at Boulogne, Brest, all the Channel ports. None of it tells us if the Nazis are ready to use those barges—or when. This much we *do* know or think we know: when the real attempt comes, it will come from that section of France. There may be feints from Holland, various other points, but the real attack will come from the Calais-Boulogne sector. Our best man in Berlin found that was the plan, fixed and unalterable, before he died. They caught him on another job, never suspected what he had learned."

Sir Emory turned away from the map, speaking as he moved back to his desk.

"To obtain the knowledge which we must have, we need a man who combines an almost freakish set of qualities."

For the first time the older man's grim face relaxed.

"You're the freak, Armine. An American, you speak perfect German. Like a native, I mean?"

"Yes, sir. You see, my father . . ."

"Was in the consular service at Berlin when you were a youngster. You went to school there. Had a year at Heidelberg, wasn't it? You were back for the Olympics in 1936. Swimming. Entered in the fifteen-hundred-meter free-style event, I believe."

Steve nodded, amazed at this fund of information about himself.

"After the Olympics," Sir Emory went on, "you went to Oxford, spent two vacations bicycling around France, near the Channel. You know that ground perfectly, I believe?"

"Pretty well, sir. On the cycling trips . . ."

"Terry Phillips accompanied you. I've talked with him."

Steve's mouth dropped open in surprise. Sir Emory smiled.

"Oh, yes. I've checked on you. Next point! You speak French."

"Passably, but I'd never fool a Frenchman into thinking I was one."

"Passably is enough—for French. It would not be enough for German. When our country declared war upon Germany—before America found herself in it—you joined the R. A. F. Defective vision, I believe, forced you out of that and into our rather humdrum Cipher Bureau, where you have been doing most excellent work."

Steve flushed, did not look up from the floor.

"Yes, sir."

"Sorry," Sir Emory said, "to have brought that up. But it happens that what you may be able to do for us now is far greater and far more hazardous than anything you might have done as a fighting pilot. Which brings me to your last and—pardon—most freakish qualification."

Sir Emory leaned forward.

"After the Olympics, while you were at Harvard, you made two attempts to swim the Channel. In the first, you failed within about four miles of success. The following year you tried again. Why?"

Steve grinned despite himself.

"Always wanted to, and swimming was the only sport I was ever good at. And I suppose the second try is explained by the fact that I'd gotten stubborn about it by then. Every one ribbed me."

"Quite. That second time, when you were only about three miles from Dover, a bad offshore wind defeated you. Now, this is important: Are you still in training?"

☆ STEVE caught his breath in sudden realization of what Sir Emory must be leading up to. For a moment he did not answer; then, very slowly, he nodded. "Yes, sir. I've kept in shape."

Sir Emory nodded. For the first time he spoke slowly instead of in his usual staccato manner.

"I've told you what we must know. Our agents, some French, some British, have the information we need. They are scattered about an area with which you are familiar. Some at St. Omer, others at Boulogne and Calais. In order that a man may travel about occupied France freely enough to collect their information in a few hours, none of the ordinary disguises will serve; any one purporting to be a farmer or workman or small tradesman is subject to endless delays and restrictions. There is only one disguise that is suitable—that of a member of the Gestapo."

He paused, as though awaiting a question, but Steve was silent. "My first thought had been that you might play the part of a German officer—but you are too young to pass as of high enough rank to enable you to move about freely and unquestioned. We have ready forged papers for a member of the Gestapo. To add the details of your appearance, prepare identification photographs, and to fit you with proper clothing is only a matter of hours. There remains such instruction as we can give you in your assumed role, and the details of where and how to find our men. A British plane can drop you over a deserted stretch near St. Omer tomorrow night—if weather luck is on our side."

Sir Emory's eyes were fixed on Steve's.

"Ever make a parachute jump?"

"No, sir."

"The man who takes on this job will get instructions. He should be able, bar mishaps, to land and hide his parachute. After that his ingenuity will be his sole reliance, once he reaches the highroad. He will have to get in touch with our agents, get their information, and rely on his nerve, his brains, and his courage to bluff his way for the few hours this may take. It should not take more than a day and a night.

"In fact, though we could spare an extra day or two, we shall have to timetable it that way. Our man will have to leave France around dawn—say at four in the morning—on the morning of the twentieth."

☆ "AND," supplied Steve, "he really needs to be a freak. He has to swim the Channel to get back."

"Right! On the twentieth, our air and naval patrols will keep a sharp lookout for him. They may even ease his task by picking him up in mid-Channel, if they are fortunate enough to spot him.

"On the other hand, if, for any of a hundred or more reasons, he does not leave at the appointed hour of the appointed day, it will be assumed here that he has failed—as he probably will have. In any case, barring the lucky accident of being sighted and hauled aboard one of our Channel ships, he will have to swim the Channel entirely on his own from France to England. You understand?"

"Yes, sir." Steve paused. "You told me, some minutes ago, that I was one of two men you had found in England whom you believed qualified for this attempt. Do you mind telling me, sir . . ."

"About the other man? I cannot tell you his name. He tried—and drowned. His body came ashore. I want you to appreciate fully the risks before you decide, Armine."

Sir Emory waited. The tick of the clock on the desk between the two men sounded unnaturally loud in the quiet of the room. Sir Emory watched, in startled astonishment, as a long slow grin began to slide over Steve's face.

"There's only one thing I don't like about it, Sir Emory."

"Yes?"

"Well, damn it, sir, if I do swim the Channel this time, I don't suppose I'll be allowed to brag about it."

"To no one," Sir Emory agreed smilingly, "either before *or* after, and that includes a very pretty young girl

WISHING

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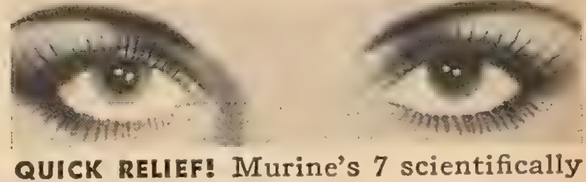

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WOMEN IN YOUR "40s"
who hate these "trying years"

Watch out for these symptoms which may often betray your age!

If this "middle-age" period in a woman's life (38 to 52) is making you fretful, nervous, blue at times, perhaps suffer weak feelings, dizziness, hot flashes, distress of "irregularities"—then try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—*famous* for helping relieve such distress due to this functional disturbance. Taken regularly—this remarkable medicine helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms.

Pinkham's Compound has thus helped thousands upon thousands of women to go smiling thru trying "middle age" symptoms. Also effective for younger women to help relieve distress of monthly functional disturbances. Follow label directions.

Lydia E. Pinkham's
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Help Kidneys If Back Aches

Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases CYSTEX (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying Cystex. An iron-clad guarantee wrapped around each package assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't take chances on any Kidney medicine that is not guaranteed. Don't delay. Get Cystex (Siss-tex) from your druggist today. Only 35c. The guarantee protects you.

Cystex
Helps Flush Kidneys

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Pain Sent Flying!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift aching pressure; give you fast relief. Ease tight shoes; prevent corns and sore toes. Separate *Medications* included for quickly removing corns. Cost but a trifle.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

whose name, I believe, is Miss Patricia Wallace."

The British Intelligence, Steve decided, knew just about everything about every one. And then, suddenly, Sir Emory produced papers and began to talk in low clipped sentences that included names and numbers and instructions and Channel tide data, and Steve Armine forgot everything else and tried desperately to remember all that was being told him.

☆ "BOULOGNE," said the pilot of the Lockheed Hudson, and pointed far below where searchlights and antiaircraft fire glared palely through the mist against a deeper glow of bomb explosions; the loaded bombers in whose company they had crossed the Channel were doing their work. The pilot grinned at Steve.

"Looks as though *our* chaps are pouring it on *your* chaps, eh?"

It was the tenth variation of the same joke in half an hour, ever since Steve had removed the muffling raincoat he had worn while Sir Emory himself escorted him hurriedly across the airdrome and into the ship. Not even the presence, before the take-off, of his flight commander, issuing minute instructions as to Steve's destination, had been able to repress the boyish humor of the young Canadian pilot at sight of Steve's outfit.

Again the pilot chuckled happily as Steve answered in accents that contrasted strangely with the badly cut sack suit, the dark velour hat, and the cheap stiff boots he wore.

"Yes. Damn good show. Can't say as I'm looking forward to seeing it from down there."

"Oh! Never thought of that!" the pilot exclaimed.

Steve nodded with a smile; the pilot knew nothing of his mission, of course, beyond the point at which he was to be dropped, nor did even the flight commander who had issued the instructions. Sir Emory Davisson had impressed Steve, in the hectic instruction-crammed hours in his office, with one brusque sentence:

"When more than two people know something, it's no secret."

He had been sent back to the cipher room with a brief official note to his superior asking that he be detached for a week. "Special duty on a case of suspected communication with the enemy near Dover" the message had read. The head of the office, in peacetime a distinguished pillar of the British Museum but now a single-souled fanatic who lived only for ciphers, had growled a disgruntled something about "Damn brass hats always breaking up my organization" and dismissed Steve with a nod.

Steve did not leave at once. Avoiding Pat's quizzical glances, he sat at the desk next to her and tried to recall the detailed instructions that had been given him by Sir Emory. He tried to recall, too, everything he could about his two previous attempts to swim the Channel.

To fix every important detail in his mind irrevocably, he began to jot down a working schedule upon paper. Further to fix it in his mind, he wrote his notes in the same code he had that morning broken—the code in which Mr. Wheeler of Glasgow had been noting facts about the mine fields.

He sat back with the paper before him, mentally decoded his own notes until he was convinced that he would not forget the slightest detail. He took the paper into a washroom, burned it, flushed the charred ashes down a drain. He came back into the Cipher Bureau, signaled to Pat. She followed him, worried, into the corridor.

"Steve," she said, "something's up. Can you tell me?"

"Only," he said, "that I won't be able to keep our date tomorrow night. They're hauling me off for a few days on a special mission."

"I'll not pry," she promised. "I hope it will be more interesting than ciphers. And I'll be waiting for you."

Steve grinned.

"I still think your legs are too long for a uniform."

"I'll not wait for you. And I hope the mission's dull."

"It is. Have to go down near Dover to check up on some dirty work they think's afoot."

"Dover!" She gave a little cry. "Steve! Maybe you'll see Kingsdown Beach."

She remembered, then, the day they'd met. At Kingsdown Beach. They'd lain side by side on their stomachs in the sand and he'd pointed out to her the spot where, earlier that very summer, his second Channel attempt had ended in failure. And she'd been interested and sympathetic and told him that one day he would make it.

And, because he'd fallen in love with her that first day, he'd stayed in England. And the war came along and he'd never tried the Channel again.

"Oh, darling," she said, "I hope you'll see Kingsdown Beach."

He thought of the swim from France to England. The contest with the Channel and its tides and crosscurrents that—this time—he dare not lose. And he said ironically:

"I hope so, too, Pat!"

Her hazel eyes were serious now.

"Something's up. I don't know what it is and it is none of my business. But do take care of yourself, Steve. I shouldn't like it if anything happened to you."

Her hand slipped to his shoulder. Quickly she pulled his head down, kissed him lightly on the mouth.

"'By, Steve," she said—and was gone before he could speak.

☆ PERHAPS, thought Steve, as the plane banked into a long, curving glide, it was just as well that way. What was a man supposed to say to the girl he loved when he couldn't tell her that the chances were excellent he might never see her again? Especially when he'd never got up courage to tell her he loved her in the first place? And when one of the things that had kept him from speaking had been the certainty that she considered him an object of inner pity for having to spend the war stuck in a musty office? That flyer she had gone dancing with the other night, now, there was a romantic figure . . .

"Twelve thousand feet." The pilot's voice jarred him back to reality. "I've had the motor off during the last six miles, sir."

Steve's hands jerked at his parachute harness to make sure it was tight; he remembered they'd told him to be sure to do that.

"Here's the spot." It was the pilot again, indicating a circle on the map under the hooded light. "We'll be over it in less than a minute. Wind's very low—about ten miles an hour due west."

Steve nodded. He was glad the pilot's eyes were busy between map and instruments; glad they did not observe the involuntary trembling that shook him as he rose.

The pilot looked up from the map, stretched out his hand to Steve as he turned from releasing the catches on the door.

"Good luck!"

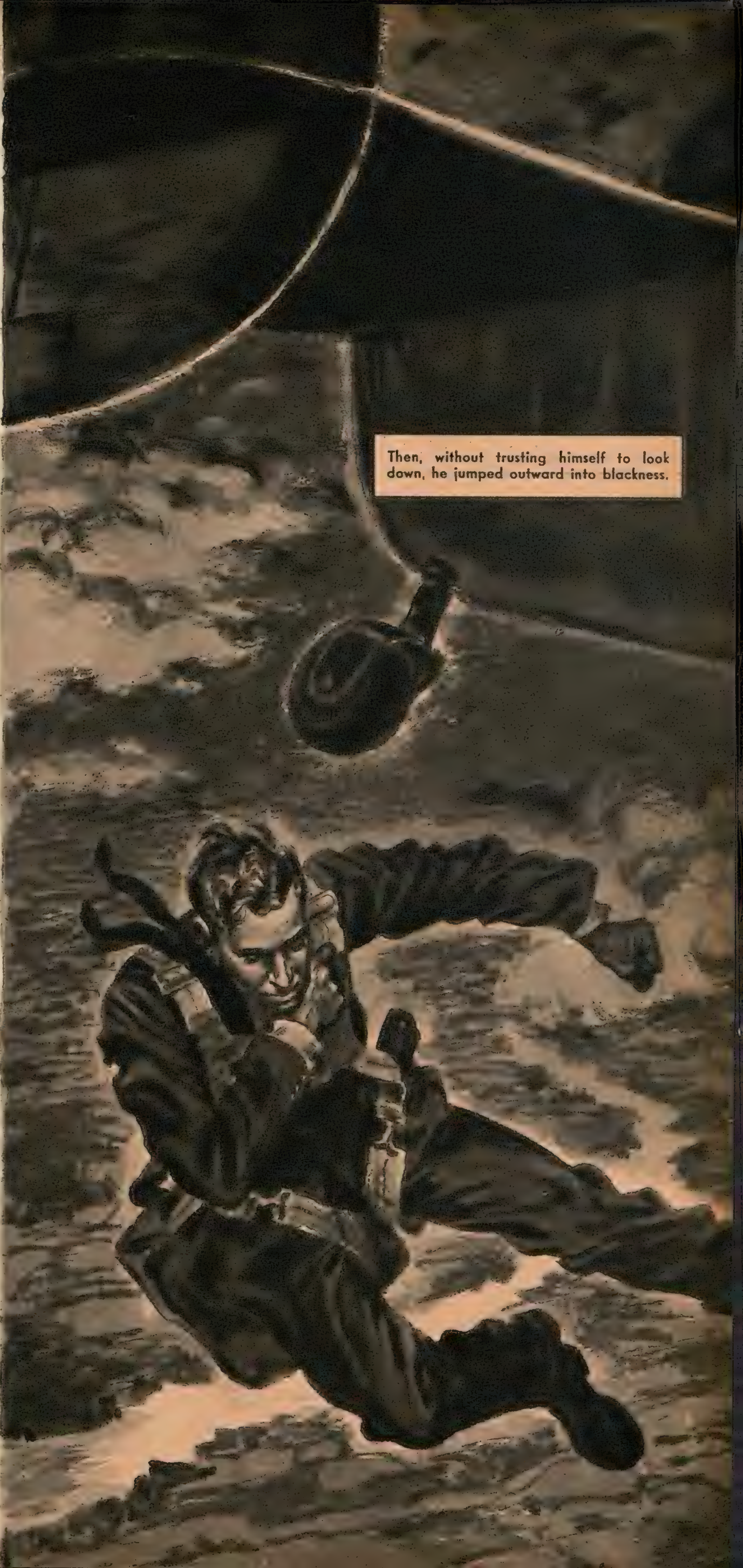
"Thanks."

"Wait till I raise my hand. Then bail out. I'll be ten miles from here before I switch on again."

The pilot's hand lifted in a sharp gesture. Steve swung the door against the rush of wind.

Then, without trusting himself to look down, he jumped outward into blackness.

What awaits Steve in France? What dangers will he face before he plunges into the icy Channel to battle his way to England? Next week's chapter is crammed with peril and suspense.


Then, without trusting himself to look down, he jumped outward into blackness.

✩ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ✩

by Donald Gordon

FLAMINGO ROAD, by Robert Wilder

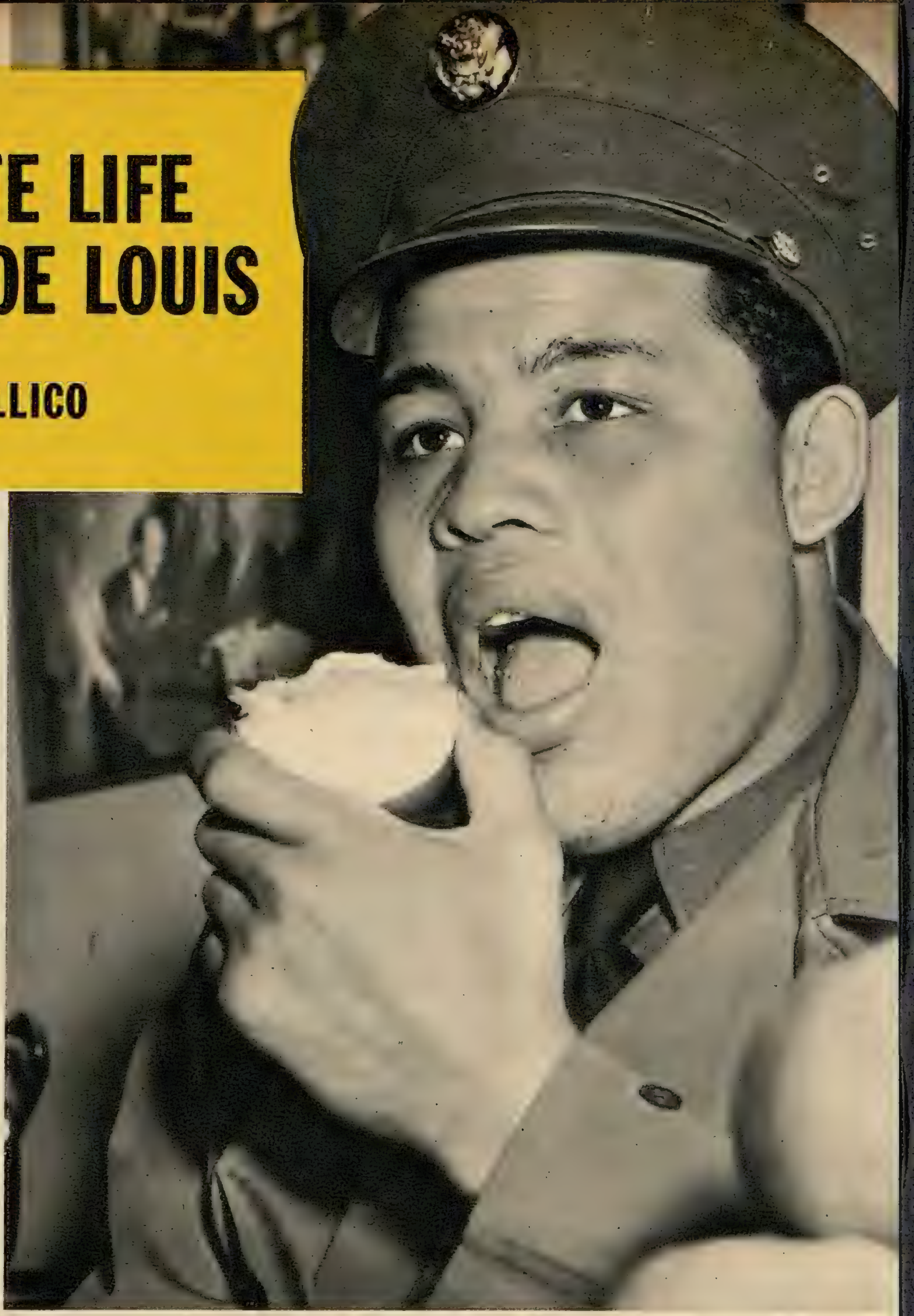
This novel is heavy drama with a background of state and county politics. Ordinarily that description might be enough to keep readers with long memories away from it in hordes, for authors have committed many boring atrocities with similar material. But Mr. Wilder knows how to make his story spin along, and how to sustain suspense in a duel of personalities.

Sheriff Titus Semple had been the town fat boy and the butt of practical jokers among his contemporaries long before the Florida East Coast town of Truro boomed as a shipping center second only to Jacksonville. He wasn't the good-natured sort of fat boy, though, and he was a student of practical politics. So the late 1920s found Titus the unloved boss of his county and his boyhood adversaries either departed from the region or satisfactorily reduced. However, while he had sent his share of hacks to the Legislature, Titus yearned to control a governor, and it looked as though his well born easygoing young deputy had the required front.

Nothing seemed more unlikely than that the oddly disturbing girl his deputy corralled from among the wagons of a defunct carnival would derail his plans, precipitate tragedy. The story is no fictional lollipop and decidedly is not for juvenile minds. But you won't put it aside. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF PRIVATE JOE LOUIS

BY PAUL GALLICO


Apples were his pay-off for fighting Simon. The money he gave to the Army Emergency Relie

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

☆ LAST January a twenty-eight-year-old colored boy enlisted in the United States army as a twenty-one-dollar-a-month private, leaving behind him a career at its zenith and a two-million-dollar take. Name: Joseph Louis Barrow. Occupation: heavyweight champion of the world.

Years ago I wrote that this same Barrow, known professionally as Joe Louis, was a "mean man." Then he was a primitive puncher just emerging from the pit. Somewhere on the long hard row from rags to riches Joe Louis found his soul. It was this, almost more than his physical person, that he handed over to his country. It was a beautiful gift.

"You can't think of yourself now," Joe said—but I can think of him. I write of him now, not especially as a hero—every little unsung Joe Doakes who has shouldered a gun has made a similar sacrifice—but as a simple, good American.

As a fighter Joe's record is unequaled. He has knocked out five world's champions. In defending his title twenty-one times, more than the previous eight champions together defended theirs, he scored nineteen knockouts: four in the first round, two in the second, one in a record two minutes and four seconds.

But it's not as a fighting machine that Joe has won America's heart; it's as a man. Disliked at first because of his impersonal ring manners, he became one of the most popular of all champions. He has been a gracious winner and a good loser. The simple, unlettered colored boy brought to the championship a dignity it never had before. Joe Louis has won more than mere popularity. He has won respect.

Everything has come to Joe Louis the hard way. He was born in a cabin on Buckalew Mountain in Alabama. He is Negro and white on his father's side, Negro and Cherokee Indian on his mother's. He never progressed beyond the fourth grade, and his harassed mother, left a penniless widow with seven children when Joe was two, could teach him but one thing—the difference between right and wrong. That he learned to his core. It was a sweet and ringing lesson.

In 1930 Joe was sixteen, a denizen of the Detroit Jungles. Unable to absorb book learning, he went to trade school, worked on an ice wagon, sold papers, rustled a buck where he could. He had his gang. He could have become a hoodlum except for that one simple lesson. He was one of thousands of colored kids who roamed the streets, dog-poor, happy-go-lucky, and apparently doomed. But he lived in a country where it was not forbidden to strive or to dream. He wanted, some day, to be a trumpet player.

One day he filled in as sparring partner for a friend who was something of an amateur boxer. Louis took an unmerciful lathering. But somewhere during the ordeal he landed a right; his opponent fell down and stayed there until he felt better.

Joe was more interested in the beat-

This is the $11,000 house in Detroit he bought for his mother, Mrs. Lily Brooks.

His home folks: Emmarell, mother Lily, Vunies, Eulalia, Lonnie, and De Leon.

co-manager Julian Black.

With his trainer, Jack Blackburn.

With John Roxborough and a fish.

When Joe and his Marva made up.

ing he had absorbed than in the punch he had landed. He decided to learn something about self-defense. His opportunity came through the Golden Gloves, a newspaper-sponsored tournament that lifted amateur boxing from the mire and brought to it cleanliness, glory, and a fair chance for all.

He came up the hard way. In one bout he was floored nine times. But he kept at it. He won the light-heavyweight and the national amateur championships. Then he met John Roxborough, a Negro lawyer of Detroit, who helped Joe out with equipment, money, and advice. Julian Black, a smart operator from Chicago, was taken into the firm, and a great old Negro ex-welterweight named Jack Blackburn was hired as trainer. On July 4, 1934, Louis made his professional debut against a Chicago heavyweight, one Jack Kracken.

Blackburn said to his new pupil, "Jes hit him in de body with bof han' an' when he drop his guard crack him on de chin." The bell rang. Joe pitched for the body. Kracken dropped his guard. *Whang!* went a left hook. ". . . nine, ten, and out!" said the referee. The most amazing and destructive career in the history of the prize ring was begun. In thirty-six fights Louis scored thirty knockouts. On June 22, 1937, he knocked out James J. Braddock in the eighth round and became the second Negro to win the heavyweight title.

Others had been built up to the championship by faking, cheating, conniving, the diving opponent, the gunman at the ringside. Not Louis. Never has there been so much as a whisper against the integrity of any of his encounters.

His method was simple and direct. He carried murder in both hands. With the perfect co-ordination of a jungle cat and the wise instruction of Blackburn, his armament was complete. Early in his career, opponents were cautioned to stay away from his right. Lee Ramage, a clever boxer, heeded this warning carefully—and was knocked cold with a left hook. Joe had an answer for them all.

When the ex-convict Jack Johnson, the only previous colored champion, knocked out Jim Jeffries in 1910, there were race riots all over the United States. Sports sections built up "White Hopes" destined to bring the championship back to the whites. The title was finally taken by Jess Willard in a highly suspicious manner—a tacit admission on Johnson's part that the championship was a liability to a dark-skinned man.

But the popularity of Joe Louis grew with each fight. Why? Chiefly, one likes to believe, because Americans have grown up. Secondly, Louis stuck his kinky head through the sports pages at a time when the public was fed up on swindlers, fakers, swooners, and racketeers, when every fight either had a business "angle" or was an out-and-out fix. Through this fetid atmosphere Joe's honest, stunning fists swept like a clean forest breeze through a swamp. He was sincere and lethal. His workmanship was thrilling and conclusive. And, finally, there was his superb, modest personal deportment. He didn't wench or drink or smoke or pop off or get into trouble.

Joe is the idol of American Negroes. They love him for his honesty, his simplicity and decency, because by his goodness and common sense he has made a little less difficult their lot in a confused and difficult world. There is among Negroes an aristocracy based on birth or on achievement. Achievement has made Joseph Louis Barrow, the unlettered, once half-wild boy from Buckalew Mountain, an accepted member of this society along with scientists and educators who have given their lives to the advancement of the colored race. For the intelligent Negro is a realist. How many can tell the names of the great Negro scholars of the past decade? But who today does not know and respect the name of Joe Louis?

Even under the most trying circumstances Joe never loses sight of his responsibility. "If I ever do anything to disgrace my race," he once told a reporter, "I hope I die."

Joe has been no plaster saint by any means. In the early days he gave his board of strategy many a headache. Too much victory tended to make him cocky and lazy. He received his punishment quickly and inevitably. The knockout at the hands of Max Schmeling followed one of his fits of disobedience. All his life he has had to learn his lessons the hard way. But once learned, he never forgot them. In the words of Jack Blackburn, "Chappie, he never make the same mistake twice."

Schmeling was the only opponent Joe Louis ever hated. Remember, Joe's profession was fighting. Schmeling had profoundly humiliated him before his friends, dark- and white-skinned. His return match became Joe Louis' private crusade. By 1938, when they met again, Schmeling had become an out-and-out Nazi boy. There has never been a grudge match quite like it. Few people knew how deeply stirred Joe Louis was and how hotly the crusade boiled within him.

But they knew it when the bell rang and Joe Louis came out of his corner. It took Louis four seconds to reach Schmeling and let fly the first left hook. Two minutes later the German was a hospital case.

Never has a challenger been torn to pieces in so brief a span—and Schmeling was one of the craftiest, most seasoned boxers in the game. Spectators felt something akin to terror as they watched him being literally destroyed before their eyes.

The first vicious hooks fogged the Nazi. He clung to the ropes and screamed aloud with pain when Louis smashed a right into his ribs. Iron fists crashed into his eyes, his mouth, his body. For Schmeling it must have been a nightmare of purest hell, an abyss of seemingly eternal pain and concussion. Twice he went to the floor, to arise only by instinct. Two minutes, but it must have seemed a lifetime. When he went down for the third time, Schmeling was no longer a man—he was a broken, glass-eyed, silly, blubbering *Thing*.

The sports writer Caswell Adams has written that the Schmeling fight was the turning point in the career of Joe Louis as a man. Unquestionably this is true. Where he had been taciturn and sullen before, he was now pleasant, friendly, chatty. That smashing and vengeful victory had released something pent up inside him.

Now he seems almost to lean over backward to be charitable toward his opponents. He can even find a good word for Schmeling. "Dat Smellin'," he told me, "you got to give him credit, he stuck to the rules all the time."

Joe's fight with Billy Conn will be long remembered, if only for one gallant act. Joe had been outpointed for ten rounds, and it seemed that Conn would win. In the eleventh Conn lost his balance, dropped his guard. Joe stood over him, right hand cocked. It would have been a punch no one could have criticized had he let it go—and his championship was at stake. But Joe stepped back, amid the spontaneous applause of 60,000 fans. Conn regained his balance; the two men touched gloves, the handshake of the ring, and the fight went on. Two rounds later Joe knocked Conn out.

"He never make the same mistake

Maestro Joe at the ivories, infighting.

That's Blackburn holding the umbrella.

Joe with band leader Duke Ellington.

Behind the eight ball—but

twice"—that line held for Joe's private life, too. In 1935 he was married to Marva Trotter, a pretty Detroit stenographer. Six years later Marva was suing Joe for divorce. Friends of both say that they loved each other, but that Marva wanted to have fun occasionally and Joe neglected her for his profession. It is not easy to be married to an ambitious and rising pugilist. They got together in chambers. Joe admitted his faults and simply and directly re-wooed his Marva, and carried her out of the courtroom in his arms. "Boy," he said, "this is jes like a secon' honeymoon." Naïve and honest and sincere in his maleness, he had with a wonderfully endearing gesture brought romance back into Marva's life.

You will hear it said that Joe Louis is an automaton, coached in behavior by brilliant publicists; that even his gesture of donating two "for free" fights to the services was merely carrying out instructions. But what I believe, and ask you to believe, is that the Barrows really are people like that. For instance, in 1935 Joe's mother paid $269 to the Welfare Department of Detroit—the amount they had received in 1927-28, when the Barrows were close to going on the rocks and Joe was only fourteen. There were no strings to the relief they received, but when the Barrows came into money they paid it back.

I once wrote that Joe was a primitive person. He is. In him lurks an instinctive love of his tribe, translated now into duty, honor, passionate love of country. His fights for the Army and Navy Relief were the only times any fighter has risked his title without being paid for it. Those two fights represented one tenth of his career as defending champion, the equivalent of four years out of the earning life of the average man. The gift was simply, wholeheartedly given. "Honestly, sir," he told Admiral Andrews after receiving the Navy's official thanks, "I wish it could have been a million dollars."

In enlisting, he returned everything to the country from which it came—his person, his career, the championship that is the pride of his race. Make no mistake about the total nature of his gift. When the war is over, Joe Louis can no longer be the active heavyweight champion. He is twenty-eight now—getting on for a fighter.

To some extent the automaton charge was true at first. His handlers taught him everything he knew about the superficial aspects of public conduct, how to dress, to speak to the press. But no one could open up his chest and place therein the human heart that beats there. And it is from here that the staggeringly simple and sincere utterances of Joe Louis are drawn.

A few months ago Joe came to New York for one night, an ordinary soldier in khaki, to receive an award at the annual dinner of the Boxing Writers Association. Former Mayor Jimmy Walker gave him an eloquent introduction. It was a tough audience Joe faced when he got to his feet—sports writers, fight managers, Broadwayites. "I thought I'd never feel as good again as the night I won the championship," said Joe. "But tonight I feel better than ever in my life. I thank you for all this, and I hope I never do anything I'll be sorry for. You can't imagine how grateful I am to you gentlemen." The simplicity and sincerity of the words stunned the hard-boiled audience. There was a lump in every throat as Joe sat down.

Attending a big stage show for Navy Relief last March, he was again called upon to acknowledge a tribute. Unprepared, unrehearsed, unprompted, he went to the microphone. He said: "I want to thank you for such a fine thing that you have just said. I'm only doing what any red-blooded American would. We're going to do our part, and we'll win 'cause we're on God's side."

Only the pure of heart and the very wicked range themselves on the side of God, and Joe is not wicked.

To Joe Louis the army has brought a curious reward. He has found two things for which his simple, decent soul has yearned. One is companionship. "You feel for a lot of fellows in the army. You sit around at night and talk. It makes you feel good."

ACME PHOTO

His Marva in court before they made up.

I found Private Barrow in his quarters at Fort Dix, wearing army issue khaki pants and shirt. We sat across the linoleum table and fell to talking, less like interviewer and interviewee than like a couple of guys who used to be in the sports racket.

It was then that he told me he was fighting these fights for nothing because he realized that today the individual no longer counted. "You got to look at it this way," he said. "You do whatever you do for your country. That's natural. Your country is what made everything possible for you. That's how you figure." You hear many varieties of that statement these days. But it sounds different coming from the mouth of a colored boy in an army uniform who believes it with his heart and soul.

Joe talked about the army and soldiering. It was his own idea, he said, to enlist without waiting to be drafted. He would like to be a commissioned officer some day, because that's the highest thing there is, just like when you box you try to be champion. But he said, "Ah don't want to skip anything. That's why Ah come in as a private. Ah don't want to git anything without learning."

Gradually, as he used the word "learning" again and again, the last sweet simplicity of the man came out. Joseph Louis Barrow is as touchingly hungry for education as a child. Once he said wistfully, "My only regret is that Ah had no schooling."

Life, luck, and timing were good to him. Through his honest, uncompromising fists he became rich and famous. But the flight to the top had been fast; once begun, there was no pausing. What to do? Go back to school? Too late. It made him miserably unhappy at times. In the army he is in school at last. If he comes out of the war an officer, he will have earned it every inch of the way. Probably in his heart, though not yet in his conscious mind, he has already said farewell to his title in favor of his new ambition.

"You ought to do everything you can at a time like this," he said. "You can't think of yourself now."

Citizen Barrow has set us a lesson. Can we learn it, we are saved. Should we ignore it, we shall reap what we deserve.

THE END

HOW ADMIRAL KING RUNS THE NAVY—Continued from Page 13

Lexington in the Caribbean in a duel with the Saratoga, commanded by Admiral Reeves. Reeves sent for King before the "battle" to ask whether he was going to use his planes to their maximum or whether he planned to be conservative. Reeves, already an admiral, had nothing to lose, whereas King might lose his promotion. Typical of many a naval officer is the philosophy, "I'm coming up for selection next year. I'd better not take a chance." But King replied:

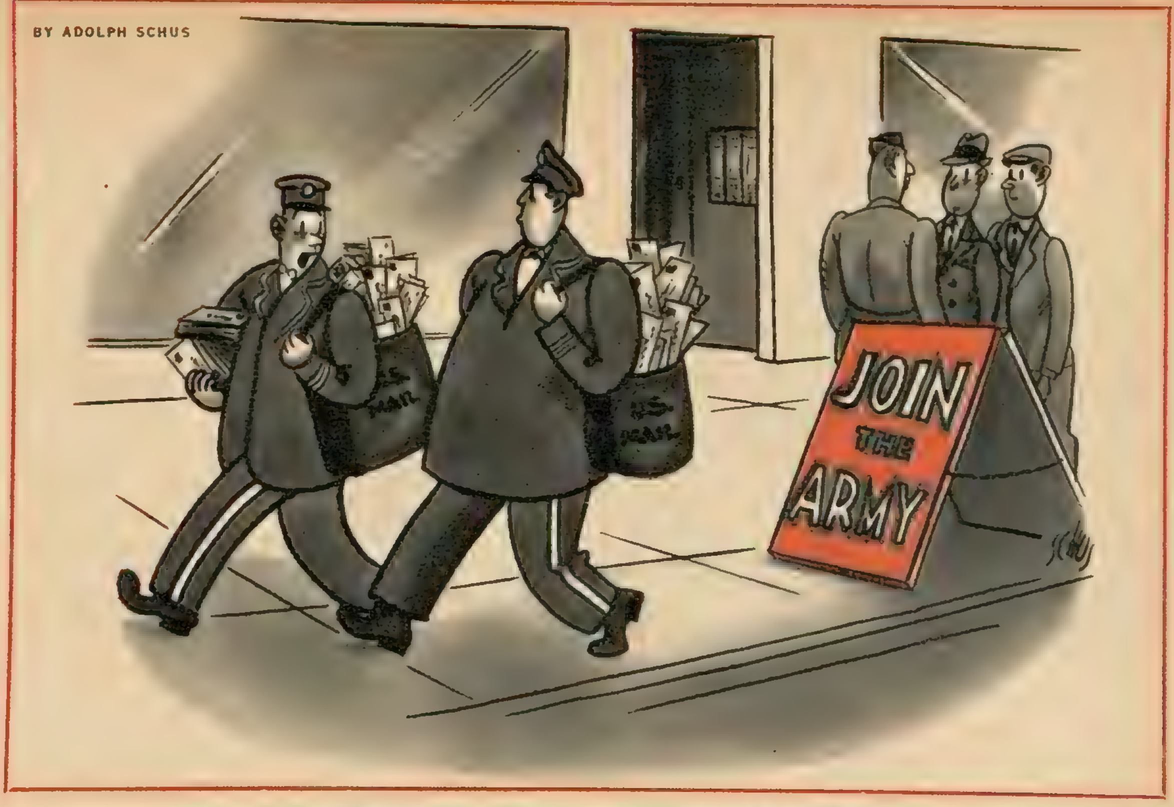
"I'll send the damn planes as far out as they can go."

"That," commented Admiral Reeves, years later, "is the difference between moral and physical courage. Every man in the navy has physical courage. But Ernie King can face the devil himself and spit in his eye."

Admiral Moffett was killed in the crash of the navy dirigible Akron, and the President needed a forthright flyer to take his place as Chief of Naval Aeronautics. The navy handed him a list of admirals qualified for the job—except for one thing: they could not fly. It was a fact that at that time, the year Hitler came to power, not one admiral in the United States Navy could fly. All were devotees of the battleship. So Roosevelt disregarded the list and made King Chief of Naval Aeronautics.

King does not relish a desk job, and his two years in the Navy Department were not among his best. The sea is his life, and even during the navy's cherished prewar week-ends he preferred to take a ship out to sea rather than to stay cocktailing on shore. Pearl Harbor never would have happened had King commanded at Honolulu.

In December, 1934, Roosevelt sent for Secretary of the Navy Swanson and for Admiral Reeves, then commanding the United States Fleet, and asked them to recommend admirals for duty in the Pacific. Relations with Japan were touchy, even at that time. Without consulting Swanson, Reeves had drawn up a list of men he wanted in the Pacific, and on the list was Ernie King as commander of the air force of the fleet. But Secretary Swanson said he wanted King to remain in charge of the Bureau of Aeronautics. So Admiral Reeves sug-



"Catch me joining the army! You have to march around all day with a pack on your back."

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Admiral King with his plane. At forty-nine he took the flying course, won his wings.

gested a compromise: "Let's leave King here for the present; but if I need him and send for him, I'll get him."

This was agreed upon. Next day, however, the President called Reeves and told him to take King to the Pacific right away. This put Reeves on the spot with his Secretary of the Navy. So in deference to Swanson he again urged the compromise, which Roosevelt finally accepted. All of which illustrates, first, what every Secretary of the Navy is up against when it comes to really running the navy; second, how much the President thought of King even in 1934.

During the submarine raids off the Atlantic coast last winter, Secretary of the Navy Knox made a now widely quoted remark: "The American navy has a lot of bread to butter, and has to spread its butter very thin."

Actually it was Ernie King who first coined that phrase when he was made commander of the Atlantic Fleet in the winter of 1941. The United States had just launched the program that was discreetly called "patrolling," and needed a strong, skillfully handled fleet in the Atlantic to make sure that lend-lease goods reached beleaguered Britain. The Atlantic Fleet at that time was a weak anemic thing. So Roosevelt called in King, explained the job to be done in the Atlantic.

"That's a big slice of bread you're giving me," remarked King, "with damn little butter."

As top man in the navy since Pearl Harbor, he has been given even more bread and even less butter. At times he grumbles a bit, privately, about this. At times he has talked back to the President. The man who preceded him as Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Stark, who never talked back, is now commander of American naval forces in British waters—a big title, but there is only one admiral's barge in his so-called "forces."

Disdain for civilian authority is one thing Ernie King thrives on. At one time he had posted a marine guard at the entrance of his wing of the Navy Department with orders not to let even Frank Knox himself enter, unless by appointment.

King also took vigorous exception to Winston Churchill's advocacy of putting all our military eggs in the Russian-Libyan baskets at the expense of Singapore, during the Prime Minister's visit to Washington last December. Very likely, if it had not been for King's sledge-hammer arguments on behalf of Singapore and the Dutch East Indies, no additional defense would have been sent them.

☆

WHETHER, strategically, he was right or wrong is a question for history to answer.

It will also be for history to say whether he was right or wrong about one of the most daring plans so far proposed in this war—an attack directed at the main islands of Japan. This would have meant taking almost the entire United States Fleet out of the Atlantic and, with the combined strength of the Atlantic and Pacific fleets, driving straight at the heart of Japan's home chain of islands.

The strategy behind this spectacular proposal was sound. Japanese supply lines, ever since the fall of Singapore, have been spread out some ten thousand miles—to north Australia, to the Bay of Bengal. A strong American fleet could smash these supply lines to smithereens, could do the same to Japan's industrial areas at home—or else make the Japanese fleet withdraw from the South Pacific.

But there was one vital reason why Roosevelt vetoed this plan. It was not merely that German battleships would be left free to roam the Atlantic almost at will. It was not merely that New York, Philadelphia, and Boston would be left open to bombardment. It was chiefly the fact that both Roosevelt and Churchill are convinced that the No. 1 front in this war is Russia. And withdrawal of the Atlantic Fleet to the Pacific would have meant the end of convoying supplies to Russia.

History alone can decide the wisdom of this decision. But history also has proved that a nation's security is best preserved when strong men at the top match wits with strong men.

THE END

INSECT POISON
Day Sewing

No, no, love, not BUGS... I said I was having trouble with the PLUGS!!

OVER 700 CHANCES FOR ERROR—if you're not careful

• If you just ask for "Pennsylvania oil" you may get any one of more than 700 different brands. This looks like a good time to avoid that 700 to 1 chance.

When you sound your "Z" for PennZoil motor oil, your engine will give you all the trouble-free miles it has.

Better chassis and gear lubricants are as important to long car life as is better motor oil. You can get them both at the yellow PennZoil oval sign. Just be sure to sound your "Z"—and avoid mistakes.

LET'S GO! U.S.A. KEEP 'EM FLYING!
MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN!
SO... FOR LONG CAR LIFE
BE SURE YOU-
SOUND YOUR Z
PENNZOIL
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100% Pure Pennsylvania
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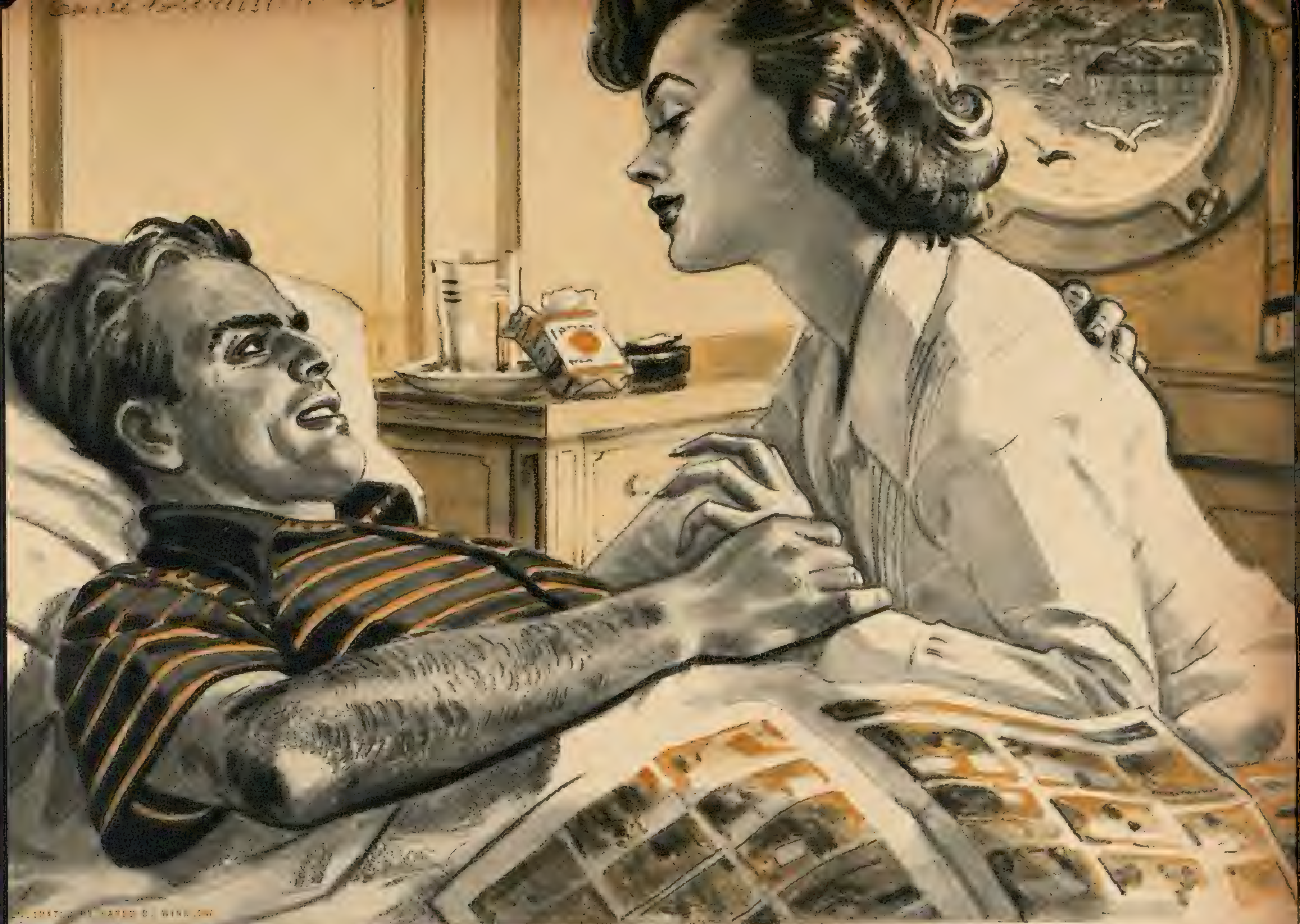

Brand pulled her toward him, grinning. "I don't think I'd want to be married to Superman," she said.

ISLAND OF THE SEVEN DEVILS

BY COREY FORD

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

☆ THAT evening, as the Tyee pulled out for Uliak, I helped Wallie dress Brand's leg and bundle him—over his vigorous protests—into a bunk below. "At least," Wallie said laconically, "we'll know where he is for a while."

We were seated alone in the galley—it was well past midnight—over coffee and sandwiches. I had not eaten since morning, and I wolfed my food in silence as she talked. It was the first opportunity we had had to talk together; and there were still a few things I did not understand, a few missing pieces in the puzzle.

"It was pretty well thought out," Wallie shrugged. "There was only one place Maluk slipped up—Tatiana."

It had been Tatiana—Wallie said—who had informed her that Maluk had left Uliak for good. Slender, exquisite Tatiana, silent and proud and devoted to Maluk until, without a backward glance, he had gone off and left her behind. It had been a fatal oversight. Her brown impassive eyes had glittered; her tongue, hitherto mute, had lashed out venomously. It had been Tatiana who told how she had found Lozier's note on Jimmy's bedside table and given it to Maluk ("I'd read it first, of course," Wallie admitted to me frankly, "and I was on my way out to warn Brand when you saw me. But Maluk saved us all the trouble") and who had warned Wallie further that Eden had left for Seven Devils with Dr. Remmer that morning.

"And so you went to Jimmy," I said.

She nodded serenely. "And so I went to Jimmy."

They had followed in the Tyee at once. Captain Hansen knew the exact spot on the southern shore of Seven Devils Island, and he had lain offshore, concealed by the fog, while Jimmy and a landing party had set out in the dory, with oarlocks muffled. The rest I knew, of course.

Luck had played into Jimmy's hands at the cave; and later the crew of Remmer's ship, taken by surprise, had offered no resistance. They had seized intact the powerful short-wave sending set, the delicate instruments for sounding that Remmer had used during his alleged archaeological work, the strategic information he had gathered during his trips around the islands. Jimmy, with Eden, was aboard Remmer's ship now, headed back to Uliak and the acclaim that awaited him. "What rank is higher than an admiral?" Wallie concluded.

I looked at her a moment in comprehension. "You said once that what he needed was—"

"Strength," she nodded. "Well, he's got it now. He's a hero. Now she can turn to Jimmy instead of to— Now she can find the strength in him she wanted." The corners of Wallie's mouth yanked down just a little. "Did you see her face?"

I had seen Eden's face when she and Jimmy embraced. There had been more than relief in it, more than pride. There had been a vital physical satisfaction in her face, and her lips had pressed against his as though to seal a bond which was, for the first time, complete.

Wallie rose. "We might glance down below," matter-of-factly, "and see how that leg's making out."

Brand was turning and twisting restlessly in his bunk. The light was on at the head of the bunk, and the pages of a month-old Seattle newspaper were scattered over the blankets and on the floor beside him. His face looked white and his mouth was pulled a little thin. Wallie took two cigarettes from a pack in her pocket and put them both between her lips. "Still throbbing some?" she asked, striking a match.

"I'd know it was mine," Brand admitted.

"You'll have to take it till we get to Uliak, I'm afraid," she said. She puffed rapidly on the cigarettes for a moment, and handed one to him. "There's nothing on board—not even aspirin."

"Maybe you could hit me over the head."

"It might not be a bad idea," she said evenly. "Getting yourself in a mess like this!"

Brand grinned: "It was a Kodiak bear. He tried to jump me . . ."

"I suppose the bear was carrying a gun."

She seated herself beside his bed and picked up a section of the newspaper, flipping the pages idly.

"Take Superman, here," she said, folding back a page. "He doesn't get himself shot. He stands there and lets the bullets go right through him." She moved a little nearer the light. " 'The man of steel bares his chest scornfully,' " she read aloud. " 'Odd,' the Spider says. 'You seem quite unaffected by these super-cooled carbon-dioxide death pellets . . .' "

Brand's grin increased.

" 'Now Superman dives headfirst through the solid brick wall. Up and awa-a-aay!' "

Brand reached out a hand and found her wrist.

" 'Moments later,' " she continued reading, without looking at Brand, " 'the man of tomorrow streaks in through the window of Lois' apartment.' Look at that"—enviously—"thirty-eight stories straight up in the air! 'Superman,' Lois says, 'it is you . . .' "

His hold on her wrist tightened, and she lowered the paper. "I wonder if Lois gets a little fed up sometimes," she reflected. "Always up and away. That's a hell of a home life."

Brand pulled her toward him, grinning.

"I don't think I'd want to be married to Superman."

I moved to the door. They did not even see me leave.

☆

I SEATED myself at the green-topped worktable in my cabin and filled my pipe. Automatically I began to unwrap the fragments of the unidentified specimen I had found on the beach of Seven Devils, and pawed them over once more. I shook my head. The puzzle had been so near a solution, I reflected. I had had that one tantalizing glimpse of the answer just before my discovery of the cave had precipitated a series of lurid events which, for once in my life, had driven even the thought of ornithological problems from my mind.

I sighed. Now it was too late. The answer was lost. The secret of Seven Devils was safe. I thought of Maluk, lying for all eternity with his hands outstretched, his coveted wealth forever beyond his reach.

There was a hesitant knock on the door. "Hope I'm not disturbing you this late, Doctor," said Captain Hansen. "One of the sailors picked up this dead bird at the foot of the slide." He laid a bundle on the worktable, wrapped in a grease-smeared shirt. "Maybe you already got a lot of others the same as this," he apologized, "but none of us here ever saw one just like it before."

I unwrapped the bird with trembling fingers. The specimen was unharmed, the feathers intact. There was no mistaking the ruddy chestnut head and neck, the black mantle, the sharply distinguished scapulars on the anterior portion. Across the base of the bill was a telltale blue-black band. I took down my reference books from the shelf above me, and began turning the pages rapidly.

"Friday, July 11," my diary reads, "en route Uliak. Obtained perfect specimen of male European pochard (*Nyroca ferina*), the only one of its species ever recorded in the Aleutians. By all odds the most exciting event of the entire summer. . . ."

THE END

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With Thin Gillettes, four for a dime!
These blades knock tough beard for a row—
You look well-groomed and save real dough!

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BLADES
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THIS MAN'S WAR

BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

☆ WE soldiers are constantly being reminded to keep quiet about anything that might conceivably be of value to the Axis . . . what we do, see, or hear. We are all for it, but there is one thing that gripes us royally. A new tank or airplane is developed; result—pictures, statistics, all sorts of publicity. The freedom of the press is one thing, but why tell our enemies? You might just as well bind the information in a nice volume and send it to Hitler, Hirohito & Co. as print it all in our publications.

Pvt. D. W. H.,
Fort MacArthur, Calif.

I respect your thought, soldier, but aren't you just a little misinformed? In order to maintain the freedom of our press a voluntary censorship is in effect, based on a code of practices issued by the Office of Censorship. That code is applicable to every publication in the country, and I hear that it's working out practically 100 per cent. I'd hate to be in the shoes of an editor who doesn't play ball. So I doubt that the published reports you've seen of our new war implements would have been released if they were of any value to our enemies.

A soldier friend of mine has been sent somewhere out of the country and his address is now A. P. O., c/o Postmaster, San Francisco. I have been told that I could write all I wanted but he would never receive my letters. I have also heard that the men are not permitted to send letters home. If the government thinks it best to have no letters sent either way, then I can take it with the rest. But it's the waiting for expected letters that don't come that is so bad. I just want to know. Can you help me?

H. H., Salinas, Calif.

I'd like to get my hands on the person who told you those lies—whoever he is, he's serving our enemies well. *The mail is going through* in both directions. Naturally, there are long delays in transmission and delivery caused by wartime conditions, and some letters may be lost by enemy action. But keep writing and have patience.

Recently the chief postal officer of the United States Army in Australia announced that mail is flowing to and from General MacArthur's men. He asked that the greatest care be taken to address mail correctly and said that mail returned undelivered might be due to faulty address and does not indicate that anything has happened to the addressee.

Recently Congress voted down a bill to give automatic citizenship to aliens serving in the armed forces. Falling under that classification myself, I would like to ask this question. Doesn't the oath I took when I was inducted put even more obligations upon me than would be required to obtain citizenship? Many thousands of us are willing and glad to sacrifice everything we have and are for the U. S. A., which we love as dearly as any native American. Should we die in this struggle for freedom, why not let us die as Americans?

Pfc. M. R.,
Camp Papago, Phoenix, Ariz.

I didn't follow the course of that bill, soldier, so I can't give you the reasons for its defeat. I can say that if you fight as well as you write, you're good enough for my outfit any day, citizen or no citizen.

I'm engaged to a staff sergeant now overseas, and we're to be married when he comes back. In the meantime I want to learn all I can about the Army. Is there any book which will give me all the information about insignia of arms and services, colors of hat cords, order of rank, duties, courtesies, etc?

Miss A. K., Willimantic, Conn.

There's the official Soldier's Handbook (FM21-100 Basic Field Manual) and you can get a copy by sending 35 cents to the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C. A fine nonofficial book is What the Citizen Should Know About the Army, by Harvey S. Ford, published by W. W. Norton & Co., New York City, $2. More of a pictorial record than a textbook is He's in the Army Now, by Captain William H. Baumer, Jr., published by Robert M. McBride & Co., New York City, $2.50. And the most beautifully illustrated of all is The United States Army, by Lieutenant Colonel Earl C. Ewart, published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Massachusetts, $1.25. No one book will give you *all* the information, but there's a good selection.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Apparently our Old Sarge is too modest to mention his own book, How to Get Along in the Army, published by Appleton-Century Co., New York City, $1.50.]

The corps area in which I serve is subject to a curfew hour, whereby all enlisted men must be off city streets by 11.30 P. M. on weekday nights and 2 A. M. Sundays. While wondering what the reason was, the report came out that it was for the protection of the health and welfare of the enlisted men. Why is this rule not applicable to officers, whose health and welfare should be of even greater concern and importance? What's the catch?

Pvt. W. W., Fort Sill, Okla.

There's no catch, soldier. Commissioned personnel always has had its own regulations, and for good reason. An officer is presupposed to have certain training and self-discipline which entitle him to exemption from some rules applying to enlisted men. That's the theory and the practice.

Four leathernecks were playing bridge in a hut on a small Pacific isle. From outside came a shout: "Force of about two hundred Japs landing on the beach." The four marines looked at each other. Finally one rose casually and said, "O. K., I'll go—I'm dummy this hand."

Scott Field Broadcaster.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

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IFTH AVENUE COACH COMPANY

TICKETS DISTRIBUTED ONLY FOR EVENTS MAR
SPECIAL EVENTS TODAY
TICKETS UP FRONT

They arrive and (below, at left) find out what's doing today.

MERRY-GO-LEAVE IN MANHATTAN

☆ WHO says New York is cold, inhospitable? Certainl not the service men who know the New York Cit Defense Recreation Center at 99 Park Avenue. For there a men in uniform—American or Allied—can be sure of findin just the kind of fun and relaxation they're looking for.

Do they want to dance? Attractive hostesses are ready an waiting. Do they like the theater, movies, broadcasts? Th Center has tickets—and free! Are they baseball fans? Here ar passes with the compliments of the Yankees, the Dodgers, th Giants. Restaurants and hotels provide guest meals, there ar conducted sight-seeing tours, bridge tournaments. All this i arranged by the Defense Recreation Committee in co-operatio with theater and sports people, restaurant and hotel owners and countless other New Yorkers who want all the boys t know there's a big WELCOME for them on Manhattan's ma

What will it be—a Broadway show, a boxing bout, a movie? The Center has free tickets.

With pretty DRC hostesses all set to dance, it's a man's own fault if he lacks a partner.

Many hotels give the Center free ticke guest meals. These men are at the May

PHOTO BY N. Y. C. DEFENSE RECREATION CENTER

he Bronx Zoo an intrepid private proves he has ay with reptiles. And who wouldn't when such a utiful blonde is obligingly holding the snake!

The famous Arthur Murray and Mrs. Murray (right) give a free conga lesson.

trude Niesen, radio star, sings for service men he Theater Wing Canteen. Many other renowned e, screen, and radio celebrities entertain there.

Uniformed visitors see the metropolis from the Observation Roof of the Empire State Building. Yes, it's Al Smith showing them around.

rude Lawrence
"LADY IN THE DARK"
COBB'S CREEK
bile Kitchen
HE HOUSE
offee
dwiches
rettes
EN IN UNIFORM

Hungry? No man in uniform need be when he's in New York City. The chuck wagon in Bryant Park, behind the Public Library, is on the job with free sandwiches, coffee, and cigarettes.

It's baseball time at the Yankee Stadium, and thousands of service men will see games free.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

THIS LETTER WAS NOT ADDRESSED to Liberty. It is to one of the editors, and is marked "Personal." So we shall not give you the name and address of the sender. We'd like to share it with you, however, as an example of the kind of mail we sometimes receive and the kind of things some folks in America are thinking.

"Dear Mr. ———:

"When I was a little girl, eleven years old I believe, we were at war. One day came the word that an armistice had been signed, but close on the heels of that news came the message that it had been a false armistice.

"I had little knowledge of the war. Aside from marching down Main Street one awfully hot day wearing a Red Cross veil, and taking six months to knit a sweater, the war for me was all bound up in the fact that my two adored older brothers were overseas.

"Now I had to do something about the situation. I went upstairs to my room and from far back in my dresser drawer I brought out my precious dollar bill. Gram owned a row of small houses there in the town, and rented them. Once every month, as a reward for collecting these rents, I was given a dollar. That month I had a very special place for the dollar: the back tire on my bike had a slow leak, and the leather straps that held my wire basket on in front were all but worn through.

"I REMEMBER CLUTCHING THAT BILL in my hand as I knelt beside my bed to pray. I told God that, if He would see to it that we got a really true and sure armistice, in thanksgiving I would put my dollar in the poor-box at church.

"I felt pretty sad when I got off my knees that day, for my dollar was gone! There were, however, some consoling thoughts. The boys would be coming home and they would fix my bike. Mom would stop running to the window every time a Western Union boy came pedaling out Lincoln Avenue. Then, too, she would not wait so tensely for the mailman, who came twice a day.

"I was not at all surprised the day the newspaper carried a big headline: Armistice Has Been Signed. That afternoon I walked over to St. Benedict's Church and put my dollar in the poor-box. I felt pretty good about having secured the peace of the world by my sacrifice. I didn't say anything to the kids I played with. Some of them would have said I just wasted my dollar—that the armistice would have been signed anyway. Of course I knew better.

"IT WAS NOT UNTIL AFTER HIGH-SCHOOL DAYS that I started to chuckle over myself. Not that I doubted that God had heard my prayers; I knew He had. But I also felt that many a time He must have put a scarred palm before His face to hide a smile at the smugness of that little Hoosier girl.

"As the years passed by, I could no longer laugh over that child. In fact, I felt more like crying for having lost her. Along the way somewhere I had mislaid the ability to bargain with God and know that the bargain would be kept.

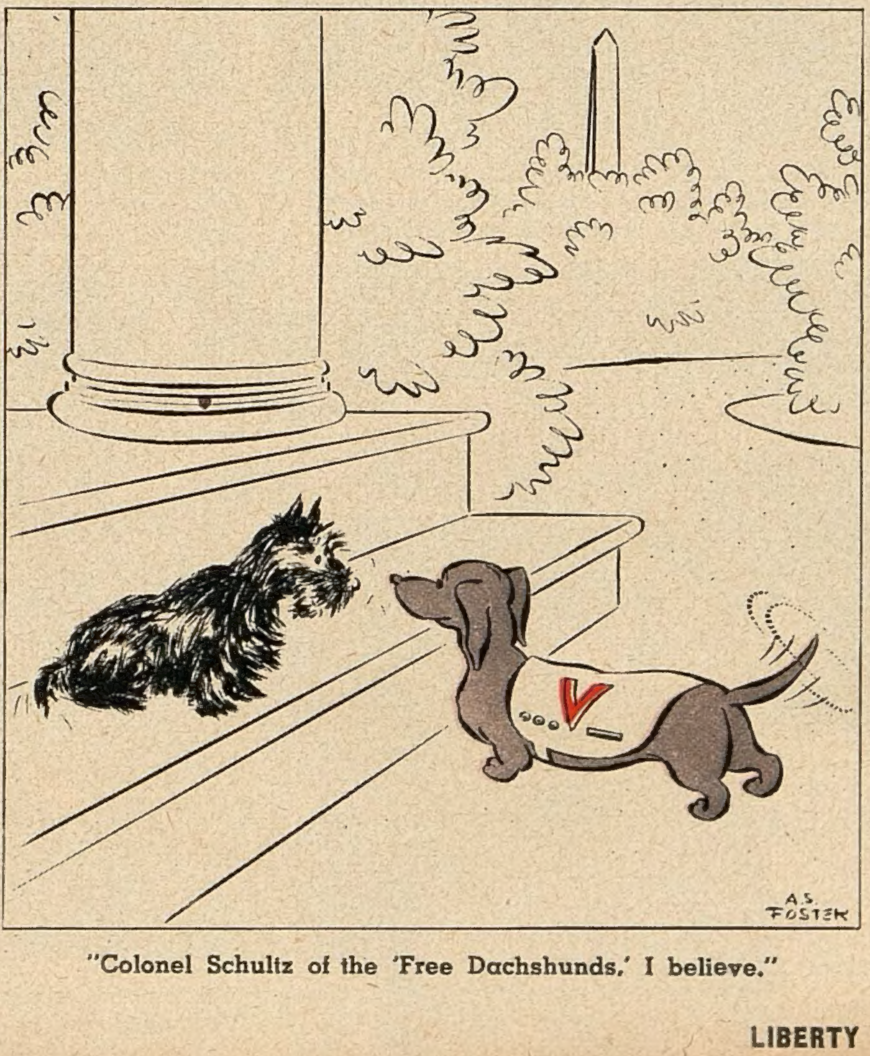
"Mr. ———, how can we adults get back that simplicity we had as children? We say we believe in God, but we believe with complexity. We hope God will hear our prayers, but doubt that we are worthy of His attention. As children we knew God would help, and He did!

"Somewhere in this land there must be an eleven-year-old who has that same simplicity, that same confidence, that same gift of making a bargain with God—unconditionally—as I once had. That, Mr. ———, I believe is how this war will be won. 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.'"

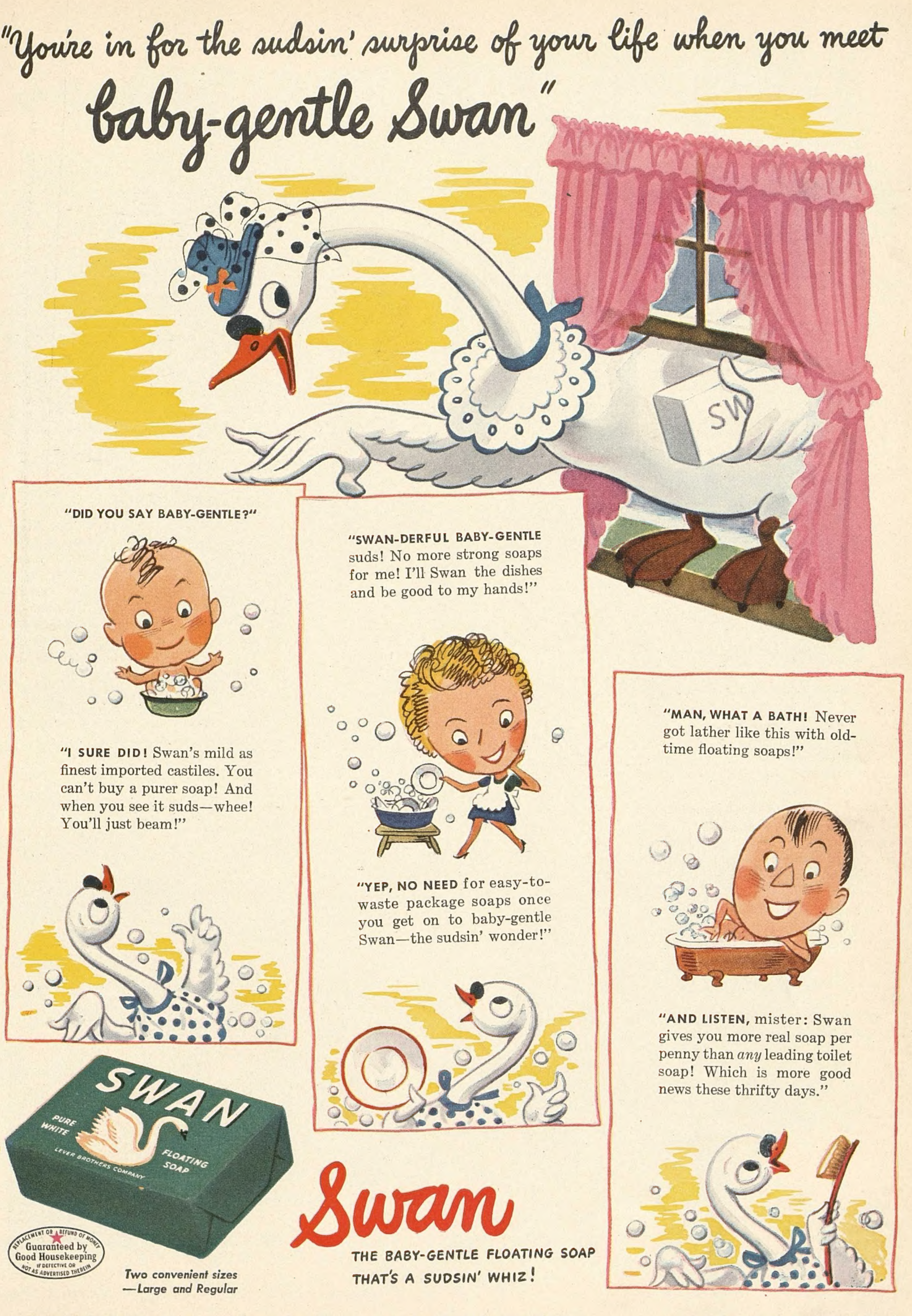
BACK IN THE NOT SO DISTANT DAYS when Liberty was young, Paul Gallico used to commute from Connecticut to New York and stir up a mild sensation by typing pieces for us in his lap, on the train. Now he has a farm in New Jersey and is married to the Baroness Pauline Gariboldi, with whom he is pictured above. News about his article on page 52 of this issue is that it just happens to come to you on Joe Louis' twenty-eighth birthday. Next month, if nothing happens, Joe will have been champ for five years. . . . And news about Ralph Graeter (page 23) is that cars are his hobby—especially advising friends about secondhand buys. Professionally, he's an artist.

The Editors

FALA



"Colonel Schultz of the 'Free Dachshunds,' I believe."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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
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"You're in for the sudsin' surprise of your life when you meet baby-gentle Swan"

"DID YOU SAY BABY-GENTLE?"

"I SURE DID! Swan's mild as finest imported castiles. You can't buy a purer soap! And when you see it suds—whee! You'll just beam!"

"SWAN-DERFUL BABY-GENTLE suds! No more strong soaps for me! I'll Swan the dishes and be good to my hands!"

"YEP, NO NEED for easy-to-waste package soaps once you get on to baby-gentle Swan—the sudsin' wonder!"

"MAN, WHAT A BATH! Never got lather like this with old-time floating soaps!"

"AND LISTEN, mister: Swan gives you more real soap per penny than *any* leading toilet soap! Which is more good news these thrifty days."

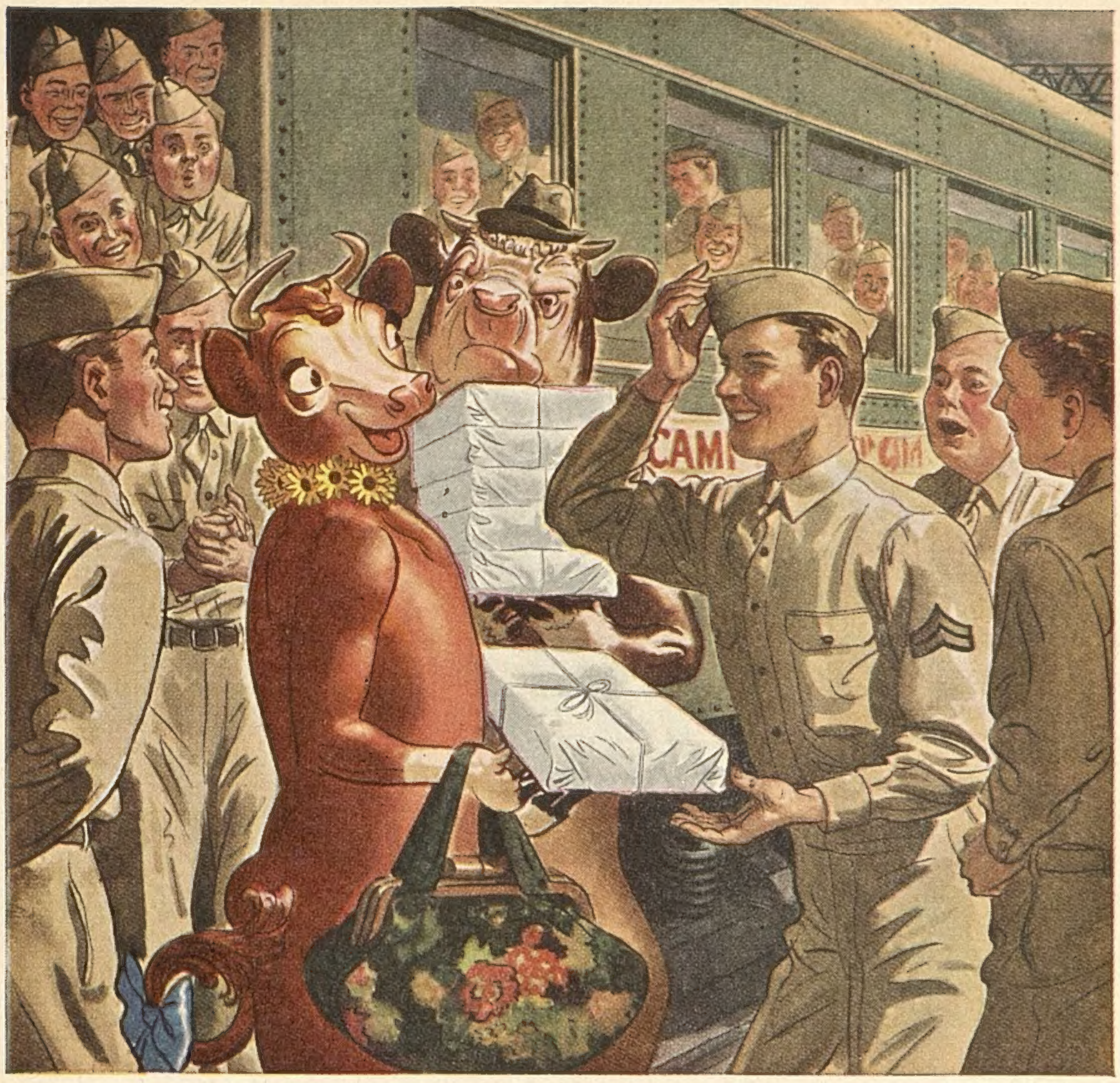
Two convenient sizes —Large and Regular

Swan

THE BABY-GENTLE FLOATING SOAP THAT'S A SUDSIN' WHIZ!

TUNE IN: GRACIE ALLEN • George Burns • Paul Whiteman • *See local paper for time and station*

LEVER BROTHERS CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



"I feel like the Mother of the Regiment," giggled Elsie

"Gracious," said Elsie, the Borden Cow, blushing prettily. "I just thought I'd come down with a few good things for you to eat on the way to camp. I never dreamed you'd make a fuss over me."

"In view of my family's distinguished war record, I expected at least a salute," observed Elmer, the bull, stiffly.

"Salutes are reserved for men in the service," snapped a corporal. "But if it weren't for regulations," he beamed, turning to Elsie, "every man in uniform would be glad to salute *you* — with both hands!"

"That would be overdoing things," laughed Elsie. "Unless, of course, you were saluting my pure, wholesome milk and all the grand things that are made from it!"

BORDEN'S MILK IS FINE FOR EVERYONE!
Borden's

"Milk!" snorted Elmer, turning to the corporal. "Young man, I suppose you never heard of the Battle of Bull Run . . ."

"I'm sure he'd much rather hear about my smooth, mouth-melting Borden's Ice Cream," Elsie broke in blithely. "Almost everyone comes on the run for that — it's made from such fine milk and cream."

Elmer sniffed. "You may not be aware,"

LUSCIOUS, SATIN-SMOOTH BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!

he said proudly to the corporal, "that my great Uncle Hector was the original Sitting Bull!"

"Sitting Bull was an Indian," objected the corporal frowning suspiciously at Elmer.

"Speaking of Indians," Elsie interrupted hastily, "most boys at camp whoop like Indians when they open a box from home and find cake frostings, candies, and cookies made with *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk.* So wonderfully smooth and sweet, you know."

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND MAKES TREATS LIKE MAGIC!
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
MAGIC RECIPES

"It's easy to see that *your* reputation is well deserved, Elsie," said the corporal with a sharp glance at Elmer.

"I *am* proud of my reputation," Elsie admitted. "But I'm even prouder of having so much of my *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* used in our army and by our allies. Good cooks and good soldiers every-

BORDEN'S EVAPORATED FOR CREAM DISHES, SOUPS,
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

where know it makes perfectly scrumptious cream soups and mashed potatoes. And it's *so* digestible and rich in Vitamin D!"

Elmer shook his head disgustedly. "Talk, talk, talk!" he snapped. "I don't see where you get the energy."

"Lots of people find energy they never dreamed they had," said Elsie serenely, "in HEMO — Borden's new way to drink your

DRINK YOUR VITAMINS AND LIKE 'EM!
Borden's
Hemo

vitamins and like 'em! And do stop glaring at this nice soldier."

Elmer started menacingly toward the corporal who stood his ground. "Stay where you are, bully," warned the soldier. "I know a big cheese when I see one."

"One of the very finest cheese treats I know" Elsie said quickly, "is *Borden's Vera-Sharp.* Folks just rave about its keen, tangy

M-M-M—M— BRISK, TANGY VERA-SHARP!
Borden's
VERA-SHARP

cheddar flavor. I must say it's one of the most distinguished of the distinguished family of *Borden's fine cheeses.*"

"Distinguished, eh?" bellowed Elmer. "Well, with all due modesty, my record in the last war . . ."

"Oh don't bore the corporal with your war record," said Elsie. "He knows you're part of Borden's."

"I get it," laughed the corporal. *"If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!"*

-if it's Borden's it's got to be good

© THE BORDEN COMPANY

"You can serve your country even if you can't be in the army," says Elsie. "If you aren't in uniform, form a good habit ***...buy U.S. Savings Bonds and Stamps regularly!"***